

PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING
MOVIE MAGAZINE

AN
DADDY'S
ink story
out
E GOSSIP

LIZ TAYLOR
AND NEW SON
CHRIS

• THAT'S SEX! GIRLS—TAB HUNTER
• BEN COOPER—21 AND TERRIFIC

• HOW TO BE GO
• Also Tony Curt

AND POPULAR—KIM NOVAK
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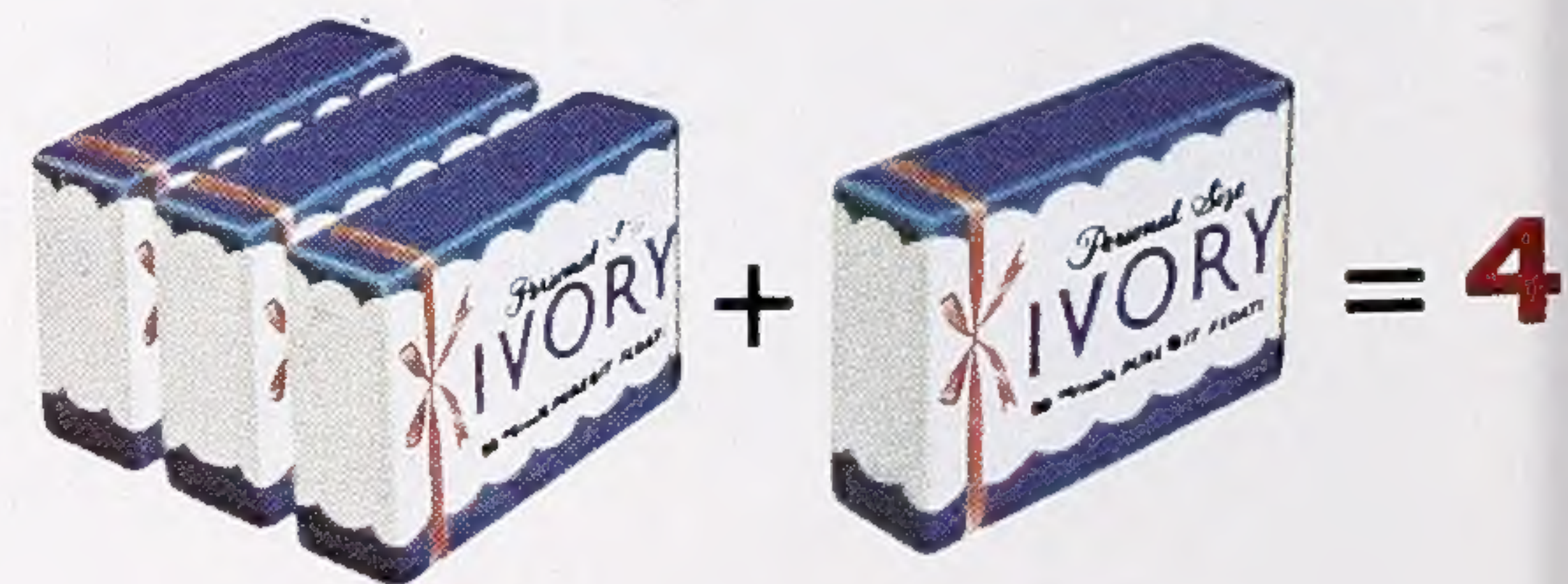
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Polka-dot tot . . . she has That Ivory Look!
And isn't it a pretty look for you to have? Remember,
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only 7 days your complexion will look
clearer, fresher, younger. You'll
have That Ivory Look!

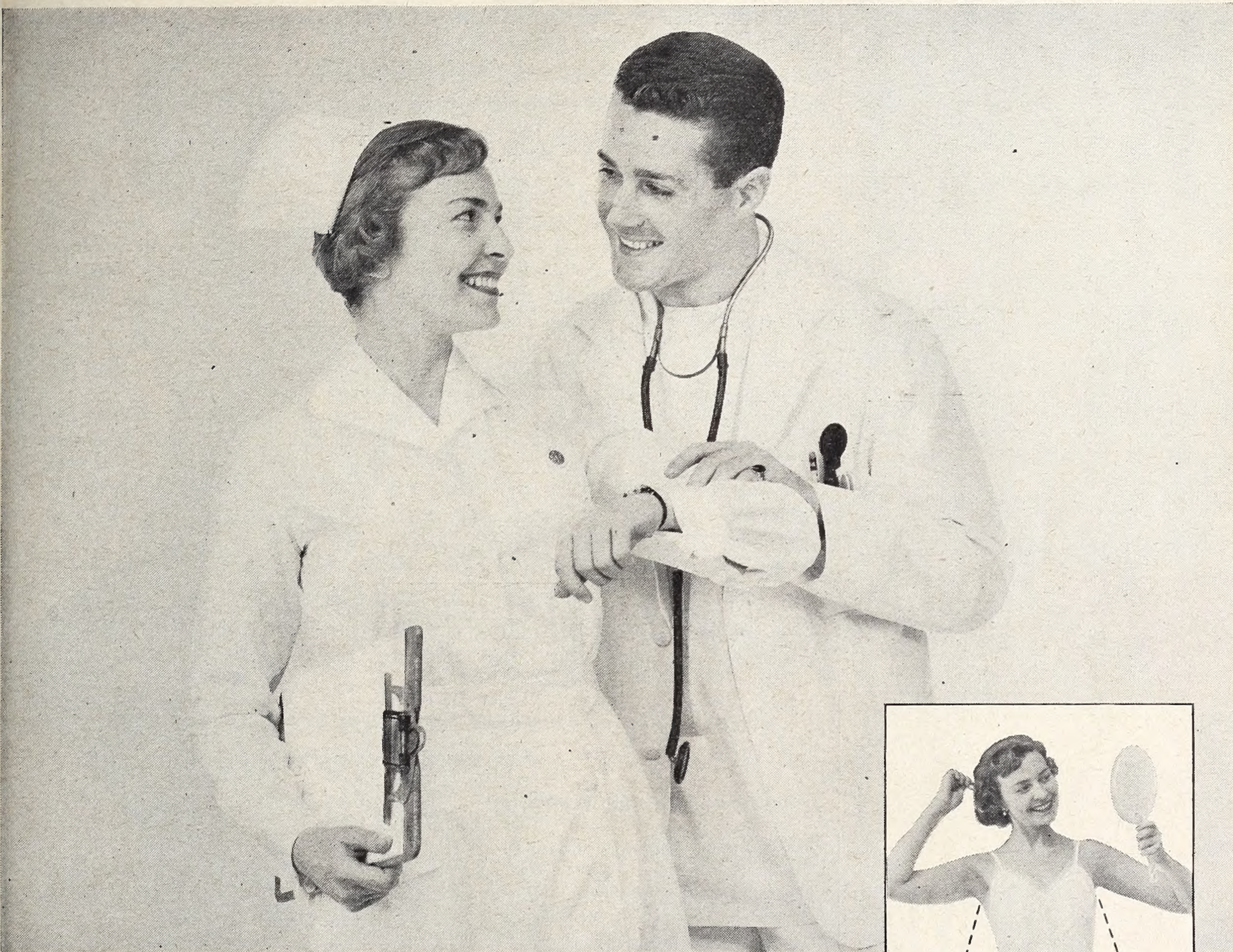
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New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



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Even if you're as busy as a nurse — *dependable* New MUM keeps you fresh! This original doctor's formula now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that *keeps on* destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

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AUGUST 4

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 1955

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Cover: Color Portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Apger. Liz stars next in M-G-M's "Mary Anne" and Warners' "Giant." Peignoir and gown by Juel Park. Other picture credits on page 78

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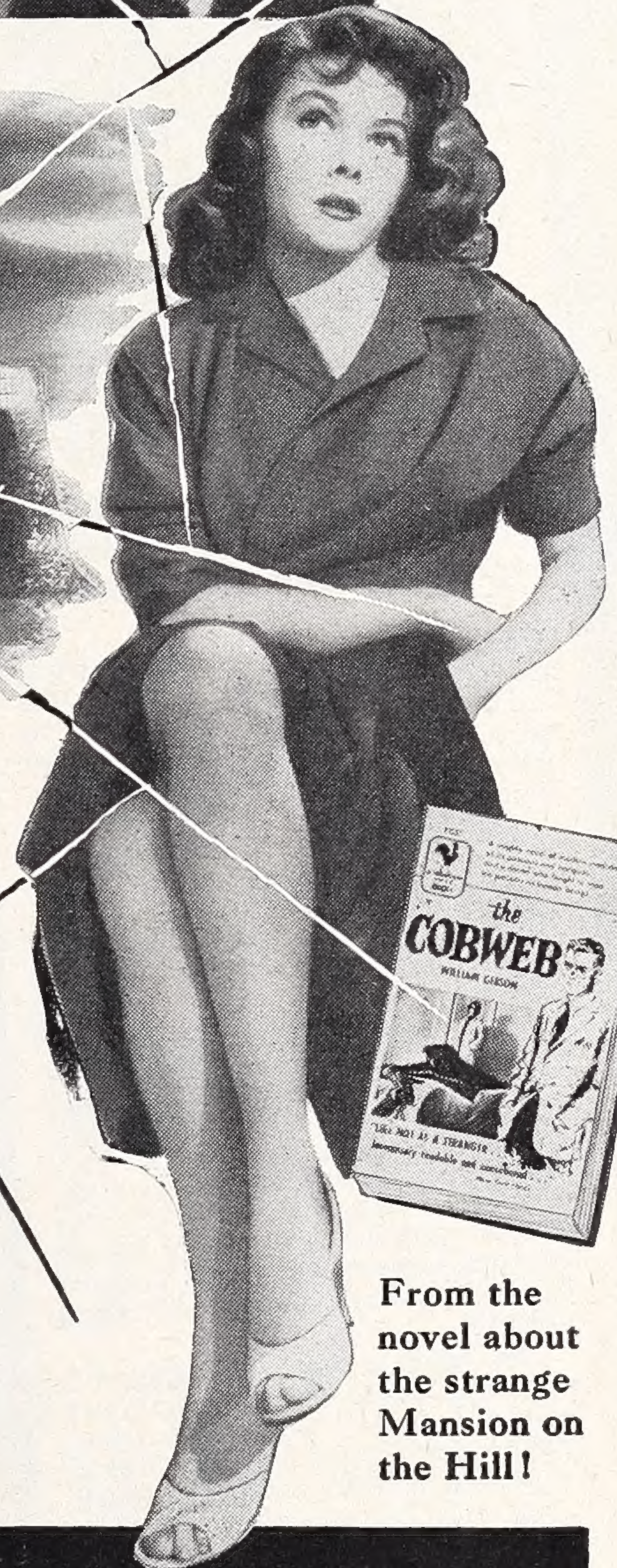
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The Doctor
learned secrets

The Nurse
was love-starved

The Director
liked women

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found trouble

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the Mansion

"the COBWEB"

and introducing
JOHN

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Screen Play by **JOHN PAXTON** • Additional dialogue by William Gibson • From the Novel by William Gibson

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Tablets containing Darotol®
that absorbs odors within
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Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

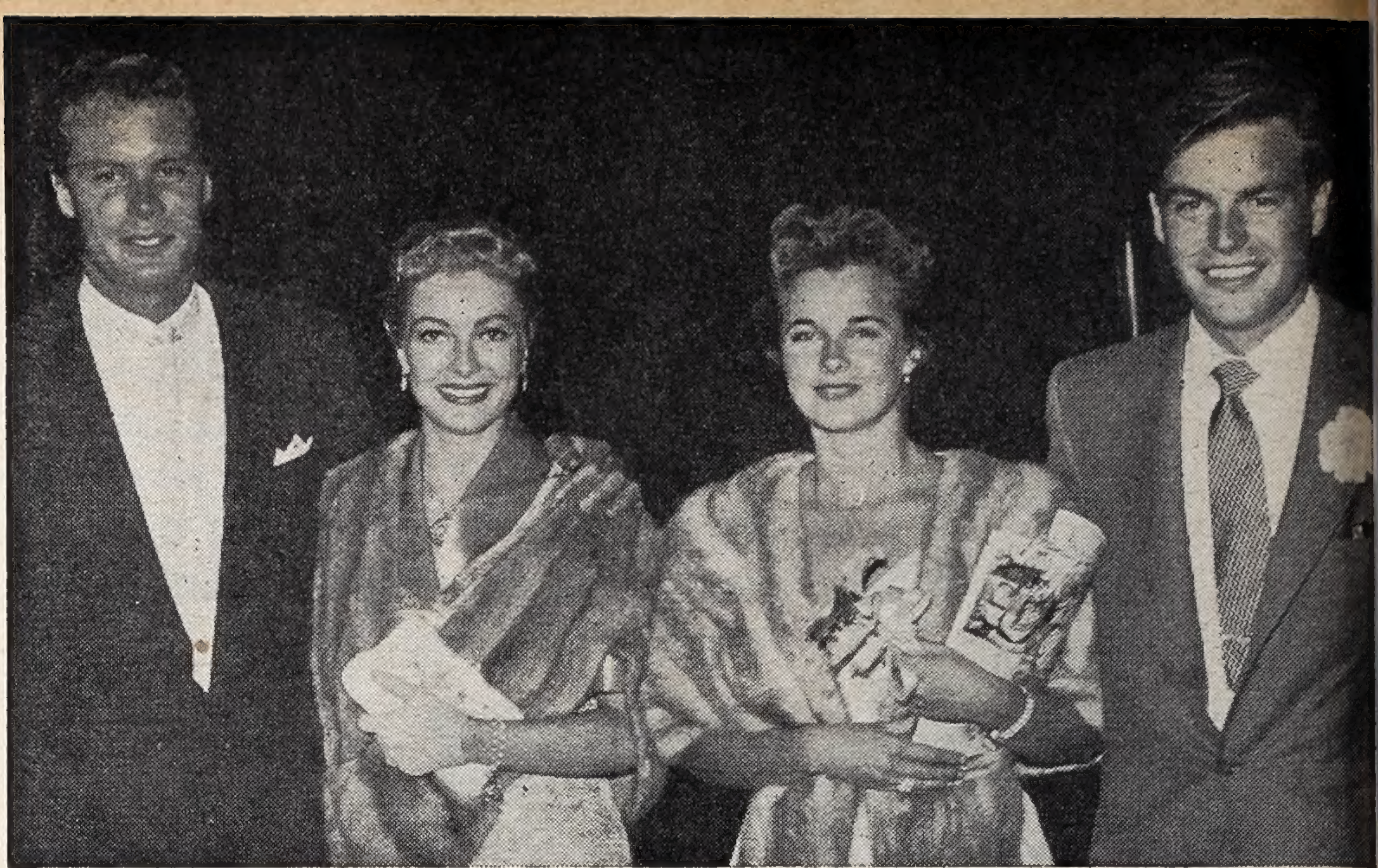
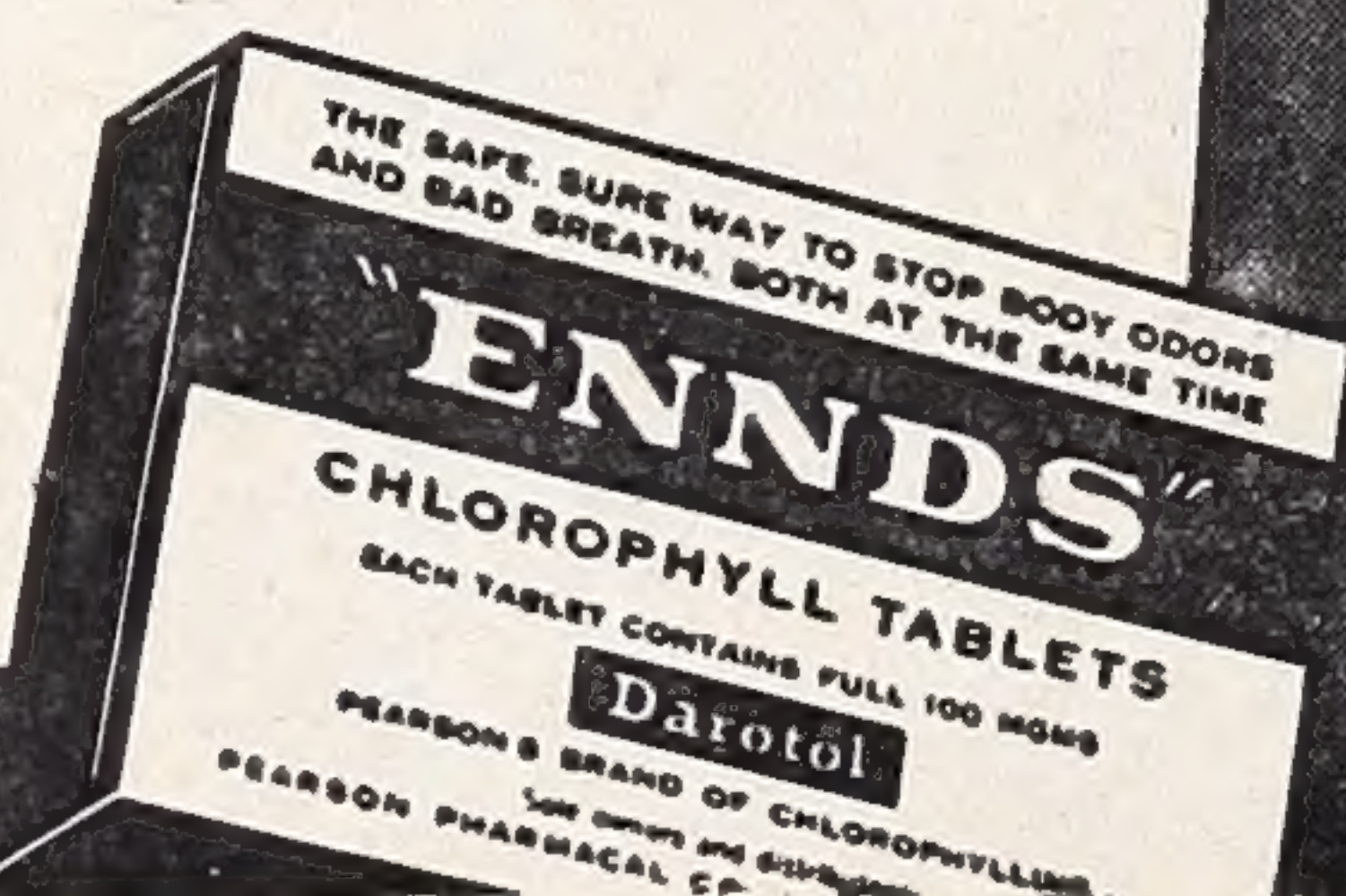
Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors *within* the body. This substance—Darotol—is found only in "ENNDS" Tablets.

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For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", attention Kathryn Morse, Dept. TS-D, P.O. Box 25, Long Island City 1, New York.



Bob Francis is fancy free, but there's romance in the air for Nelson, Freeman and Wagner

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

How FESS PARKER and sweetie Marcie Reinhart have been playing hide-and-seek with the professional gossipers and the grapevine that theirs may be the first wedding ceremony at Disneyland after the first novelty of that kids' fairyl-land wears off . . . With Marcie dolled up like a squaw . . . Whether pretty Lorri Thomas will be able to lure John Bromfield to the hitching post . . . And the same for Josanne Mariani and Marlon Brando, with the French fisherman's daughter seemingly settled down in Hollywood for the duration . . . About the special air-conditioning unit built into the new Clark Gable mansion in Palm Springs with speculation rife that this will be a honeymoon cottage for Clark and Kay Spreckels come next season at the desert Spa. . . . The way Rock Hudson keeps draping diamonds on Phyllis Gates, even though he hasn't fitted one to her third finger, left hand.

. . . About the springtime budding of what may be James Dean's first serious romance—with Marilyn Morrison, who only smiles wisely now when anyone mentions the floundering about of her ex, Johnnie Ray, whose press agents find him a new sweetheart for each new singing engagement in foreign parts. . . . And the biggest publicity bubble of them all, the purported love-at-first-sight flare-up between Grace Kelly and Jean Pierre Aumont at Cannes and in Paris, a total phony according to Grace's chums. . . . That it looks somewhat serious between Sterling Hayden and Bunny Cooper, who's Ben's pretty sister. But no more than somewhat. . . . The skyrocketing of Jack Palance, who parlayed a not-so-pretty mug from his coal miner's wage of \$35 a week to \$150,000 per picture, plus percentages.

While Lori Nelson seems to be playing the field, friends of hers and Tab Hunter await anxiously to see if they will name a Date or wait until their careers jell a bit more solidly. . . . Linda Christian's last word to pals in Hollywood before taking off for Mexico, that she'd joyfully toss out of the window the cool million settled on her by Tyrone Power if she could only persuade him to come back to her. Meanwhile Edmund Purdom seems to have fallen heir not only to the richly gadgeted British Bentley, a \$12,000 gift from Ty to Linda, but also to the use of the Power mansion whenever he listeth. . . . About how Frankie Sinatra and his newest flame Robin Raymond appear to have Reached an Understanding. . . . And the possibility of a fall wedding for Piper Laurie and David Schine, who's settling down to operate his father's Los Angeles Ambassador right after his Army release in late August. . . . Jack Webb's flat assertion that Peggy Lee will be a top-running Oscar candidate for her portrayal of the femme lush in "Pete Kelly's Blues." . . . A fast-approaching altar march for Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino.

About how Sheree North, whose agents now have lofted her figure for each television appearance at \$5,000, still lugs her dainties to a laundromat and does them herself. . . . George Nader's sponsoring a Hollywood career for Linda Francis, a singer whom he met while on location at the Virgin Islands making "Away All Boats." This one has the earmarks. . . . The courage of Bob Mitchum in filing suit against that muckraking publication and Hollywood's fond hope that its people may no longer be lambs led to slaughter.

THE HILARIOUS STORY OF
THREE CAPTIVATING CONVICTS!

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*They've got bad names to live up to . . .
but they can't keep their
good deeds down!*

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Bogart

THE MURDEROUS ANGEL

ALDO

Ray

THE GIRL-CHASING ANGEL

PETER

Ustinov

THE SAFE-CRACKING ANGEL

ADOLPH - THE MYSTERY ANGEL

in
**We're
No
Angels**

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

*When she catches them
peeking . . . laughter hits
an all time peak!*



JOAN

co-starring
BASIL

LEO G.

BENNETT · RATHBONE · CARROLL



Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ** • Screenplay by RANALD MACDOUGALL
Based on a play by Albert Husson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

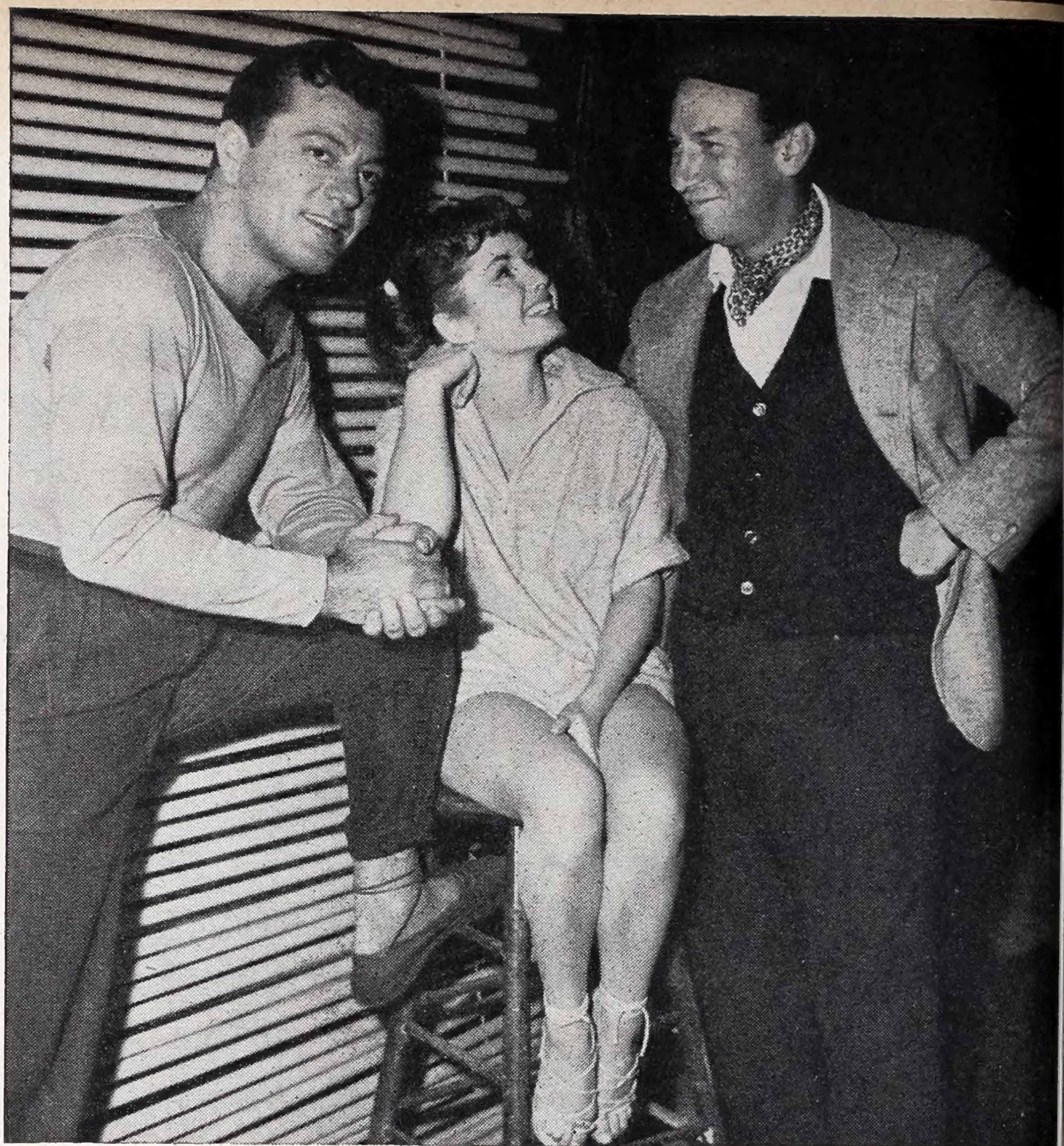
So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

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Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.



Watching actors like Tony Martin, Jose Ferrer, taught Deb that to be a star meant work

TURN OF A CAREER

By BEVERLY OTT

I HAD just finished a practice session on the bar when one of my studio friends came by. I was hot and tired and my hands were blistered. “You’re a real living wreck,” he grinned. “Why in the world do you work so hard?”

“It’s a long story,” I said. And it is. It began one day at the turn of a career. Mine. But to best explain it, perhaps I’d better begin with the events which led up to that day.

It’s always been my theory that if you’re going to do something, you might as well do it wholeheartedly and try to do it well. There’s no holding back. When I was in high school, I wanted to be a gym teacher. I was working toward that goal. Then along came the Miss Burbank contest. I worked up a routine, pantomiming my way through a Betty Hutton record. I had a ball. And lo and behold, I almost fell over—I won.

I also won a contract at Warners. At first my folks were kind of skeptical about the idea of my entering show business.

I figured it would be a lark while it lasted—and surely it couldn’t last long. Meanwhile, I’d have some fun and earn some money. As it turned out, Warners

did drop my option. And my agent took me over to M-G-M to audition for a specialty number in “Three Little Words.” M-G-M offered me a seven year contract.

The turn of my career came the day I sat down, all by myself, and thought things over. Did I really want to be a movie star? Did I want to be a star badly enough to work hard for my stardom? Up to this point, things had gone so easily for me. I’d just breezed through. But watching other stars putting everything they had into the work, learning the requirements of attaining stardom and holding onto it, I knew I’d have to work as I’d never worked before.

At this point, I gave a lot of thought to my previous ambition. If I decided to become a teacher, I would have forgotten movies completely. I knew what was going ahead with my picture career would mean from then on: long hours of hard work, practice sessions until I was ready to drop, endless rehearsal lessons, lessons and more lessons.

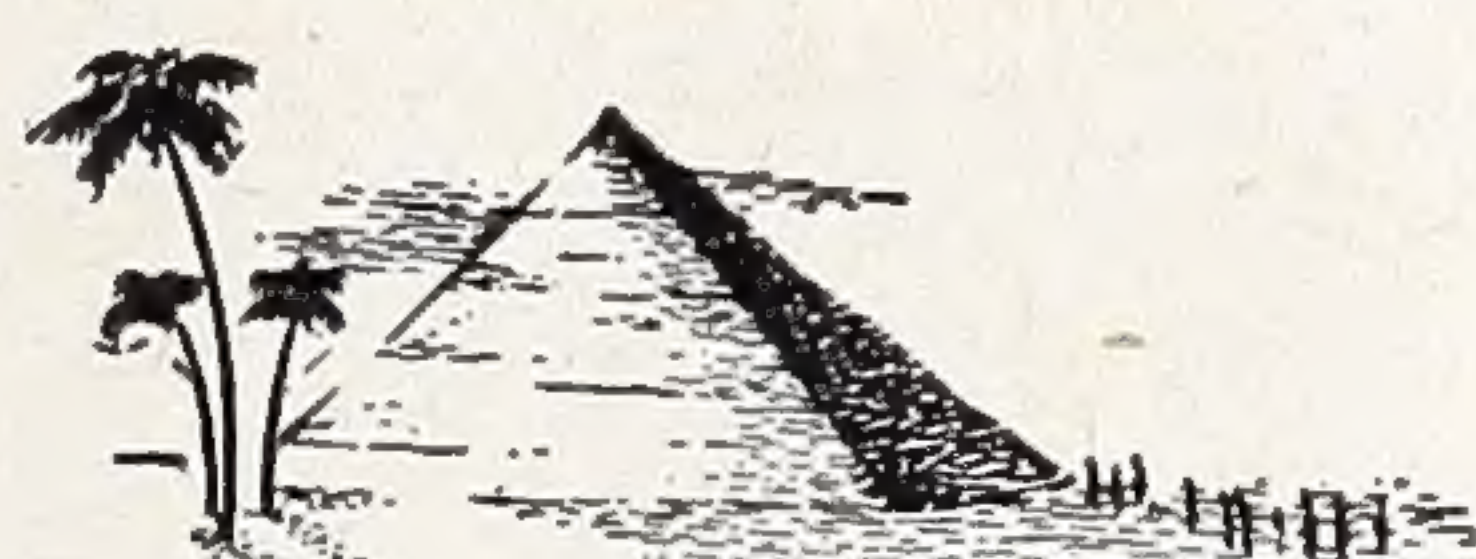
I made my decision that day. I never regretted it. And I’ve never worked so hard in my life as since. But I love every minute of it.



WARNER BROS.
take pride in presenting
the mightiest motion picture-making
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HOWARD HAWKS' LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

The story of the barbarous love that
left Egypt's Great Pyramid
as its Landmark!



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MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
DIMITRI TIOMKIN

WHO WENT TO THE LAND OF THE NILE AND
CAPTURED IT IN HAUNTING MELODY



FILMED IN EGYPT
WITH A CAST
OF THOUSANDS
BY THE LARGEST
LOCATION CREW
EVER SENT
ABROAD FROM
HOLLYWOOD!



Her treachery
stained every stone
of the Pyramid!





Glenn Ford: Between acting chores, he and wife Ellie fight juvenile delinquency with the gospel truth

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

By MIKE CONNOLLY

I HAVE SEEN Glenn Ford's magnificent portrayal, in "Blackboard Jungle," of the school teacher plagued by vocational-school hoodlums and felt there must be a carry-over into Glenn's personal life—that it couldn't all be play-acting.

Glenn Ford is a very modest person. It was like pulling a tooth to get the story. But I finally wrung an admission from him that his acting of the beleaguered teacher was a heartfelt sort of thing, as I had guessed, that reached into his own private life. His admission, plus his work as writer and director of his wife's inspirational TV show, "The Faith of Our Children," gave me the lead I needed.

Ellie Powell and Glenn Ford, in their own quiet way, have been doing something about the juvenile delinquency problem every Sunday at 1:30 P.M., over television station KRCA in Los Angeles. Ellie, who has taught Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church in Beverly Hills for the past seven years, is also the Sunday-school teacher on the show. Glenn writes the show during the week, between his acting chores at M-G-M, and it's rehearsed on Saturday, with Glenn directing. Then, after church every Sunday, Ellie goes on the air with "Faith of Our Children." It has turned into such a good show, with such a high local rating that it may go out over the

entire NBC-TV network this coming fall.

"We try not to make it preachy," Glenn says, "because we've found that nobody—and especially a child—likes to be preached at."

Scene of the show is a typical Sunday school, with Ellie as teacher. The cast includes children of every denomination. The Ford's son, Peter, sits in with the other children—without any billing. The main theme is brotherly love. There is, as Glenn stresses, no preaching. This is usually accomplished by bringing in top sports figures as guest stars: Henry Armstrong, the great Negro boxer who holds crowns in three different weight divisions; Bob Richards, the pole vault champ; Los Angeles Rams football star, "Deacon Dan" Towler, the great fullback; and Jack Dempsey. Many movie stars have appeared as guests.

"We try to bring out the fact that all men are brothers and that all are in the image and likeness of God," Glenn says. "We deplore racial discrimination, as did 'Blackboard Jungle.' We try to put the fact religion is not for sissies, that to be seen coming out of Sunday school is not a sign of weakness but a sign of strength."

"It's inspiring to hear men like Armstrong, Richards, Towler and the rest, tell how important religion is to them and to see how impressed some of the little boys

are when their big 'heroes' talk to them."

"When Bob Richards guested with us he told how he prays during the last few inches of every pole vault he makes. Bob said, 'Every time I vault I pray to God to please let me make it, and my prayers are strongest during the last four inches.'"

"We try to make the show appeal to adult viewers, too," Glenn said.

That they appeal to adults is indicated by the 300 letters a week from Los Angeles viewers and that's a lot of mail for a local show. These letters are mostly from parents. They don't ask for anything; they just write in to thank the Fords for the show. Louis B. Mayer, Ellie's old boss at M-G-M who hired her because he considered her the world's greatest tap-dancing doll, is one of her regular Sunday viewers.

In addition to the TV show, Ellie and Glenn make live appearances at churches in and around Los Angeles whenever their busy schedules permit. After they get the TV show in high gear this fall, and the means on a national network, they also plan visiting the children's hospitals and conducting their show from the bedsides.

For the ten months the show has been on the air it has been unsponsored. Glenn has been paying all the expenses out of his own pocket. And I asked Glenn Ford if he were doing anything about delinquency

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PIN-IT

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gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia odor!

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says *Candy Jones*
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Beauty Director of New York's Noted Conover School

Countless Conover Students have proved this wholesome beauty care!

"The Conover School teaches ambitious girls how to improve their personal appearance for top careers in every field," says Candy Jones. "Since an eye-catching complexion is a 'must', I urge our students to use gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I know from years of experience that any kind of skin—dry, normal or oily—thrives on this wholesome beauty care. The 'beauty-wash' method we teach at Conover's can produce the same exciting results for you that it does for Conover Career girls. Twice a day cream Cashmere Bouquet's fluffy, fragrant lather over your face with your fingertips. Rinse and pat dry. Then see how quickly this regular care brings you that fresh, glowing Conover-Girl Complexion!"



Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. Getting your picture taken? Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion by using medium—never dark—lipstick, slightly darker powder than normal, and moderate eye make-up.

Candy

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

A star-struck Kentucky blueblood confided her screen ambitions to Burt Lancaster on location in Kentucky. She'd never been out of the state, she said, and was dying to try her luck in Hollywood movies.

"Honey," replied Burt, "the grass is always *bluer* on the other side of the street."

The Adolphus Hotel parking lot in Dallas, Texas, has a section called Ellis Island. It's where the foreign cars wait.

U-I just filmed the amazing war saga of Audie Murphy, "To Hell and Back." Most decorated hero Audie plays himself, but a young draftee at Ft. Lewis, Washington, thinking he was just another movie actor, paid him an unexpected tribute:

"You know something," said the GI, "you *look* like a soldier."

TV influence on the burlesque circuit: There's a new stripper in New York billing herself as Ann Tenna.

An old-time movie queen dropped into movie fur designer Al Teitelbaum's salon, tossed her mink coat at him and said:

"Have it glazed, darling—to match my eyes."

A Beverly Hills psychiatrist, it's being said, told a famous comedian he was nuts and should be in an institution instead of running around loose in front of the cameras. The comic's reply:

"I'm funnier this way."

Jack Benny says motion pictures on TV are like furniture—either early American or old English.

Comedienne Irene Ryan about catching Johnnie Ray in an emotional moment: "I thought he was going to burst out laughing."

Danny Thomas about the fate of comedians:

"A banker tells a bad joke and nobody says anything about it. But, boy, just let a comedian pass a bad check!"

Marilyn Maxwell called a Hollywood cafe to inquire about a lost sweater.

"I don't know the exact size," she said, "but I know it fit tight."

Comedian Davy Barry complaining about his GI home:

"A GI home," he said, "is the government's revenge for not re-enlisting."

Fan's reaction after watching Dorothy Dandridge's hip movements in "Carmen Jones":

"That reminds me. I must stop by the bookstore and pick up an 'Uncle Wiggly' book for Junior."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

FRESH FACES:



SUSAN STRASBERG

Glowing youth, sensitive talent, solid theatrical background — Susan Strasberg and John Kerr begin their film careers with all three. These are the youngsters who touch your heart in M-G-M's "The Cobweb," scoring strong personal hits even against such high-powered acting competition. Daughter of stage director Lee Strasberg, Susan took her first acting role at fourteen, later charmed TV audiences as Shakespeare's fourteen-year-old heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." The petite and



JOHN KERR

delicate-featured Susan has another important part in Columbia's "Picnic."

Also a native New Yorker, John is the son of two players famous in yesterday's theatre, June Walker and the late Geoffrey Kerr. Unlike Susan, who fell in love with show business as a child, John took his time deciding on his future. But once he got under way, he moved fast. He went from Harvard to Broadway, hit the top in his second play, "Tea and Sympathy," with Deborah Kerr (no relation). Though John's only in his mid-twenties, he's a devoted husband and father. In May, he and the former Priscilla Smith staged a first-birthday celebration for twin daughters Jocelyn and Rebecca. But teammate Susan's fancy-free—Hollywood youngset, take note!



When invited to a formal tea, should you —

- ☐ Be punctual ☐ Go formal ☐ Talk about people

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best *daytime* outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People:

a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are *phf-f-ft!* No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Doesn't chafe! Made to *stay soft!*



Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

- ☐ Devastating ☐ Obnoxious ☐ Dramatics coach

Her captive audience—*they've had it!* But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to *flat pressed ends*.



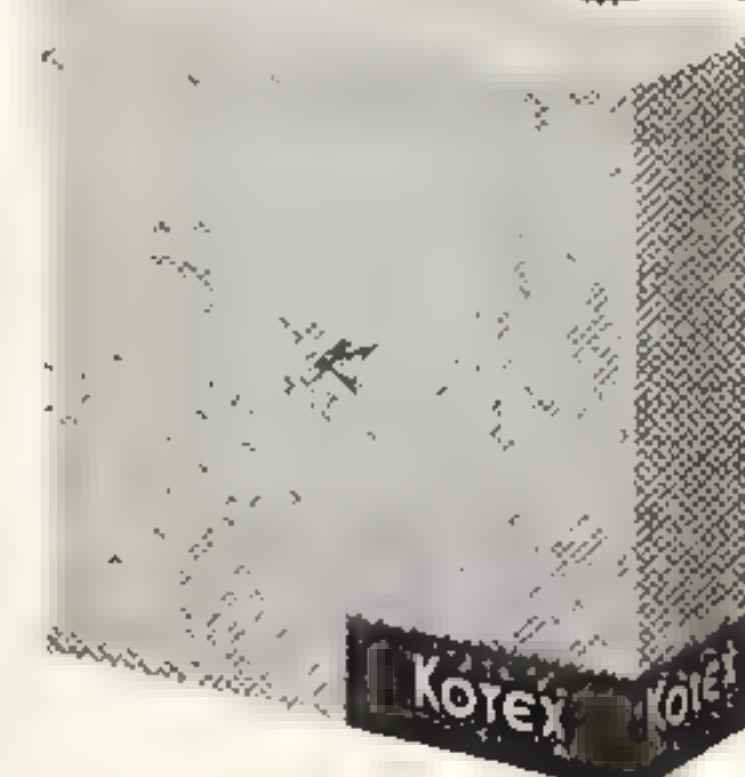
Which gives your sports outfit a new "ladylike" look?

- ☐ Bermuda shorts ☐ Bermuda skirt ☐ Ruffles

If you like shorts, but find they *de-flatter* your figure—the Bermuda walking skirt is for you. It's the feminine, flattering version of Bermuda shorts: but newer, smarter! On certain days, why not be smart about getting the right-for-you size of Kotex? Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super; each gives the *complete absorbency* you need. See which suits you exactly.

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USE EXCITING GAYLA MIST SPRAY HAIR NET FOR THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK. IT'S NEW!

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see **PHOTOPLAY** for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 24.

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

★★★ **ANNAPOLIS STORY, AN—A.A.**, Technicolor: Interesting picture of the Naval Academy, with a climax in Korea. Brothers John Derek and Kevin McCarthy, midshipmen, then jet pilots, quarrel over Diana Lynn. (F) June

★★ **BEDEVILLED—M-G-M**, CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Confused murder drama, filmed in Paris. Steve Forrest, destined for priesthood, defends Anne Baxter against pursuers. (A) July

★★ **BIG COMBO, THE—A.A.**: Blood-spattered, well-acted crime thriller. Detective Cornel Wilde smashes Richard Conte's gang. (A) June

★★★ **CELL 2455, DEATH ROW—Columbia**: Coolly detached, fact-based story of a youthful criminal. William Campbell's fine as the delinquent who becomes an incorrigible. (A) June

★★★ **CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I**; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior; Suzan Ball, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

★★★ **DADDY LONG LEGS—20th**; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Magical musical romance. Millionaire Fred Astaire's the unknown benefactor who puts French orphan Leslie Caron through college in the U. S. (F) July

★★★★ **EAST OF EDEN—Warners**; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Brilliant drama, charged with emotion. Moody, youthful James Dean hungers for the love of his father (Raymond Massey), covets his brother's sweetheart (Julie Harris). (A) May

★★★ **END OF THE AFFAIR, THE—Columbia**: Thoughtful movie set in wartime London. Deborah Kerr's illicit, unhappy romance with Van Johnson leads her to examine her beliefs. (A) June

★★★ **ETERNAL SEA, THE—Republic**: Simply told saga of real-life heroism. Admiral Sterling Hayden, crippled in World War II, demands active duty. Alexis Smith is his wife. (F) July

★★ **5 AGAINST THE HOUSE—Columbia**: In a tense but implausible story, three college students plot a gambling-house holdup, drawing Guy Madison, Kim Novak into the scheme. (F) July

★★★ **GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M-G-M**, Eastman Color: Charming musical version of the *Cinderella* story, with Leslie Caron as the slavey, Michael Wilding as her prince. (F) May

★★ **JUMP INTO HELL—Warners**: Well-intended but not too forceful tribute to Dienbienphu's defenders. Jack Sernas, Kurt Kasznar are Frenchmen fighting in Indochina. (F) June

★★★ **LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th**: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ricardo Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

★★ **LOOTERS, THE—U-I**: After a mountain plane crash, survivors and rescuers (including Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams) brawl over cash in the cargo. Not always believable. (F) June

★★★★ **LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME—M-G-M**; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Unusual music drama casts Doris Day as Ruth Etting, singer of the Twenties. James Cagney's first-rate as a racketeer who backs her, wants her love. Cameron Mitchell also loves her. (A) July

★★★ **MAN CALLED PETER, A—20th**; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Affecting inspirational drama. Richard Todd is magnificent as a Scottish born minister who attains fame in the U. S. Jean Peters is sympathetic as his wife. (F) June

★★★ **MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U-I**, Technicolor: Lusty Western. Drifter Kirk Douglas and protégé William Campbell get embroiled in rancher Jeanne Crain's battle to rule the range. (F) May

★★★★ **MARTY—U.A.**: Wonderfully warm, funny and sympathetic big-city love story. A lonesome bachelor (Ernest Borgnine) and a drab school teacher (Betsy Blair) find each other—but family problems come up. (F) May

★★★★ **MOONFLEET—M-G-M**; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Richly colorful adventure yarn of 18th century England. Little Jon Whiteley adopts gentleman smuggler Stewart Granger as a guardian. With Viveca Lindfors. (F) July

★★ **PRIZE OF GOLD, A—Columbia**, Technicolor: Vague suspense film, shot in Germany. GI Richard Widmark, for Mai Zetterling's sake, tries to steal a shipment of gold bullion. (F) July

★★★ **PRODIGAL, THE—M-G-M**; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Spectacular melodrama of ancient times. As the Prodigal Son, Edmund Purdom forsakes sweetheart Audrey Dalton, is led to ruin by pagan priestess Lana Turner. (A) June

★★★ **PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.**; Technicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) February

★★★ **RUN FOR COVER—Paramount**; VistaVision, Technicolor: Engaging horse opera about the results of a near-lynching. James Cagney's an old hand; John Derek, a bitter youngster. (F) May

★★ **SEVEN ANGRY MEN—A.A.**: Powerful idea unimaginatively presented. Raymond Massey plays John Brown, trying to end slavery by force, with the aid of son Jeffrey Hunter. (F) June

★★★ **STRANGE LADY IN TOWN—Warner** CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Nice offbeat Western. Rival doctors Greer Garson and Dana Andrews compete vigorously in a frontier town, the finish face danger together. (F) June

★★★ **STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND—Paramount**; VistaVision, Technicolor: Imposing picture of our air defenses, with Jimmy Stewart as pilot, June Allyson as the waiting wife. (F) June

★★★ **THIS ISLAND EARTH—U-I**, Technicolor: Visually exciting science-fiction. Jeff Morrow leads lofty-browed aliens who draft Earth scientists in interplanetary war. (F) June

★★★ **TIGHT SPOT—Columbia**: Neat, brisk crime film. Attorney Edward G. Robinson, detective Brian Keith try to persuade Ginger Rogers testify against a vengeful gang boss. (F) June

★★★ **TO PARIS WITH LOVE—Rank**, Technicolor: Airy farce with lovely locales. Dignified Alec Guinness and son Vernon Gray try to arrange Paris romances for each other. (A) June

★★★ **VIOLENT SATURDAY—20th**; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Taut thriller. A well-planned bank robbery affects modern mining-town citizens, including Victor Mature. (A) June

You'd Be Surprised Where She Wished Him!



And who would blame her? After all, is there anything worse than to be stuck with a man who has halitosis (unpleasant breath)? So, this joker is already on the way out . . . and he had dreamed of this date for weeks.

How dumb can you be? How dare anyone assume that his breath is always okay? Halitosis comes and goes . . . absent one day, present the next. You may be guilty without realizing it. And even your best friend won't tell you. Men are all-too-common offenders.

Why risk bad breath needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a quick, delightful, and efficient precaution against it?

**No tooth paste kills odor germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills germs . . . by millions . . . and germ reduction is the answer to sweeter breath.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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four times better than tooth paste**

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by millions, gives

you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

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all 20" x 30"—gay Christmas
colors with matching
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ization, give its name _____

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ADVENTURES OF SADIE, THE—20th. Directed by Noel Langley: Sadie Patch, Joan Collins; Jimmy Carrol, George Cole; Mortimer Gobble, Robertson Hare; Pat Plunkett, Kenneth More; Mr. Patch, Felix Felton; Mrs. Patch, Hattie Jacques; Spinster, Hermione Gingold.

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—U-I. Directed by Edward Buzzell: Kenneth Post, Rory Calhoun; Sarah Hatfield, Piper Laurie; Hal North, Jack Carson; Jackie, Mamie Van Doren; Piermont Rogers, Reginald Gardiner; Pat Beaton, Barbara Britton; Millie, Dani Crayne; Randall, Harris Brown.

CHICAGO SYNDICATE—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: Barry Amsterdam, Dennis O'Keefe; Connie Peters, Abbe Lane; Arnie Valent, Paul Stewart; Benny Chico, Xavier Cugat; Joyce Kern, Allison Hayes; David Healey, Dick Cutting; Nate, Chris Alcaide; Dolan, William Challee; Robert Fenton, John Zaremba; Jack Roper, George Brand; Brad Lacey, Mark Hanna; Mrs. Valent, Carroll McComas; Pat Winters, Hugh Sanders.

COBWEB, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: Dr. Stewart McIver, Richard Widmark; Meg Faverson Rinehart, Lauren Bacall; Dr. Douglas N. Devanal, Charles Boyer; Karen McIver, Gloria Grahame; Victoria Inch, Lillian Gish; Steven W. Holte, John Kerr; Sue Brett, Susan Strasberg; Mr. Capp, Oscar Levant; Mark, Tommy Rettig; Dr. Otto Wolff, Paul Stewart; Lois Y. Demuth, Jarma Lewis; Miss Cobb, Adele Jergens; Mr. Holcomb, Edgar Stehli; Rosemary, Sandra Descher; Abe Irwin, Bert Freed; Regina Mitchell-Smythe, Mabel Albertson; Edna Devanal, Fay Wray; Curly, Oliver Blake; Mrs. O'Brien, Olive Carey; Shirley, Eve McVeagh; Sally, Virginia Christine; Mr. Appleton, Jan Arvan; Mrs. Jenkins, Ruth Clifford; Miss Gavney, Myra Marsh; James Petlee, James Westerfield; Sadie, Marjorie Bennett; Mr. Wictz, Stuart Holmes.

DAVY CROCKETT—Disney. Directed by Norman Foster: Davy Crockett, Fess Parker; George Russel, Buddy Ebsen; Andrew Jackson, Basil Ruysdael; Thimblerrig, Hans Conried; Tobias Norton, William Bakewell; Col. Jim Bowie, Kenneth Tobey; Chief Red Stick, Pat Hogan; Polly Crockett, Helene Stanley; Bustedluck, Nick Cravat; Col. Billy Travis, Don Megowan; Bigfoot Mason, Mike Mazurki; Charlie Two Shirts, Jeff Thompson; Swaney, Henry Joyner; Henderson, Benjamin Hornbuckle; Opponent Political Speaker, Hal Youngblood; 1st Congressman, Jim Maddux; 2nd Congressman, Robert Booth; Billy, Eugene Brindel; Johnny, Ray Whitetree; Bruno, Col. Campbell Brown.

FAR HORIZONS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Rudolph Maté: Meriwether Lewis, Fred MacMurray; Bill Clark, Charlton Heston; Sacajawea, Donna Reed; Julia Hancock, Barbara Hale; Sergeant Gass, William Demarest; Charboneau, Alan Reed; Cameahwait, Eduardo Noriega; Wild Eagle, Larry Pennell; Old Crone, Argentina Brunetti; Crow Woman, Julia Montoya; Le Borgne, Ralph Moody; President Jefferson, Herbert Heyes; Mr. Hancock, Lester Matthews; Mrs. Hancock, Helen Wallace; Cruzatte, Walter Reed; Kentucky Mountain Boys, Bill Phipps; Tom Monroe, LeRoy Johnson; Joe Canutt, Bob Heron; Herman Scharff, Al Wyatt; Dr. Harlan Bent, Voltaire Perkins; Collins, Vernon Rich; Servant, Bill Walker; Old Shoshone Woman, Margarita Martin; President's Aide, Frank Fowler.

FOX FIRE—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: Amanda, Jane Russell; Jonathan "Dart" Dartland, Jeff Chandler; Hugh Slater, Dan Duryea; Maria, Mara Corday; Ernest Tyson, Robert F. Simon; Mrs. Lawrence, Frieda Inescort; Jim Mablett, Barton MacLane; Mrs. Mablett, Charlotte Wynters; Old Larky, Eddy C. Waller; Saba, Celia Lovsky; Foley, Arthur Space; Mr. Riley, Phil Chambers; Walt Whitman, Robert Bice; Cleo, Vici Raaf; Rose, Grace Lenard; Mr. Barton, Guy Wilkerson.

LADY AND THE TRAMP—Disney. Directed by Hamilton Luské, Clyde Geronimi, Wilfred Jackson: Voices—Darling, Peg, Si and Am, Peggy Lee; Lady, Barbara Luddy; Tramp, Larry Roberts; Jock, Bull, Dachsie, Bill Thompson; Trusty, Bill Baucon; Beaver, Stan Freberg; Aunt Sarah, Verna Felton; Boris, Alan Reed; Tony, George Givot; Toughy,

Professor, Dallas McKennon; Jim Dear, Lee Millar; The Mello Men.

MAGNIFICENT MATADOR, THE—20th. Directed by Budd Boetticher: Karen Harrison, Maureen O'Hara; Luis Santos, Anthony Quinn; Rafael Reyes, Manuel Rojas; Don David, Thomas Gomez; Mark Russell, Richard Denning; Mona Wilton, Lola Albright; Jody Wilton, William Brooks Ching; Miguel, Eduardo Noriega; Sarita Sebastian, Lorraine Chanel; Emiliano, Anthony Caruso.

NOT AS A STRANGER—U.A. Directed by Stanley Kramer: Kristina Hedvigson, Olivia de Havilland; Lucas Marsh, Robert Mitchum; Alfred Boone, Frank Sinatra; Harriet Lang, Gloria Grahame; Dr. Aarons, Broderick Crawford; Dr. Runkleman, Charles Bickford; Dr. Snider, Myron McCormick; Job Marsh, Lon Chaney; Ben Cosgrove, Jesse White; Oley, Harry Morgan; Brundage, Lee Marvin; Bruni, Virginia Christine; Dr. Dietrich, Whit Bissell; Dr. Lettering, Jack Raine; Miss O'Dell, Mae Clarke.

PURPLE MASK, THE—U-I. Directed by Bruce Humberstone: Rene, Tony Curtis; Laurette, Colleen Miller; Brisquet, Daniel O'Herlihy; Laverne, Gene Barry; Mme. Valentine, Angela Lansbury; Cadonal, George Dolenz; Fouche, John Hoyt; Constance, Myrna Hansen; Duc De Latour, Paul Cavanaugh; Irene, Allison Hayes; Yvonne, Betty Jane Howarth; Majolin, Donald Randolph; De Morsanne, Gene Darcy; Napoleon, Robert Cornthwaite.

SEA CHASE, THE—Warners. Directed by John Farrow: Karl Ehrlich, John Wayne; Elsa Keller, Lana Turner; Commander Napier, David Farrar; Kirchner, Lyle Bettger; Cadet Wesser, Tab Hunter; Schlieter, James Arness; Cadet Walter Stemme, Richard Davalos; Chief Schmitt, John Qualen; Max Heinz, Paul Fix; Capt. Evans, Lowell Gilmore; Matz, Luis Van Rooten; Wentz, Alan Hale; Hepke, Wilton Graff; Bachman, Peter Whitney; Winkler, Claude Akin; Bos'n, John Doucette; Brounck, Alan Lee.

SEVEN LITTLE FOYS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson: Eddie Foy, Bob Hope; Madeleine Morando, Milly Vitale; Barney Green, George Tobias; Clara, Angela Clarke; Judge, Herbert Heyes; Stage Manager, Richard Shannon; Byrnie, Billy Gray; Charley, Lee Erickson; Richard Foy, Paul De Rolf; Mary Foy, Lydia Reed; Little Madelein Foy, Linda Bennett; Eddie, Jr., Jimmy Baird; Irving, Tommy Duran; George M. Cohan, James Cagney.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: Hank Lee, Clark Gable; Jane Hoyt, Susan Hayward; Inspector Merryweather, Michael Rennie; Louis Hoyt, Gene Barry; Rene, Alex D'Arcy; Tweedie, Tom Tuller; Mme. Dupree, Anna Sten; Icky, Russell Collins; Big Matt, Leo Gordon; Po-Lin, Richard Loo; Dak Lai, Soo Yong; Ying Fai, Frank Tang; Austin Stoker, Jack Kruschen; Rocha, Mel Welles; Major Leith Phipps, Jack Raine; Gunner, George Wallace; Australian Airman, Alex Finlayson; Luan, Noel Toy; Chinese Clerk, Beal Wong; Father Xavier, Robert Burton; Frank Stewart, Robert Quarry; Hotel Desk Clerk, Charles Davis; Goldie, Victor Sen Yung; Marine, Frances Fong; Billy Lee, Danny Chang.

SVENGALI—M-G-M. Directed by Noel Langley: Trilby, Hildegard Neff; Svengali, Donald Wolfst; Billy, Terence Morgan; The Laird, Derek Bond; Taffy, Paul Rogers; Gecko, David Kossoff; Durien, Hubert Gregg; Patrick O'Ferral, Noel Purcell; Carrel, Alfie Bass; Barizel, Harry Secombe; Police Inspector, Peter Illing; Mrs. Bagot, Joan Haythorne; Dubose, Hugh Cross; Dodor, David Oxley; Lambert, Richard Pearson; Dresser, Rica Fox; Mama Martin, Toots Pound.

SUMMERTIME—U.A. Directed by David Lean: Jane Hudson, Katharine Hepburn; Renato Di Rossi, Rossano Brazzi; Signora Fiorina, Isa Miranda; Eddie Jaeger, Darren McGavin; Phyl Jaeger, Mari Aldon; Mrs. McIlhenny, Jane Rose; Mr. McIlhenny, MacDonald Parke; Mauro, Gaitano Audiero; Englishman, Andre Morell; Vito, Jeremy Spenser; Giovanna, Virginia Simeon.

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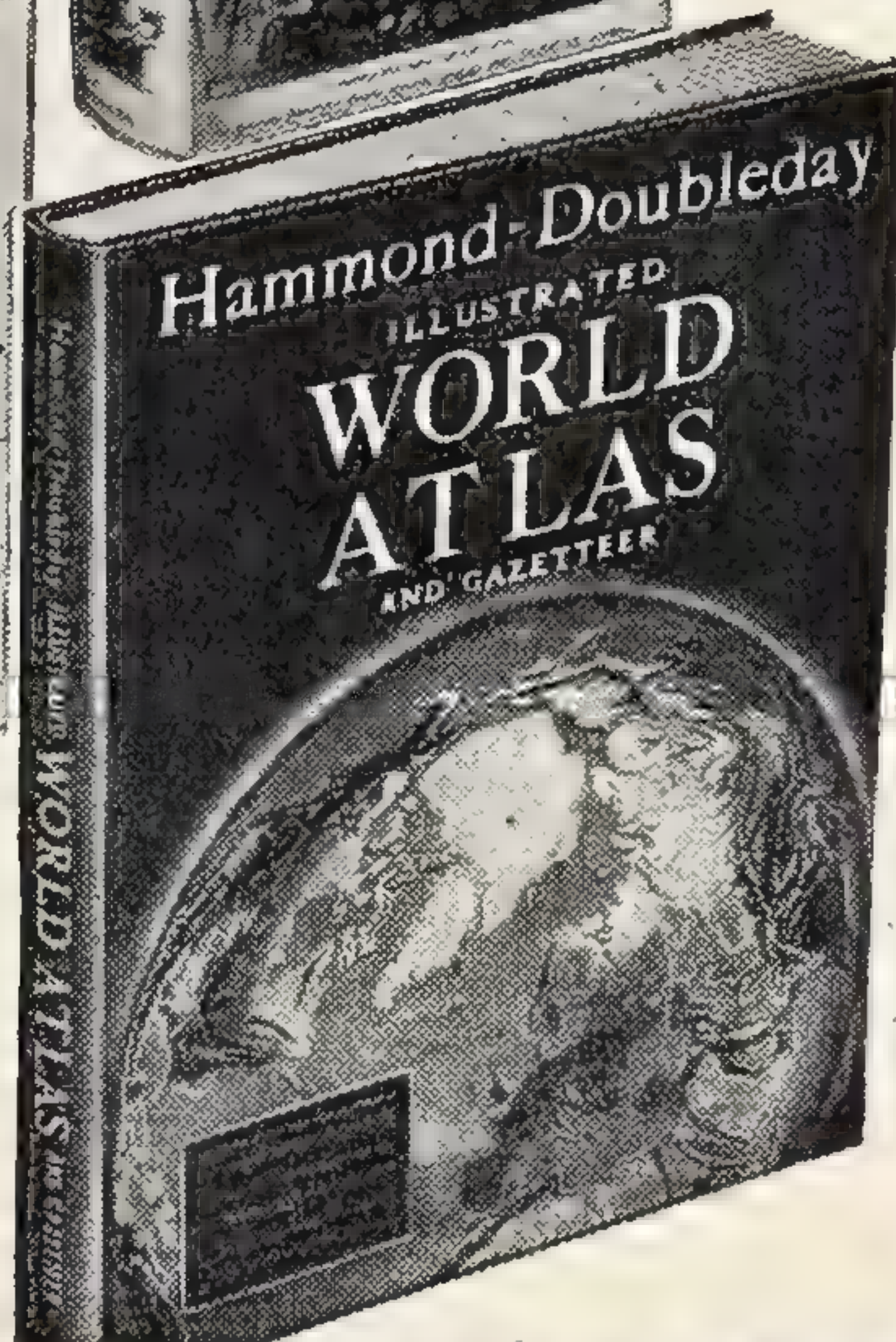
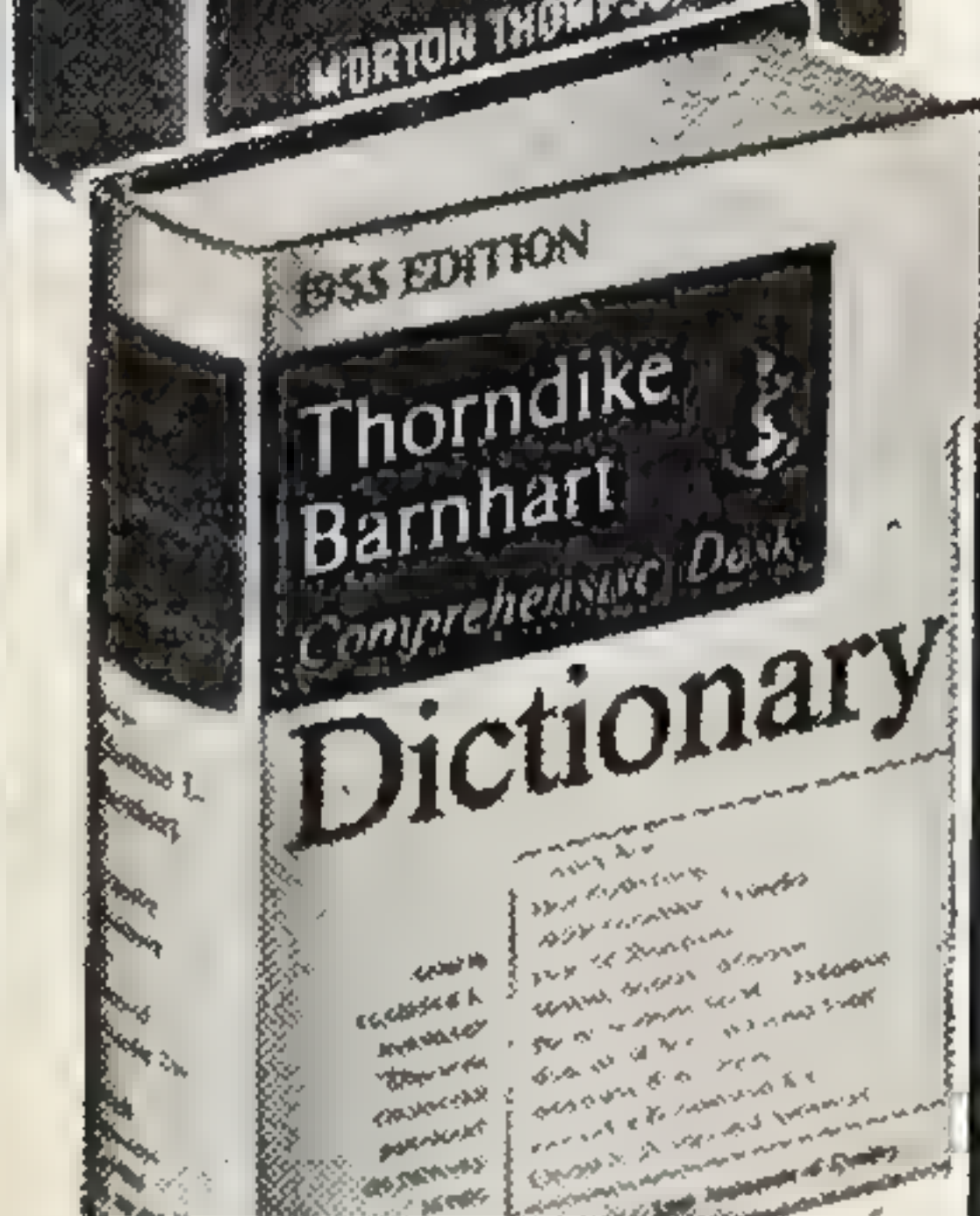
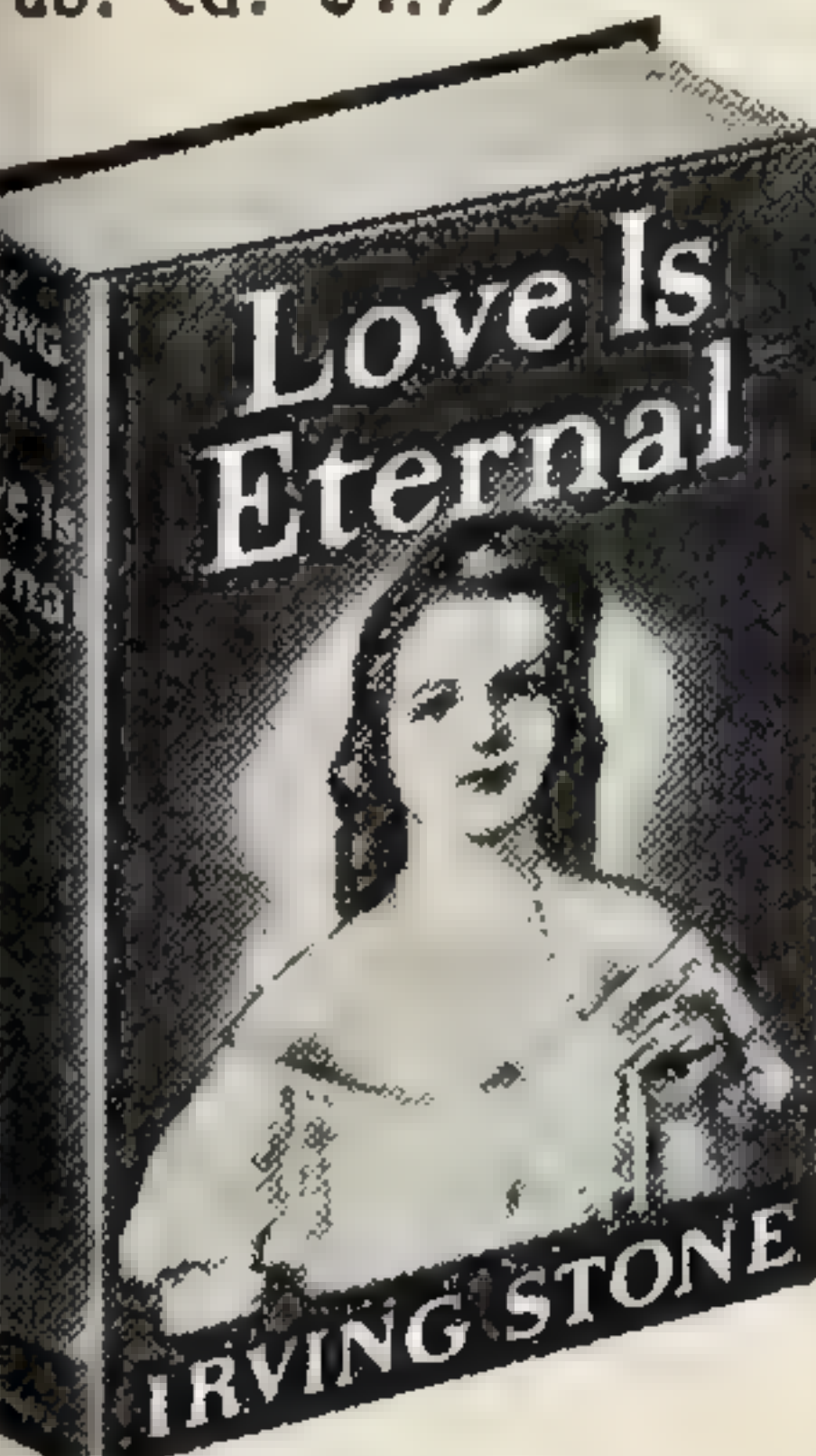
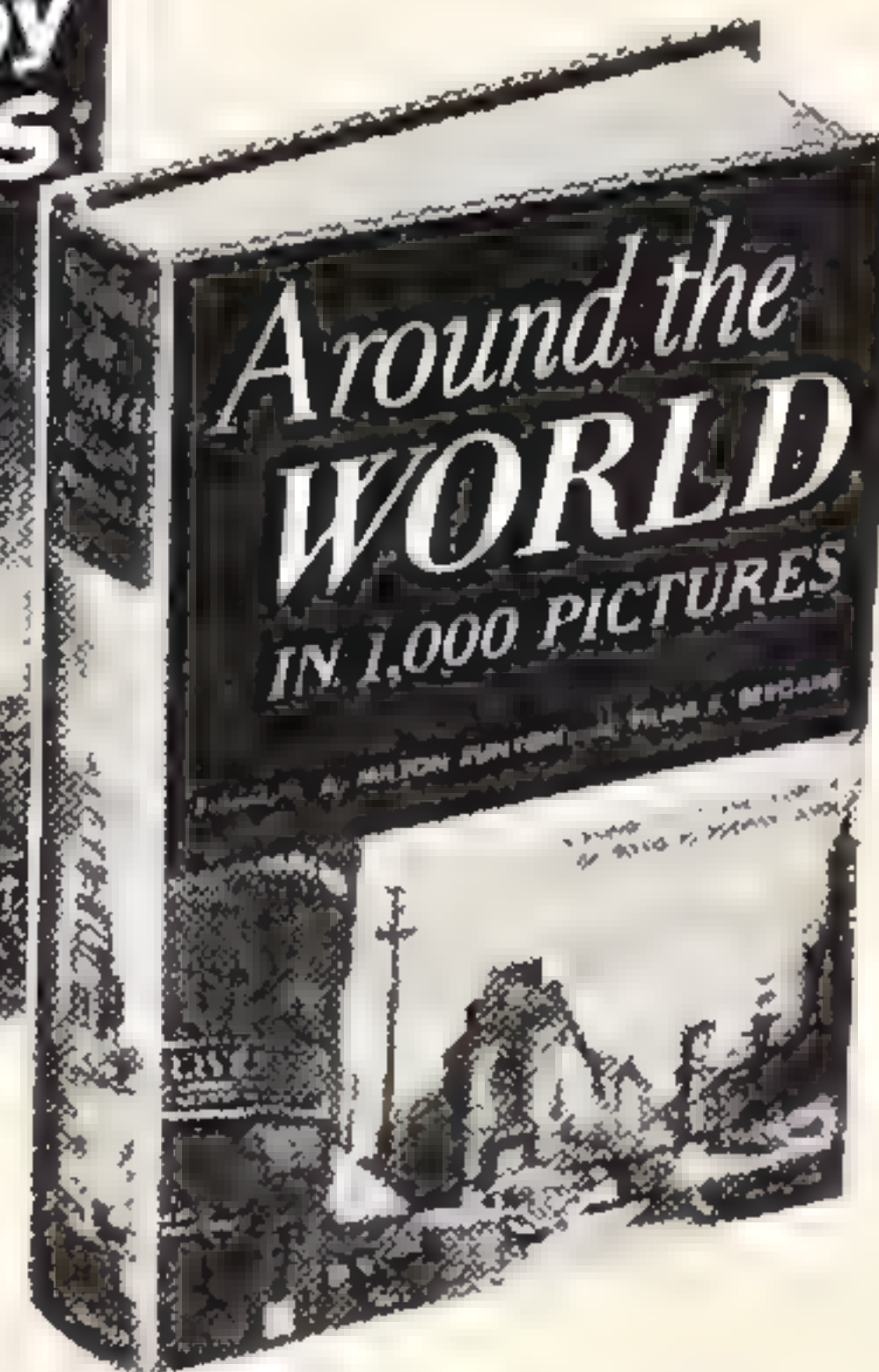
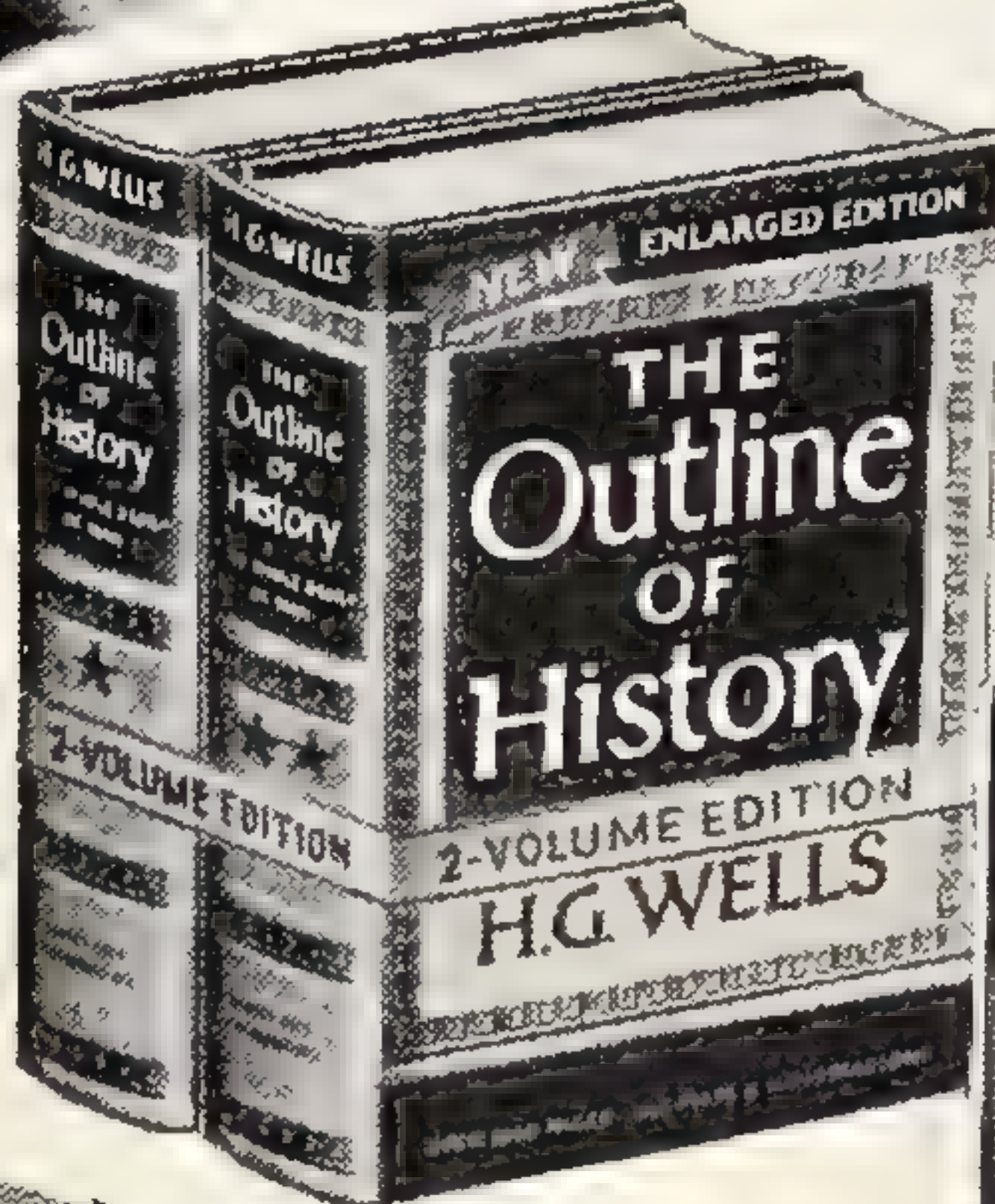
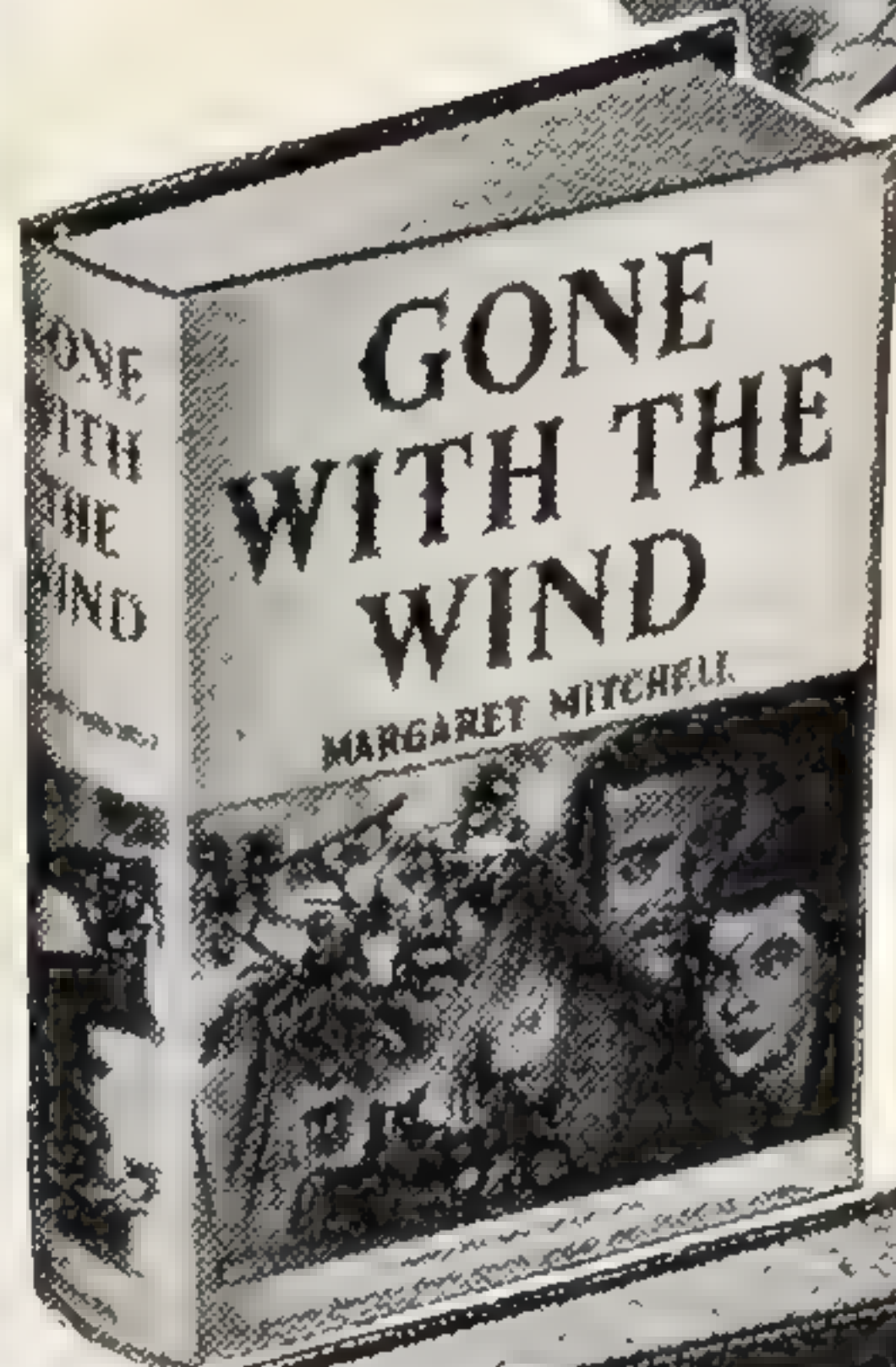
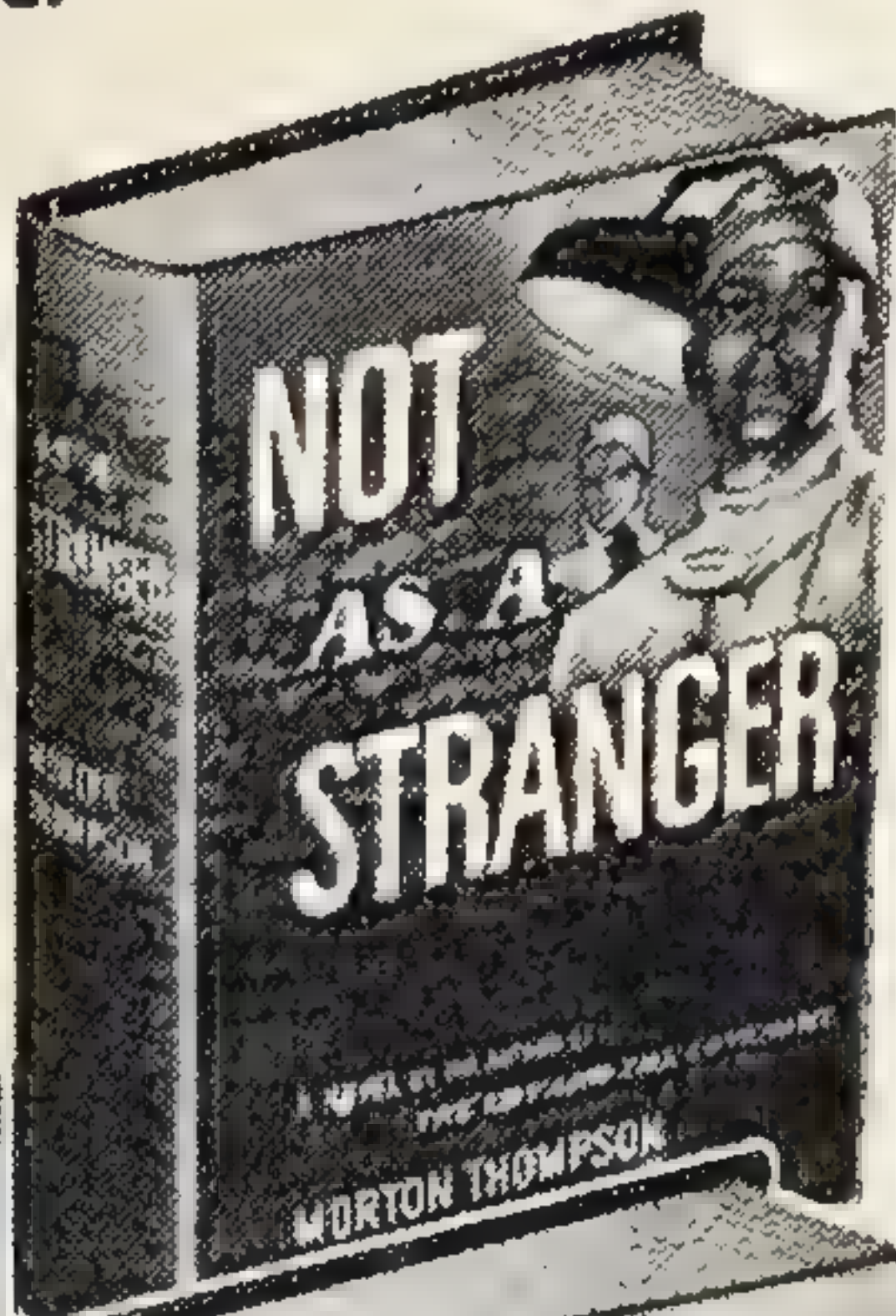
So she had gone to his mansion in the hills, and he had agreed to help her. Many times she was to return there... *too many times!* Why? Was it because of Hank's promise to find her husband, or for a new reason—a reason filled with confusion... and torment?

"I love you, Jane," Hank had whispered as his strong arms held her, "and though I'll get your husband back—you'll have to choose between him and me!"

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Receive any 3 books you choose from this page for only \$1, plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive regularly the Club's *Bulletin*, which describes the forthcoming selections and other book bargains for members only.

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Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once as my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked below—and bill me ONLY \$1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Around the World in 1,000 Pictures | <input type="checkbox"/> Hammond-Doubleday World Atlas | <input type="checkbox"/> Outline of History (set) |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gone With the Wind | <input type="checkbox"/> Not As A Stranger | <input type="checkbox"/> Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary |

Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept, plus a small shipping charge (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. _____
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Address _____
City _____
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In Canada, selection price \$1.10 plus shipping; address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U. S. & Canada only.

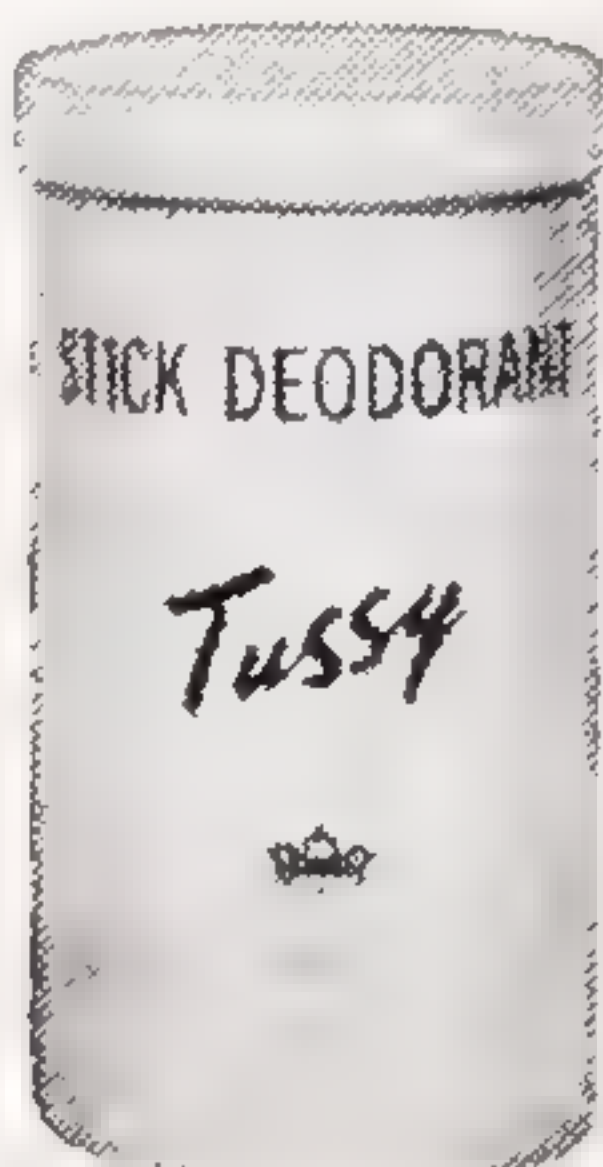
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**keeps
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The remarkable non-acid formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...without acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use! Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing non-acid formula won't irritate normal skin! **Keeps even** the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage. **\$1 plus tax**



TUSSY
stick deodorant

READERS INC..



SOAP BOX:

We're two teenagers who finally got to see "On the Waterfront." To say this picture was terrific would be doing it an injustice. Marlon Brando and his sensational acting left such a strong impression on us that we just had to write a poem about him. You see, we sort of thrive on writing poems—that is, whenever we're in the mood—and Marlon sure put us in the mood. Please read our little poem, we think it describes that terrific man to a "T."



Marlon Brando: T-shirts to sonnets

There may be many imitators
But really no originators.
Six feet tall, minus two
Eyes are gray with specks of blue.

He laughs, he cries, smiles and screams
But whatever he does, his public beams.
As Napoleon, Zapata, or even a bum
He's terrific, colossal, as great as they come.

The Oscar he won has brought him fame
And on everyone's lips you'll hear his name.
He's the answer to the teenage call
We'll take him, broken nose and all,
For we, the fans, think he's just grand.
From the pick of the tops, Marlon's our brand.

CAROLE BROWNE
SOPHIE CONSTANTINE
Toronto, Canada

After reading PHOTOPLAY's article on Maggie McNamara in the April issue, I now have a high-felt admiration for Maggie. She has great talent and certainly knows how to apply herself. And even though she supposedly hates to be referred to as "cute," no word fits her better. Those five candid shots of her reveal her ebullient personality!

PHOTOPLAY does such fine jobs on its features that I would like to read one on Mr. Dan Dailey. I enjoyed Dan in "No Business Like Show Business." Just watching him dance with his natural grace and litheness makes one want to go into dancing. It had that effect on me. I am learning to tap dance and love it! It's wonder-

ful when a star has such strong appeal fire ambition in others, don't you think? Yes, I'd like to read one of your write-ups on Dan and see his picture in color in one of the early summer issues.

DONNA MACLEAN
Detroit, Michigan

I cannot understand why Eleanor Parker does not get better parts in Hollywood. She is an unusually talented and beautiful actress. I think it's completely wrong to give her parts which are so insignificant that it's impossible to do anything about them. I still remember her in "Caged," which was an interesting and highly dramatic film. She did a magnificent job!

It cannot be difficult to find good parts for such an excellent actress as Eleanor Parker. I imagine that she would be brilliant as Mary, Queen of Scots. Eleanor Parker is one of the most fascinating screen personalities in Hollywood, so I wish that she will soon get a fine dramatic part!

LAURI-JUHANI RUUSKANEN
Helsinki, Finland, Europe

I have just seen the movie "A Man Called Peter" and I think that both James Peters and Richard Todd should be commended for their fine performances.

And I think we should thank Mrs. Peter Marshall for making this movie possible.

JANE KREIL
Wooster, Ohio

Honestly! I just wonder if anyone in Hollywood or New York ever recognizes the acting ability of Richard Todd. I saw "A Man Called Peter" and I think, rather, I know, that I have never seen an actor



Richard Todd: Others liked him, too

portray the role he played with such enthusiasm and complete sincerity.

Richard Todd deserves every honor in Hollywood, or any place in the world. I came out of that movie feeling so wonderful and overjoyed that I believe everyone will love it and Mr. Todd.

CAROL CRUMPLER
Raleigh, North Carolina

Continued

Please address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column.

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New



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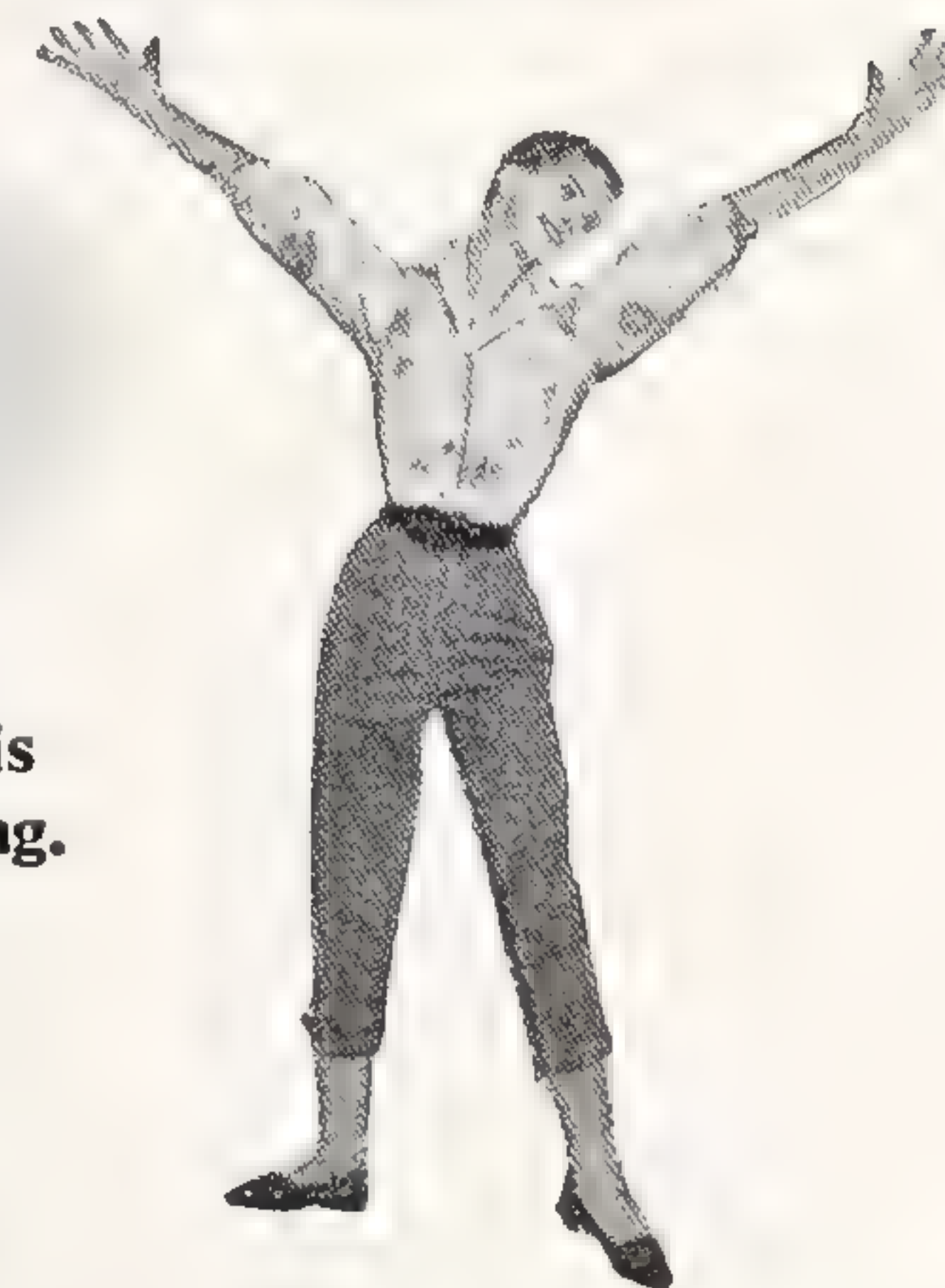


WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

Tampax fully explained in a few words:

// The purpose of Tampax is to give women generally more comfort, convenience and freedom during that period each month when sanitary protection is needed. //

// Tampax was perfected by a physician who used the principle of *internal* absorption long known to the medical profession. //

// Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented throw-away applicators for easy insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax. //

// Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external forms of protection. Furthermore, it requires no belts, pins or other supporting devices. //

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// Buy Tampax at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will go right into your purse. Economy box will last four months (average) . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass. //

READERS INC...

continued

I have just seen James Dean in "East of Eden," and I think he is the most exciting and talented performer to come along in years. He has a decidedly different and magnetic personality.

His performance was so terrific that I stayed to see three showings of the picture and then came back again a few days later. He made *Cal* so believable, it is hard to imagine that he is just a movie character and not real. If he doesn't win an Oscar, there just isn't any justice.

I am looking forward to his next picture which I understand is "Rebel Without a Cause."

ELEANOR NICHOLS
Buffalo, New York

I recently saw "East of Eden." Never have I enjoyed a movie more. James Dean was marvelous. For a newcomer, he certainly knows how to act. He was a natural. He deserves a great deal of credit for his fine portrayal of *Cal*. In fact, he deserves the Oscar for the best actor of 1955.

Mr. Dean has a quality all his own, and therefore, he shouldn't be called another Brando. His technique is great. He has more enthusiasm than any other actor in Hollywood. What else can I say about this terrific new star?

JO CAIMI
North Andover, Mass.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts has finally redeemed itself with a special and disgracefully belated award to Greta Garbo. Indeed, the repeated failure of the Academy to recognize this great actress during the period of her activity, for many of us filmgoers, vitiated any validity the awards might have.

A recent reseeing of "Camille" has convinced me anew that Garbo gave to films



Garbo: She still wants to be alone

a grand and lustrous magic which no other actor or actress has ever begun to match—or probably ever will. It seems to me sheer madness for producers to leave any stone unturned in efforts to persuade this magnificent artist to return to the screen.

PRESTON N. BISSINGER
Nashville, Tennessee

CASTING:

A lot of my girl friends and I have read "The Captive Princess," by Maxine Shore; it would make a wonderful picture.

It is about Christianity first coming to Britain and how the royal family is captured by the Romans as slaves.

Naturals for the parts are: Audrey Hep-

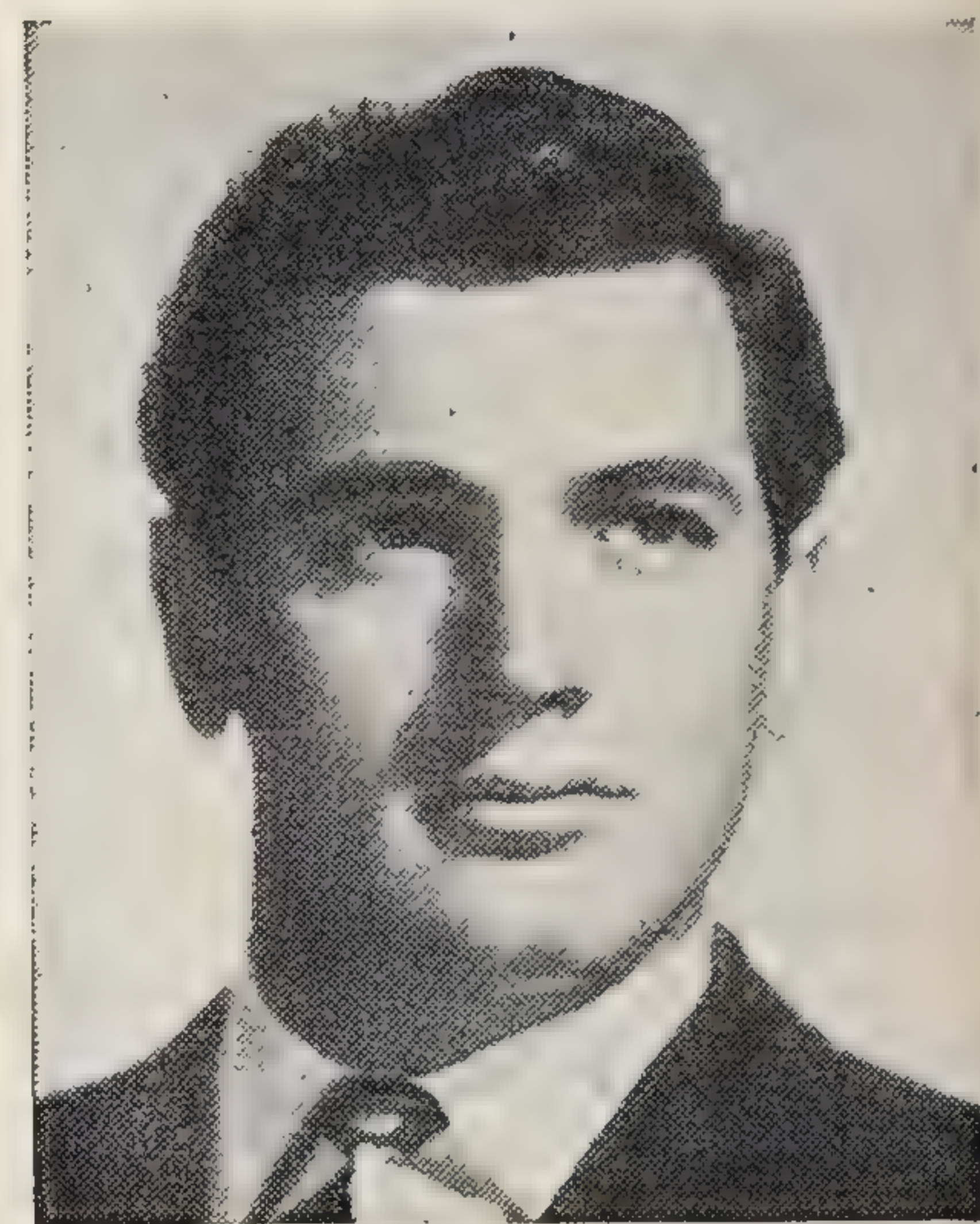
burn as *Gwladys Ruffyd*; Tab Hunter as *Captain Pudens*; James Mason as *Caradoc*; Ursula Thiess as *Lirzah* and Race Gentry as *Llyn Ruffyd*.

This would be an excellent picture, especially with James Mason.

MARILOVE EDENFIELD
Nashville, Tennessee

One of my very favorite novels has always been "Earth and High Heaven" by G. Graham. I think it would make a wonderful movie, starring Grace Kelly as *Erica Drake* and Gregory Peck as *Marc Reiser*.

MARGUERITE GARRITY
Los Angeles, California



Rock Hudson: He'd be just the type

Having just read "Silas Marner," I would like to see it made into a movie, with Spencer Tracy as *Silas Marner*; Richard Burton as *Godfrey Cass*; Olivia de Havilland as *Nancy Tammeter*; Rock Hudson as *Aaron Winthrop*; Piper Laurie as *Eppie Marner*; Zachary Scott as *Dunstan Cass*; Jan Sterling as *Molly Farron* and Walter Brennan as *Mr. Cass*.

BARBARA MURRAY
Waycross, Georgia

I have just finished reading "The Chair" by Paul Wellman. It was published in 1941. I can't imagine why such a wonderful book has never been made into a movie. It will be great!

I think either Rock Hudson or Montgomery Clift should be cast as *Father Callis*; Jean Simmons as *Gilda Westcott* or either Charlton Heston or Marlon Brando as *Murray Clifton*.

CAROL ANN MCCREARY
Middlesboro, Kentucky

I have just read "Behold the Queen" by Gladys Malvern and think it would be wonderful as a movie, with Jeff Richards as *King Ahasuerus* and lovely Pier Angeli as *Esther*.

CAROL RIIPPA
Hoquiam, Washington

The novel "A Candle Against the Sun" would really be great as a movie. Here are the stars I would like to see play the leading roles. Ann Blyth as *Annis*; Gregory Peck as *Anthony*; Walter Pidgeon as *Henry John Ericson* as *Jeffery*; Richard Widmark as *Neil*; Sterling Hayden as *Father Severi*; Stewart Granger as *Eric* and Jane Russell as *Manuella*.

GAIL BOURQUE
New Iberia, Louisiana

Continued

Wonderful New Super-Lather* Shampoo!

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Highlights Are "Love-Lights"! Poise, charm—and romance—belong to the woman whose hair shimmers with dancing highlights. And how can you have this sparkle on every date? By using amazing new double-rich Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo! Try it and see!



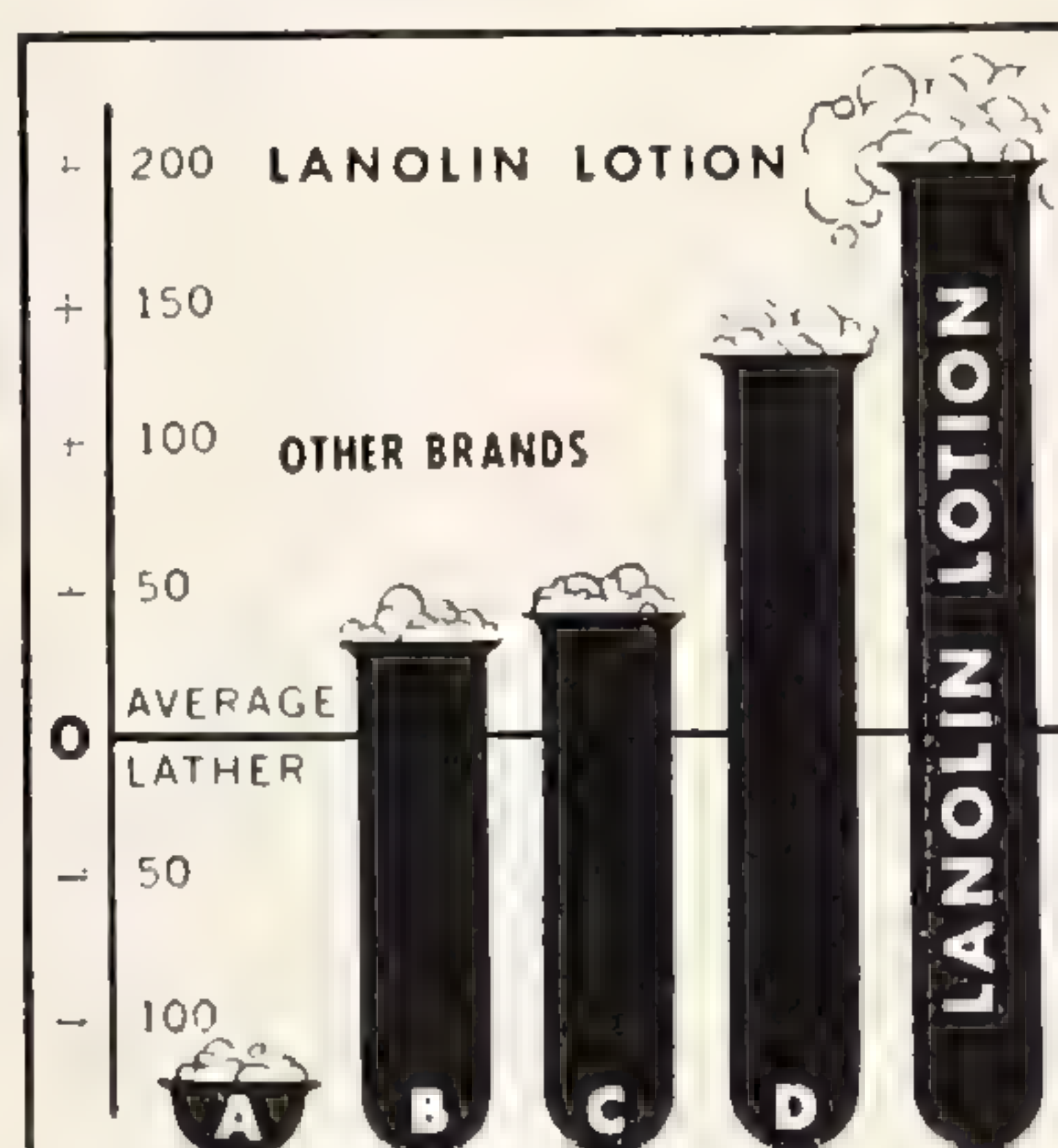
Leave It To The Ladies . . . At parties, club meetings, over the fence . . . the word gets around: "Something new and wonderful is here!" Especially when it "does things" for your hair, the news spreads fast. So it's no wonder thousands are switching to "out-shining" Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo!

**"Lanolin-Lively" Foam . . .
Oceans Of It . . . Leaves Hair
Gleaming, Obedient, Lovely!**

Only the genius of Helene Curtis could produce such an amazing shampoo as Lanolin Lotion . . . a shampoo that brings such glimmering, shimmering radiance to your hair!

The secret lies in the lanolin-rich lather of Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. You've never seen such oceans of rich, velvety suds . . . suds which are actually twice as rich in lanolin!

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OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam test.

And what this does to your hair is amazing to see! Suddenly any hair—even problem hair that's had its beauty oils dried or bleached away—captures new beauty, new polish, and a new manageability that makes your waves ripple into place.

Try Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo for a revelation in hair beauty!



**Get Helene Curtis
Lanolin Lotion Shampoo
Today!** You'll find that never before has your hair had so much softness, so much beauty! 29¢, 59¢ or \$1.

FUN FOR YOUR NEEDLE



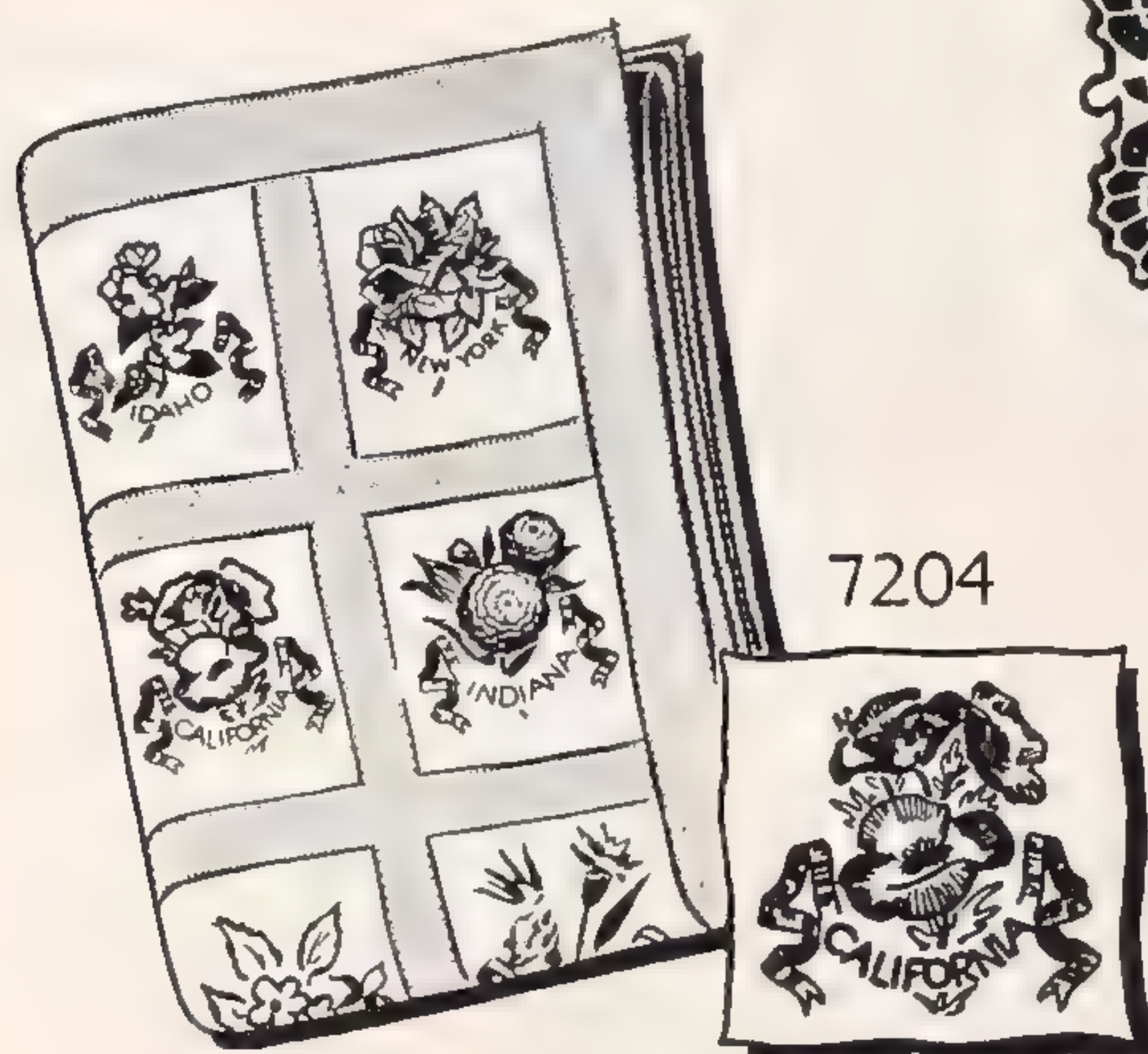
740—Keep your toaster shiny and dust-free—glamorize your kitchen, too. The dainty skirt of this old-fashioned girl gives protection. Use scraps. Pattern pieces, transfers of motifs, instructions.

7394—Three little doilies in *one* pattern. These crocheted dainties are useful, easy to make. Fast, easy-to-follow crochet directions are included.

700—Wear this as an apron, jumper or sundress. Wrap 'n' tie to cinch waist. Lily pocket. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, embroidery motif. State size.

7204—The pride of every state—its own lovely flower—embroidered on this cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of embroidery motifs included. Quilt 72 x 102 inches, double-bed size. Each square, 7 x 8 inches.

7158—Easiest stitches (mainly quick cross-stitch and outline) make the prettiest designs ever. Transfer of embroidery motifs; twelve ballet dancers, 5 1/4 to 7 3/4 inches tall; 32 flowers 1 to 3 inches.



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S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

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READERS INC...

continued

I have just read "The Day Must Dawn" by Agnes Turnbull. It is a marvelous book and it would make an equally marvelous movie.

These are my choices of actors and actresses for the characters in the story. Jeff Richards as *Hugh*; Doe Avedon as *Violet*; Angela Clarke as *Martha*; Ward Bond as *Sam*; Kathleen Crowley as *Betsy* and Tab Hunter as *Dave*.

This may not sound like a very good cast to you as they are all supporting players, but I do not believe that an actor or actress should have to play supporting roles forever when he would be perfect in the lead (as all of these I have above are).

A picture with this cast might not draw a big crowd at first, but it will be sort of a chain reaction. One person will see it and tell other people how good it was, *et cetera*. I think this idea would be good, just as an experiment. If it worked, more and more supporting actors and actresses would get breaks. I'm all for them.

DIANE WILCOX
Fort Worth, Texas

I would like to see Lydia Clarke as *Celia* and Charlton Heston as *Ira* in "A Day at a Time."

I understand M-G-M is going to produce it. It should be a wonderful picture.

MRS. MARLENE SHORT
Atlanta, Georgia

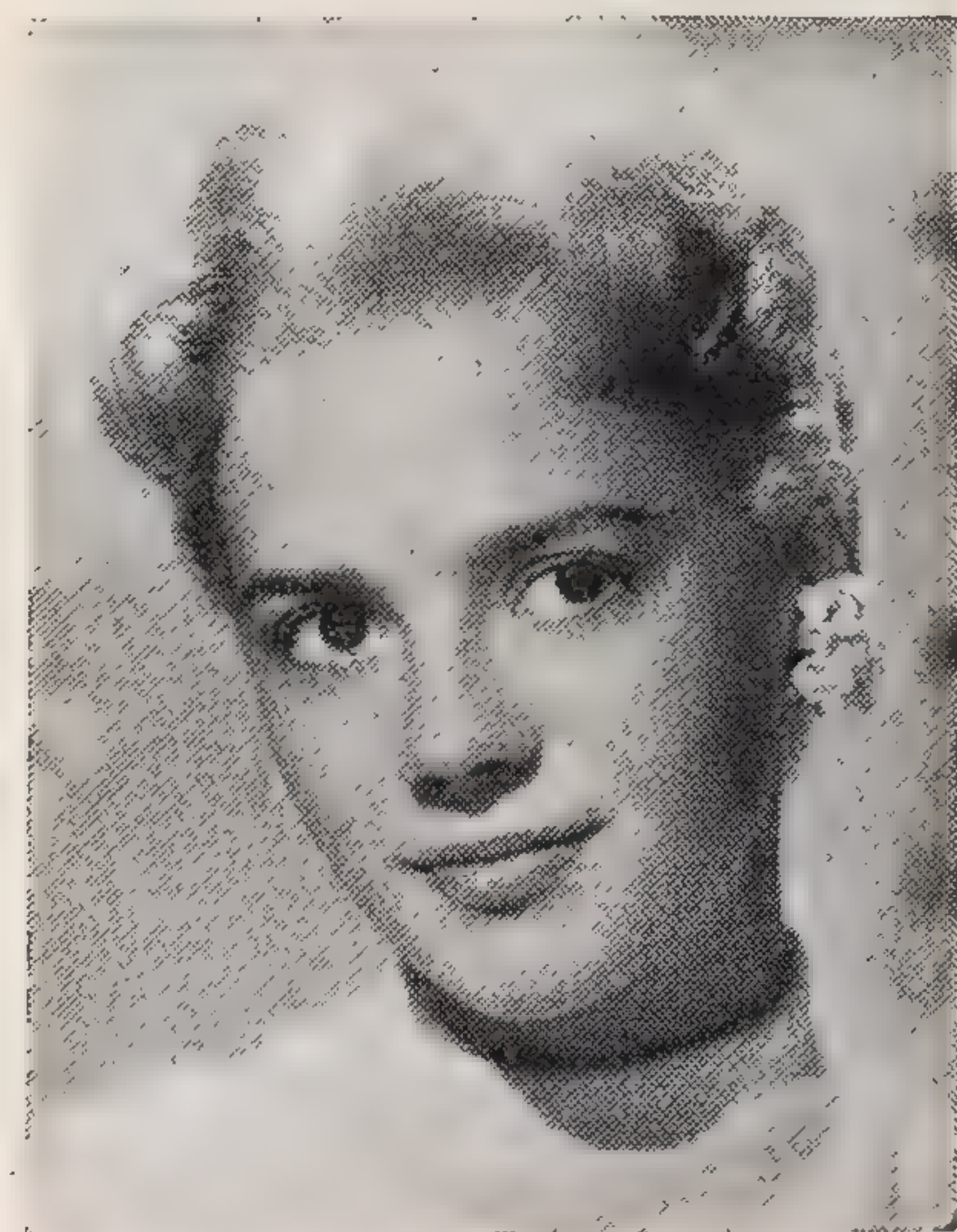
QUESTION BOX:

I think that Maggie McNamara and Jean Simmons look very much alike. They should play sisters or even twins in a movie. They are both darling.

Could you tell me how old Jean is and how long she has been married?

MOLLY BRYAN
Newark, Ohio

Jean was born in London, January 31, 1929 and was married to Stewart Granger in 1951.—ED.



Natalie Wood's hair made difference

Could you please tell me the name of the girl who played the part of *Helena* as a young girl in the movie, "The Silver Chalice"? How about some information on the girl? When can I see her next?

JACK ELIAS
Laurelton, L. I.

Helena was played by Natalie Wood, who is 17, has brown hair and eyes. Her first film was in 1946, "Tomorrow Is Forever." Her next picture will be "Rebel Without a Cause."—ED.

Continued

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ALL DAY LONG...FOR EVERY SUMMER ACTIVITY



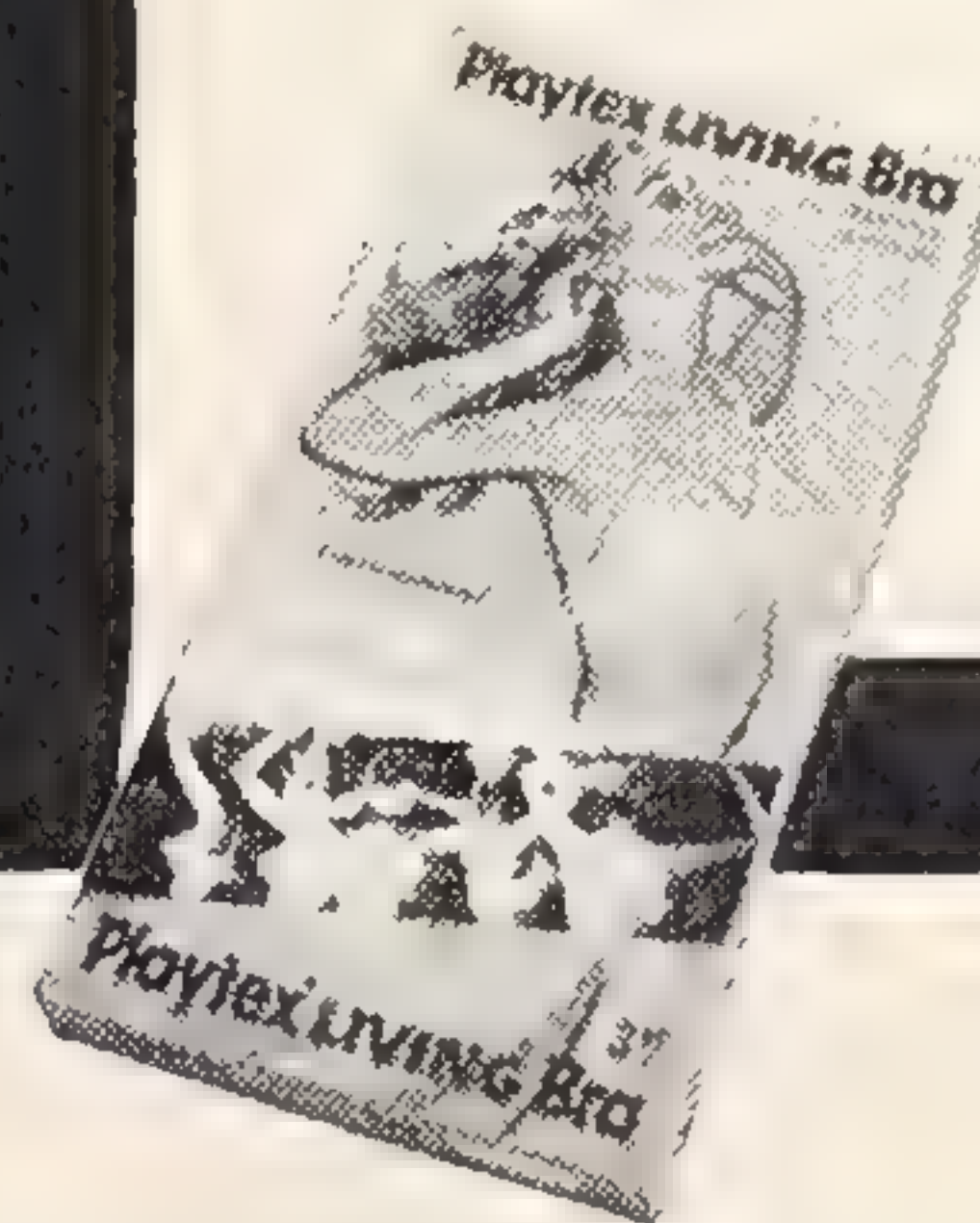
NEW PLAYTEX *living* BRA[®]*

At last, a bra so beautifully designed that it gives heavenly comfort and a gloriously youthful look to all sizes... A to D cups!



The bias-cut elastic side panels self-adjust to your every motion . . . give you complete comfort and a gloriously youthful look at all times.

Elastic and Nylon! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to give perfect fit and comfort . . . no matter what size or in-between size you are! Sculptured nylon cups lift and lure, round and raise excitingly! Snowy white, wonderfully washable—without ironing. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



A, B or C Cups
32 to 40 **\$3.95**
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FASHION
OF THE
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THE ALL-PURPOSE JUMPER

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Please send me Rhonda Fleming's jumper and blouse pattern #6914, as seen in Photoplay, in size..... Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

READERS INC...

continued

Could you give me some information on Gloria DeHaven? Age, is she married, recent pictures?

JANE ALEXANDER
Jackson, Mississippi

Gloria DeHaven was born July 23, 1925. In August 1954 she divorced Martin Kimmell, is now playing in Paramount's "The Girl Rush."—ED.

WINNERS OF WIN A HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

The following are the winners of the "Win a Hollywood Holiday" contest featured in the May issue of Photoplay

FIRST PRIZE

Round-trip Hollywood holiday for two; beauty treatment by famous make-up expert; beauty chest; swimsuits

Mrs. John Maxwell
464 Robertsville Road
Oak Ridge, Tennessee



SECOND PRIZE

Complete travel wardrobe

Mrs. Thomas Cotner
Greenfield
Missouri



THIRD PRIZE

Wardrobe of shoes and swimwear

Mrs. Jane M. Anderson
6109 Commercial Street
Everett, Washington



FOURTH PRIZE

Three luxurious leather handbags

Mrs. Lawrence Blair
722 Orange Street
Chillicothe, Ohio



FIFTH PRIZE

Three figure-flattering swimsuits

Miss Pat Rogers
Box #53
Morris Hall
State Teachers College
Oneonta, N. Y.



SIXTH PRIZE

A luxurious leather handbag

Mrs. Clyde Smith
1303 Larkwood Drive
Austin 5, Texas



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HAPPENED?

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...
WONDERFUL NEW
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Feel what's happened! More lather... gentler
lather... kinder to your hair and scalp!

NEW *White Rain*

First thing you'll notice about new, improved White Rain is more lather. Not just *some* more lather, but loads more of the richest, gentlest lather that ever caressed your scalp. Makes you sure wonderful things will happen to your hair... and they do.

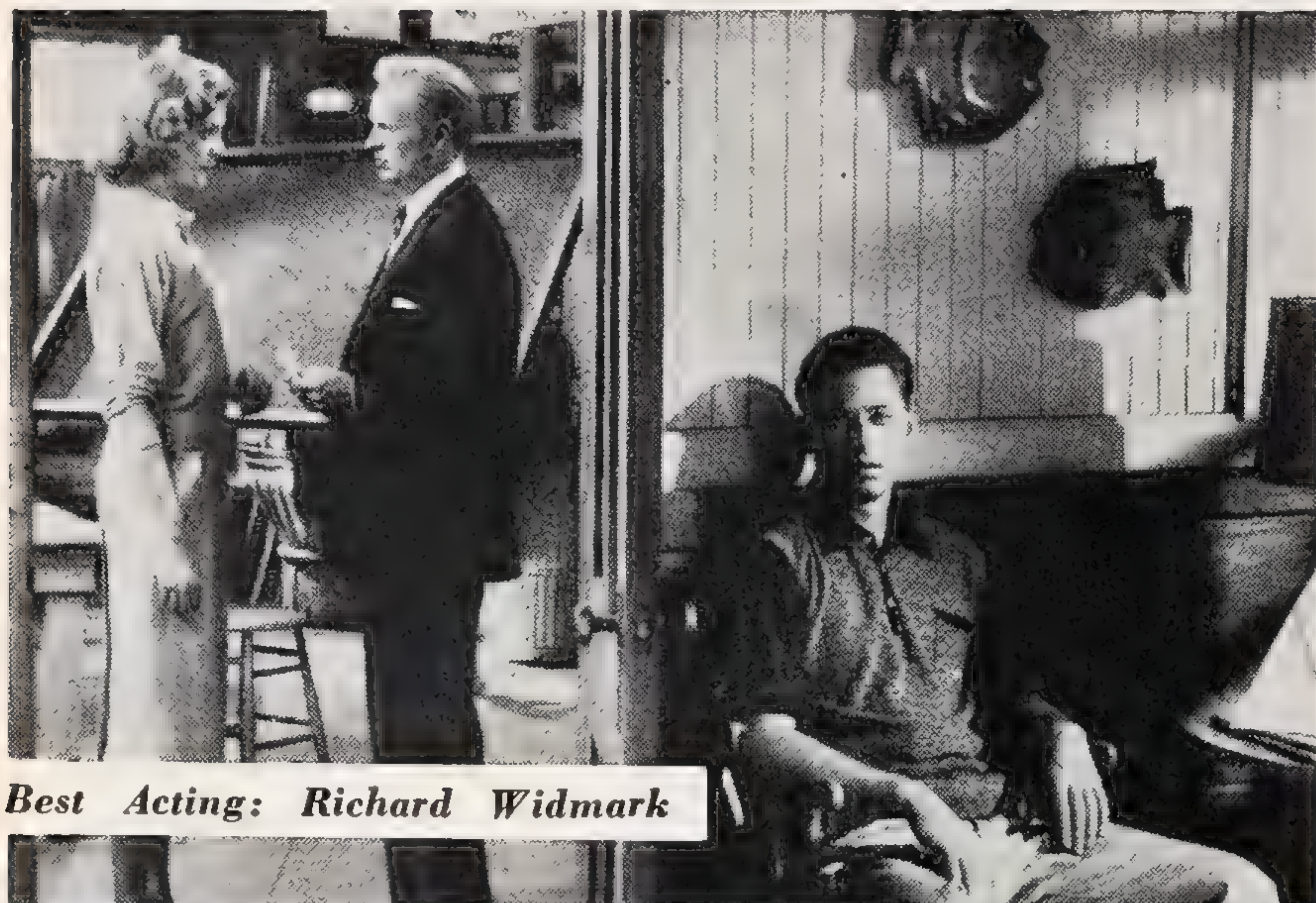
And New White Rain improves on *everything* this famous shampoo was famous for... like leaving your hair sunshine bright, soft and manageable, fresh as a spring breeze. Because this is an exciting new formula developed especially for *you*...

BY *Toxi* THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST!

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Richard Widmark

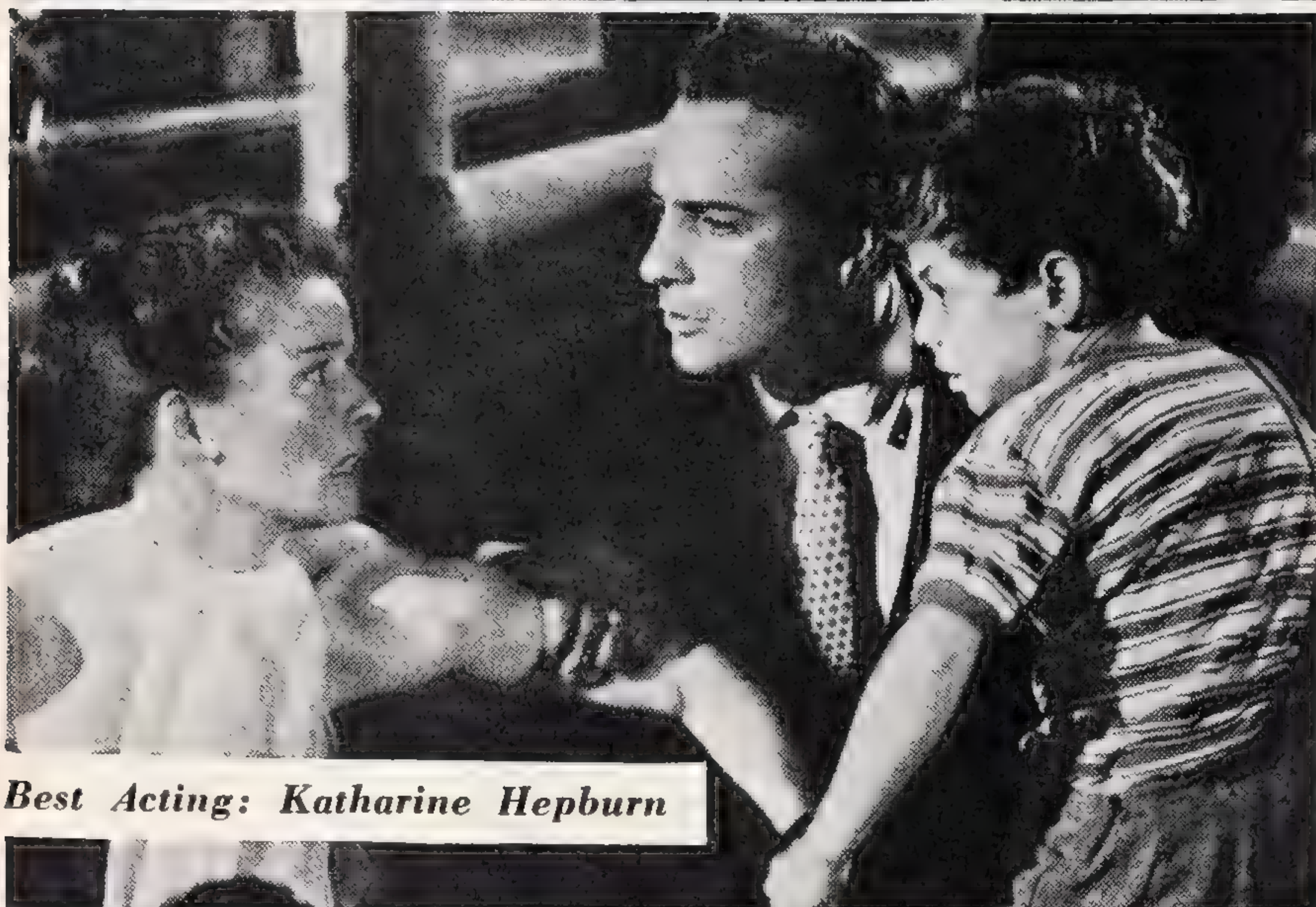
The Cobweb

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ A brilliant cast headed by Richard Widmark gives urgency to a complex drama. The scene is a mental hospital that offers unusual freedom to its patients—troubled human beings, pretty much like you and me. But the staff's involved in personal and political maneuverings. The authority of Widmark, a dedicated psychiatrist, is challenged by Charles Boyer, once a fine doctor, now a weakling. Widmark's wife (Gloria Grahame, miscast) is an idle neurotic. Lauren Bacall stirs sympathy, gallantly submerging her own tragedy in her job, while Lillian Gish is that familiar figure, the veteran employee who thinks she runs the firm. Outstanding among the patients are John Kerr and Susan Strasberg, young people helping each other toward health, and Oscar Levant, witty and pitiable.

ADULT

Confab between Lauren and Dick affects John Kerr's future



Best Acting: Katharine Hepburn

Summertime

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In Katharine Hepburn's new movie, the dreams, the disappointments and the tender memories of an American working girl's vacation are delightfully summed up. Katie makes an appealing figure of the innocent in Venice: smartly dressed, but brusque and awkward; apparently cool and standoffish, but inwardly very eager. A mature yet inexperienced woman, she gets sophisticated advice from her Venetian landlady (Isa Miranda). Even the street urchin (Gaitano Audiero) who is her first real friend in Italy has a more worldly outlook than hers. It's an urbane, understanding Italian shopkeeper (Rossano Brazzi) who finally makes her stop thinking about life and start living it. The mood is both wistful and humorous; the color is in key, soft and haunting, wonderful effects.

ADULT

Deceived by Rossano, Kate takes it out on Gaitano Audiero



Not as a Stranger

U.A.

✓✓✓ Robert Mitchum's reserved acting style here acquires a perfect vehicle. It's the story of a doctor so fanatically devoted to his profession that he allows no room for human emotions in his life. As a student, he feels no love for his father (Lon Chaney), a beaten alcoholic, who has squandered the money needed for medical training. Cold-bloodedly, Mitchum marries a gentle nurse (Olivia de Havilland), whose savings will finance the rest of his course. This treachery alienates his closest friend, fellow student Frank Sinatra (doing a nice sketch of a pretended cynic). As older doctors, Broderick Crawford and Charles Bickford show the warmth that Mitchum lacks—and must find through painful experience. Long and often disorganized, the picture has moments of great power and good detail.

ADULT

In the hospital cafeteria, Bob campaigns for Olivia's love

NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

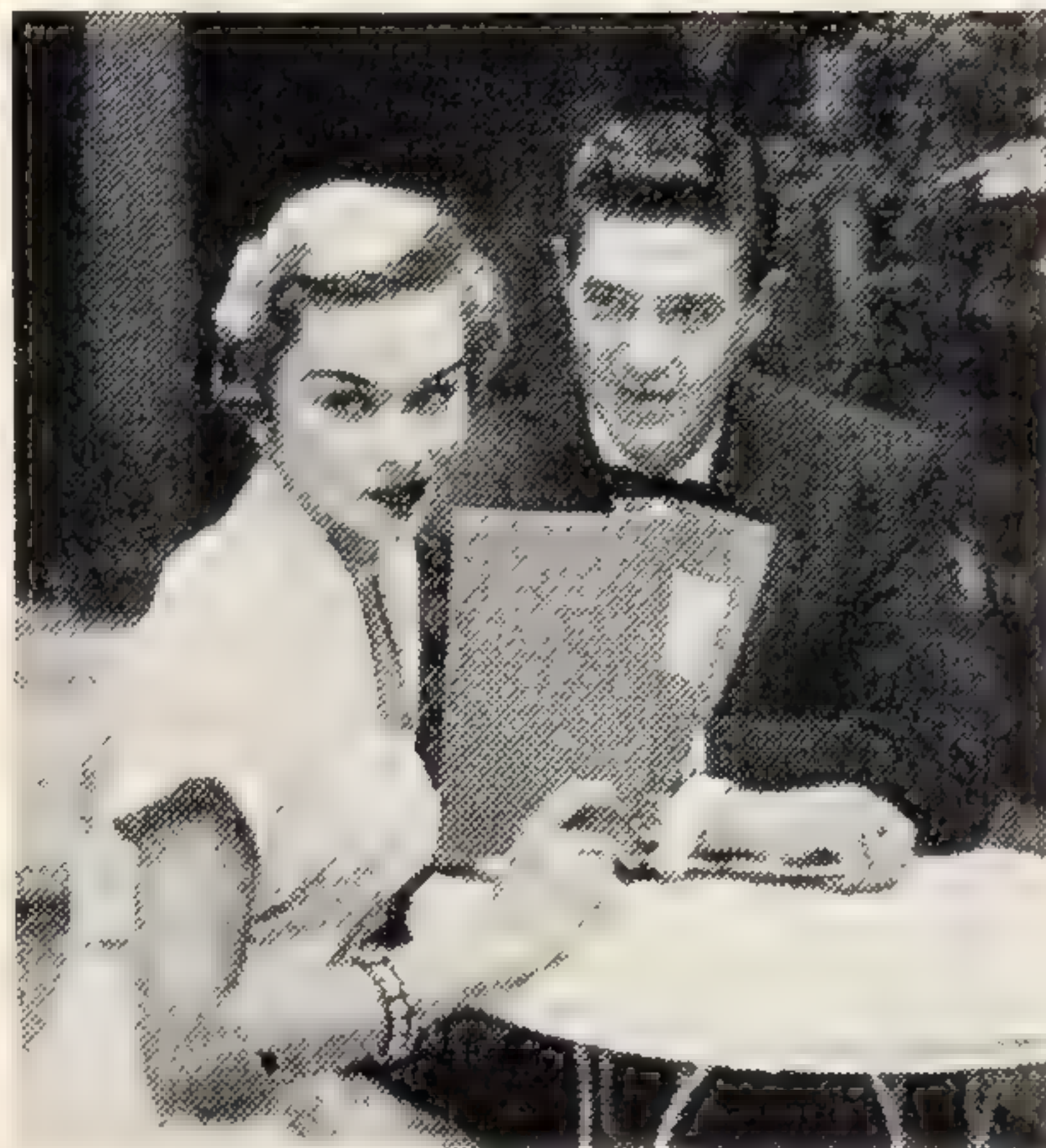
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Amazing Non-oily Hairdressing!*

Now it's so easy to have soft, perfectly-groomed, glowing hair . . . instantly . . . always! Just a few drops of miraculous new SUAVE daily makes hair obey, tames wispy ends, stubborn strands. Yet leaves it soft, natural looking . . . adds satiny glow, not oily shine . . . relieves and prevents dryness and brittleness. Get New Improved SUAVE, with Helene Curtis' amazing new "beauty find"—*greaseless lanolin*!



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HEALTHY-LOOKING
GLOW—NOT OILY SHINE!**

SUAVE makes hair sparkly as it *should* be—twinkling with new highlights! No oily look—ever! And *never* any oily feel.



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ABUSED? NOTHING
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SUAVE solves hair woes—brings back softness, luster to dry, parched, frizzy hair instantly. *Protects* your hair!



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No matter which of the new summer hair styles you choose—artfully casual yet neat . . . formal "sculptured" hairdo . . . or the new "loose classic" styles—SUAVE makes your hair *eager* to form into the hairdo you want . . . *happy* to shape into deep rippling waves.



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KEEP YOUR HAIR SILKEN, SUN-SAFE!**

You don't have to let the sun dry or parch the natural beauty of your hair. Just a few magic drops of SUAVE daily not only protects your hair—it actually recaptures lost sun-damaged beauty! Relieves frizz and dryness. Keeps hair soft, silken—radiant as the sun itself! Get SUAVE today!



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**HAIRDRESSING
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NEW! With amazing greaseless lanolin

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*

★★★★ EXCELLENT ★★★ VERY GOOD ★★ GOOD ★ FAIR



The Seven Little Foys

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ Here's a refreshingly different sort of Bob Hope movie, a sweet and wry saga of show business, inspired by stage history. Narrator Eddie Foy, Jr., recalls the life of his dad, famous turn-of-the-century vaudevillian. As the senior Foy, Bob's a happily irresponsible type. He woos a charming Italian ballet dancer (Milly Vitale) only because he needs a partner in his act. As his wife, Milly becomes a terribly domestic, non-acting partner, who produces seven children in quick succession. Bob goes his carefree way, often forgetting his family—especially during an exuberant hoofing match with Jimmy Cagney (doing a brief encore on his Oscar-winning role of George M. Cohan). But Milly's death makes Bob a full-time father, and his reaction to this burden is both hilarious and touching.

FAMILY

George Tobias finds Bob elegantly courting Milly Vitale



Soldier of Fortune

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

★★★ Conventional but continuously exciting, this yarn of adventure in the Far East finds colorful co-stars in Clark Gable and Susan Hayward. As a plucky American girl, Susan invades Hong Kong dives to seek news of her missing husband (Gene Barry), a photographer captured while trying for scoops in Red China. Her best contact is Clark, onetime Chicago gangster who's made a fortune operating a fleet of junks out of Hong Kong, British colony isolated on the shore of the Communist mainland. The cast abounds in picturesque types: Tom Tully, a corrupt saloonkeeper; Alex D'Arcy, a drunken but chivalrous Frenchman; Michael Rennie, a proper but danger-loving British police official; Anna Sten, supposedly of Czarist Russia's nobility. And a location trip supplied real backgrounds.

FAMILY

Rivals in romance, Clark and Gene Barry ally against Reds



Ain't Misbehavin'

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ One of Piper Laurie's musical numbers in this frivolous farce nostalgically re-creates the 1920's. And the whole movie might well have been set in that period, in key with its giddy air. As a night-club entertainer, Piper plays the gold digger when she first meets Rory Calhoun, a young tycoon. But she marries him for love and tries to become a correct socialite—with nearly disastrous results. The disaster's encouraged by blue-blood Barbara Britton, who covets Rory. On Piper's side is Jack Carson, as Rory's assistant. Somewhere in the middle is Reginald Gardiner, seldom-sober aristocrat who reluctantly helps to turn our heroine into a lady. Piper's no great shakes as a song-and-dance girl, but she shakes and sings with such happy abandon that you can't help sharing in the fun.

FAMILY

As bride of millionaire Rory, Piper still has her problems

The Purple Mask

U-1; CINEMASCOPE,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a pleasant, romantic swashbuckler, Tony Curtis recalls the exploits of our old pal *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. He leads a double life: To the society of post-Revolutionary France, he's just a mincing, empty-headed dandy; in secret, he's a purple-masked adventurer who rescues fellow aristocrats from the guillotine. This work puts him in contact with an underground organization headed by George Dolenz, with winsome Colleen Miller among the nobly born agents. Colleen sneers at Tony's beruffled everyday self, but hero-worships the mysterious avenger. As a famous swordsman assigned by Napoleon to dispose of the masked rebel, Dan O'Herlihy is wonderfully inefficient, like most melodrama villains; his rapier misses its mark as often as a Western bad guy's six-shooter. New Yorker Curtis doesn't fit very comfortably into France of 1803, but he has no trouble getting into the spirit of the caper, with its swirling cloaks, darting steel and galloping horses. **FAMILY**

Davy Crockett

DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Obviously made originally for television and for very youthful audiences, this tribute to an American folk hero has an innocent sort of charm. Fess Parker, scaling six feet five, is surely a fine figger of a man as the half-legendary frontiersman. His relaxed acting approach makes Davy a thoroughly engaging character. Buddy Ebsen's equally likable as Davy's side-kick; Helene Stanley can't do much with the brief role of Mrs. Crockett; Basil Ruysdael is a doughty Andrew Jackson. Betraying its origin as a serial hit on the "Disneyland" TV show, the story breaks down into episodes, as Davy fights Indians, subdues outlaws, goes to Congress, joins the defense of the Alamo. But color and the larger screen play up the beautiful natural backgrounds, like the heavily wooded Great Smokies. **FAMILY**

Svengali

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ A quaint and leisurely British movie resurrects the Bohemian life of Paris in the last century, the happy comradeship of young painters and musicians and easy-going models. Hildegard Neff is the statuesque *Trilby*, who finally falls under the hypnotic influence of the mad "genius" *Svengali*, portrayed in traditional flamboyant style by Donald Wolfitt. As a sensitive English artist, Terence Morgan pits the force of love against mental trickery, while Hubert Gregg, as a sculptor neighbor, plays observer, watching the strange drama unfold. Subtle color and Hildegard's persuasive acting give life to the well-worn story. **ADULT**

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 31

HALO LEAVES HAIR CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

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Debra Paget likes "other-looking" men



Paul didn't marry a brunette, but thinks on Jeanne Crain it looks good



Jean Simmons—so lovely you have to pinch to see if she's real!

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I IMPLORE Judy Garland to play *Julie Jordan* in the movie version of "Carousel." It could win the Oscar for her . . . The line forms on the right for those who say they discovered Fess (Davy Crockett) Parker . . . I'm not a guy who favors divorce, but I sure wish Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson would get divorced as man and wife on the screen . . . Wonder what ever became of Gene Kelly's movie "Invitation to the Dance"? . . . I don't know of anyone I'd rather spend a day with on a movie set than Jean Simmons. She's so lovely, gracious and bright, that you have to pinch her to see if she's for real. And then she doesn't object to the pinching . . . No matter when Sam Goldwyn releases "Guys and Dolls," it'll be a strong Academy Award contender . . . I wonder if Al Steele knows that Joan Crawford's sets are the coldest in town. Even on winter mornings, Joan has the cooling system on. Crawford leading men frequently get the sniffles . . . Peggy King makes me believe her when she sings "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets" . . . George Nader commenting on a starlet: "She's the kind of a girl you can look at her face and

tell what kind of a past she's going to have."

Anita Ekberg is the best hunk of cheesecake around. And don't be fooled. Anita is as smart as she is shapely . . . Marriage hasn't fattened up Vera-Ellen . . . I'm still waiting for the Chamber of Commerce to give Hollywood Blvd. the glamour it should have . . . Kim Novak will have to move out of the Studio Club soon . . . Ordering champagne at Ciro's, Marie Wilson said: "Please make sure it's French, waiter, because if it isn't, I won't be able to tell the difference."

I'm for Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and wish people would stop trying to separate them . . . Marilyn Monroe is the only glamour girl I can think of in a hurry who conceded that another glamour girl made it on ability alone . . . In Beverly Hills, every celebrity's house is someone's old house. Example: James Mason will tell you, "I'm living in the old Buster Keaton house." Another star will tell you, "I'm living in the old Richard Barthelmess house." This is not only a means of identification but also a Hollywood story . . .



Sheree North: At 13, in the chorus

Okay, now let's have Leslie Caron not as a pixie! . . . "Love Me or Leave Me" started out to be the story of Ruth Etting, but as far as I'm concerned, it's more the story of Moe (The Gimp) Snyder because of the terrific performance of James Cagney . . . And I'm not taking anything away from Doris Day who's at her best, but that Cagney man is just too much . . . Which reminds me of that cat Sheree North who told me she started in show business as a chorus girl at the age of 13. "I needed the loot," explained Sheree. "It wasn't hard to lie about my age because I was well-developed." . . . The Liberace fans will probably break a candelabra when they learn that in his movie "Sincerely Yours," the love interest has been assigned to Tab Hunter and Dorothy Malone. At a party, Debra Paget remarked: "Isn't he handsome—that other-looking fellow." . . . I won't argue, but I say that Jeanne Crain looks good as a brunette . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz directing a scene gave this instruction: "Then a whole bunch of men come in surrounded by a little fellow in the middle." That's Hollywood for you.



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COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

The Sea Chase

WARNERS; CINEMA-SCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ Here's a story of high adventure so wide and handsome that you feel it must be based on the wild implausibilities of real life. Once you get used to the idea that John Wayne, Lana Turner and other all-American types are supposed to be Germans, you can share wholeheartedly in their exploits. Since they're assumed to



John warns Lana that a lone female on ship-board may dangerously distract the crew

be talking to each other in their native language, the players wisely avoid phony accents. Wayne's a sea captain exiled to command of a rusty old freighter, because of his outspoken contempt for the Hitler regime. But when war breaks out, he resolves to take his ship out of an Australian harbor and halfway round the world to his beloved Germany. Lana's an unwelcome passenger, a spy who has managed to bewitch British Navy officer David Farrar, a peacetime pal of Wayne's. So Farrar makes the pursuit of the runaway ship a personal mission. Complications are added by Lyle Bettger, as the freighter's first officer, a true Nazi, and James Arness, rebellious leader of the ship's overworked crew. Tab Hunter and Richard Davalos get scant opportunity, as youthful sea cadets.

FAMILY

The Magnificent Matador 20TH; CINEMA-SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Filmed in Mexico, this drama slowly builds tension out of a week in the life of a bullfighter, prime hero of Spanish-speaking people. Anthony Quinn does a creditable job as the veteran matador who outrages his fans by running out on an important *corrida*. To the audience, it's obvious that Quinn feels no cowardly concern for himself, but rather a fear for the young bull-ring amateur (handsome Manuel Rojas) who is to make a debut on that day. Equal faith is shown by Mau-

reen O'Hara, as a wealthy, footloose American girl who has long worshipped matador Quinn at a distance. Thomas Gomez, ranch owner and breeder of brave bulls, knows the reason for the matador's breakup.

ADULT

Chicago Syndicate

COLUMBIA

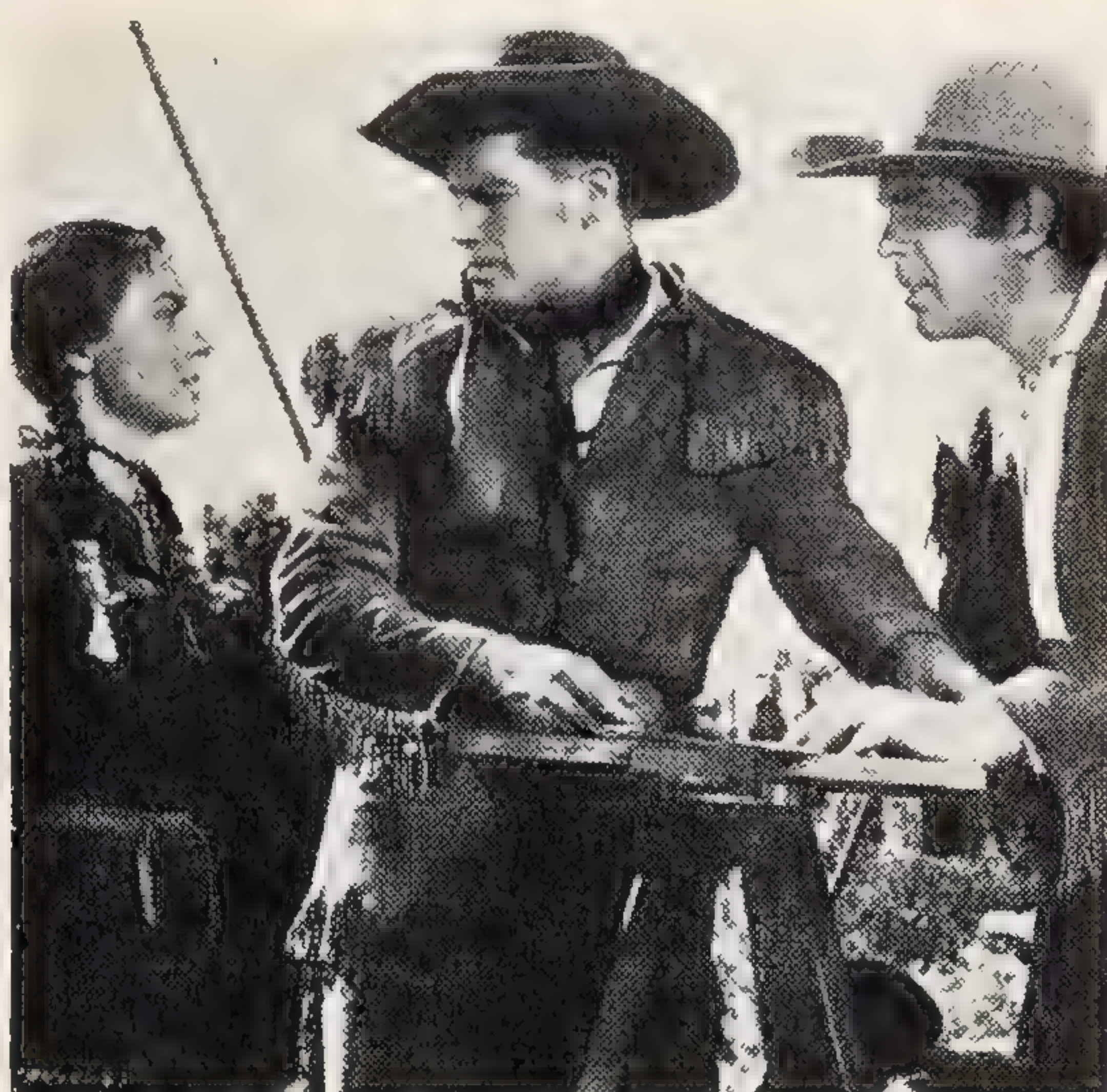
✓✓ Seems as if that nationwide crime network has been smashed a dozen times. But it remains indestructible (on film), at least until the end of each movie thriller. Paul Stewart, a businesslike type who loves his mother, is now the head of the well-organized mob. A citizens' committee persuades Dennis O'Keefe to replace Stewart's accountant, who turned up slightly dead after trying to give the government some incriminating information. As Stewart's mistreated girl, singer Abbe Lane furnishes musical entertainment, along with Xavier Cugat, also essaying an acting role as a band-leader in the gang's employ. Allison Hayes supplies romance, opposite secret agent O'Keefe.

ADULT

The Far Horizons

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A powerful theme and splendid scenery (filmed on the real locales of America's Northwest) here manage to cancel out a rather weak script. It's the story of the great Lewis and Clark expedition (departing somewhat from history), with Fred MacMurray as Lewis, Charlton Heston as Clark. Rivalry over Barbara Hale, with Heston winning out, starts



Surprised at Donna's offer to guide them across the mountains, Charlton and Fred are doubtful

friction between the partners before they hit the trail. Though they face dangers together, the antagonism increases when Heston is attracted to Donna Reed, as Sacajawea, the expedition's Indian guide. Hostile tribes and the difficulties of the unexplored terrain create one climax after another, more exciting than the personal conflicts.

FAMILY



At first, Jeff lets Jane take his mind off his work awhile. But the honeymoon soon ends

Foxfire

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Jeff Chandler and Jane Russell are easy-on-the-eyes co-stars in this highly colored romance. A difference in backgrounds hampers their love at the outset: Jane is a pampered heiress; Jeff, a half-Apache mining engineer. But they go through with their marriage, only to encounter other problems. While Jeff grows more and more absorbed in the hazardous project of reopening an abandoned gold mine, his wife feels lonely and neglected. Light in mood at first, the story later turns serious. Jane's a little out of her league in these scenes; and her wardrobe, hardly appropriate for life in a mining town, is no help in building an atmosphere of credibility.

FAMILY

The Adventures of Sadie 20TH, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ England's luscious Joan Collins (imported to Hollywood after she made this film) is the chief decoration in a feather-weight desert-island farce. She plays a well-heeled passenger on a cruise ship. When the ship goes down, Joan finds herself marooned on a tropic isle with three men: a world-weary reporter (George Cole), a stuffy professor (Robertson Hare) and a lusty Irish stoker (Kenneth More). The three agree in civilized style to adopt a hands-off policy toward Joan, but they have trouble living up to it—especially after she ingeniously contrives to make a Bikini suit for herself. There are some laughs, but the idea's too slim and the pace too slow.

ADULT



A woosome twosome in "Battle Cry," Dorothy Malone, Tab Hunter, pair at preem



Traffic ticket for Grayson (with Oreste Kirkop)



The Stewarts at "Strategic Air Command"

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

NEVER SEEN LIZ TAYLOR looking lovelier than at the fancy luncheon thrown at the studio by director George Stevens to launch the super-duper new picture, "Giant." Liz was a summer dream in snow-white dimity demurely fashioned. All the cast, including Rock Hudson (done up in a ten-gallon hat he had to wear because make-up men had been experimenting with Rock's head all morning figuring how to make him look like a bald man of sixty which he has to be at the end of the movie!); Jane Withers (who makes her "come-back" in this one); James Dean (the only one who wouldn't stand up and take a bow!); Dennis Hopper; Judith Evelyn; Mercedes McCambridge, were there to hear amusing talks from Jack

Warner and director Stevens. They consumed the biggest steaks this side of Texas (the picture from Edna Ferber's novel is about Texas, y'know) and Liz Taylor cut the enormous cake (in the shape of the Lone Star state and trimmed with oil-derricks of spun sugar). When photogs pounced on Dean, he didn't even want to take off his dark horn-rimmed glasses for photos. Guess he's either as shy as he seems or just doesn't give a dern for the usual Hollywood hullabaloo. Later Jimmy took Liz for a tour of the Warner lot (it's the first time she's worked there) in his brand-new, all-white foreign sports car.

Bunch of Hollywood guys and dolls made a dash to Las Vegas when Jeff

Chandler debuted at The Riviera. These included Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Rosie Clooney; Lucille Ball; the Howard Keels; Sonja Henie and Jeff's spouse, Marjorie, who brought along their little girl, Jamie. Jeff, aside from his singing stint, surprised a lot of people by doing very good imitations of Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Cagney and others.

Mae West's Hollywood debut at Ciro's brought forth quite a turnout, too. Like, for instance, Cary Grant, Steve Cochran, Jack La Rue and Philip Reed—all of whom had been leading men of Mae's. Rhonda Fleming, in low-cut black cocktail dress and

back to her own light red tresses, was with handsome businessman, Walter Troutman, who used to beau Jane Withers. Ann Robinson was Steve Cochran's date. Marie Wilson, sohelp-us—in the lowest-cut pale pink beaded sheath she's ever worn was with ever-lovin' Bob Fallon. The Reggie Gardiners; Abbe Lane, hair flowing, dress clinging, and Xavier Cugat; the Burt Lancasters, who seldom do the cafe route, were on hand for laffs.

Red and George Skelton double birthday partied for their two kids all over their spacious lawns. For a big, fat surprise, Red had invited Fess (Davy Crockett) Parker as special guest. . . . Joan Crawford didn't have a chance to throw a wedding party on account of her elopement with Al Steele was so sudden. But she and Al tossed a humdinger at his N.Y. duplex a week later when she joined him for their jaunt to Europe. And wowee! What a trousseau Joan managed to take with her—all "ready made." The studio let her have the more than twenty gowns, coats, hats and accessories from her Columbia picture "Queen Bee!" One of the outfits is a strapless, long evening gown of black satin, with a flowing matching coat. The coat is fashioned to show its lovely lining of lilac.

Speaking of lucky gals, how about Barbara Stanwyck at the dinner-dance at Romanoff's following the charity preem of "Daddy Long Legs"? Barbara, in pale pink gown, pale pink fox wrap and pale pink sandals, came with Paul Gregory, but Sterling Hayden and Bob Wagner, who came stag, joined her table and monopolized most of her dances. Debbie Reynolds went to the show with Bill and Dean Gargaro, aged twelve and fifteen! Friends of the family. She'd been promising to take them to a premiere for ages. Kay Spreckels (Clark Gable was still in Mexico making "The Tall Men") glittering with diamonds, was with Ray and Frances Hemmes. Kay, Anita Louise and other gals working on this event did a great job of raising over \$100,000 for a new wing at St. John's Hospital. Everyone was raving over the delightful picture and the incomparable Fred Astaire and cute Leslie Caron. Fred brought his thirteen-year-old dotter, Ava. Mamie Van Doren, in a skin-tight pink number, was with Ray Anthony and she was wearing rhinestone earrings so big they looked

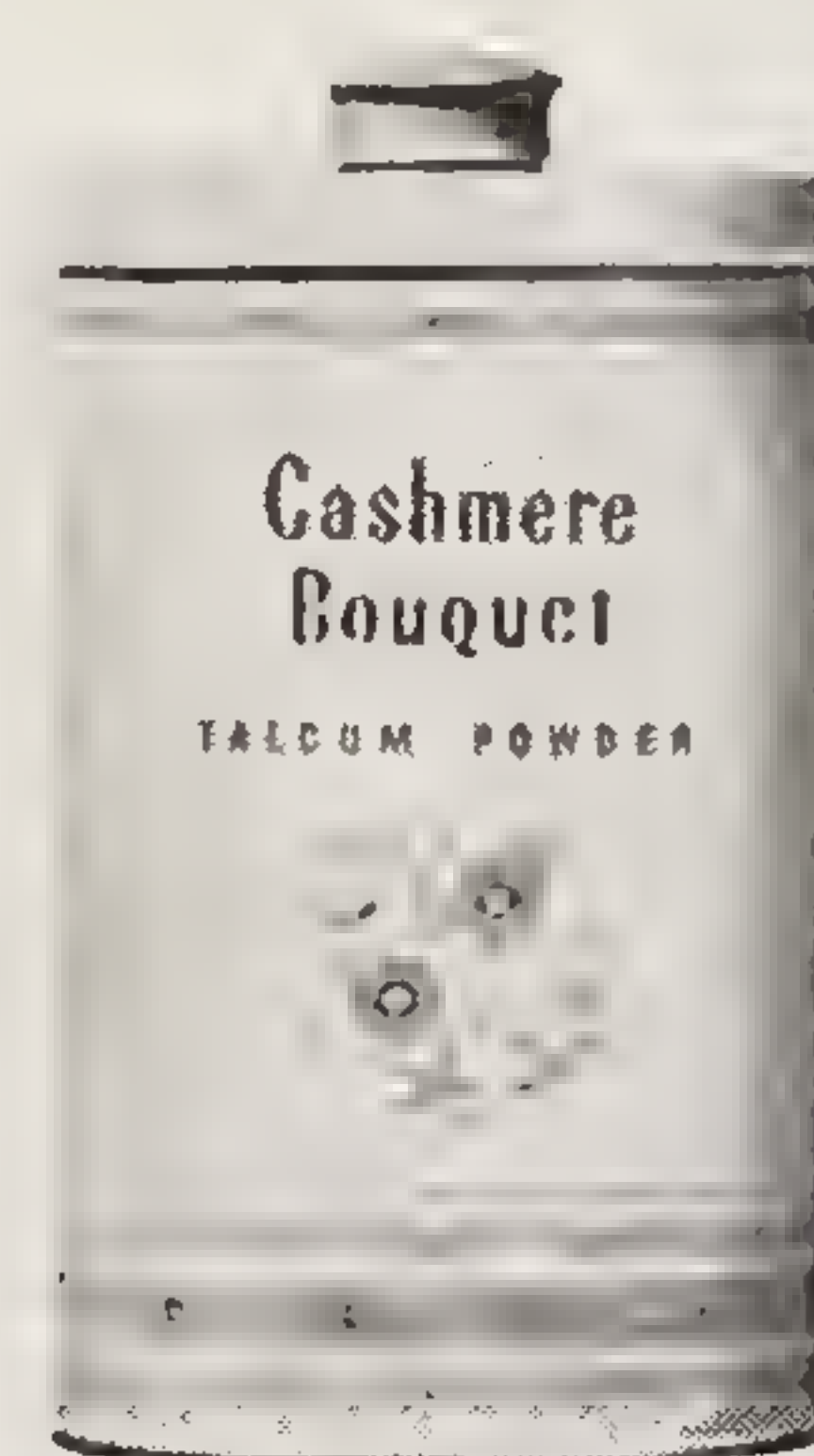
Continued

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like chandeliers! Richard Todd escorted British find, Dana (pronounced Donna) Wynter. And boy! Did the bulb-snappers make a dash for Dana! Liz Taylor was the epitome of dignified elegance that night. Heavenly costume! Mrs. Mike Wilding was wearing a simple, beautifully cut evening gown of black silk, with a large pouf of yellowish silk at the back. Elizabeth had her hair all smoothed out into a chignon pinned to the back of her neck. But it was her black silk stole that got the gasps. It was only lined from stem to stern with the finest white ermine!

Another opening that brought forth not only stars in bunches but lots of Army and Air Force brass was the preem of Paramount's "Strategic Air Command" in Beverly Hills. There was a parade into the theatre of the thirty-five-piece March Field Air Force band and an Honor Guard of thirty fliers at attention to welcome celebs in the foyer. All this added to the thrills provided by the picture and some of the unexpected hoop-la. Like Marie Wilson, again in her favorite pale pink (that left NOTHING to the imagination) and draped in a pink fox stole, doing a typical "burlesque bump" as she got out of her car. The sidewalk crowds roared. Hugh O'Brien said such flattering things about his date, Carol Ohmart, ("She's like perfume—we

should bottle her.") into the microphone in the lobby, people thought he was gonna swoon! Kathryn Grayson (with former opera star Oreste Kirkop) got a traffic ticket on her way to the preem; Dorothy Malone and Tab Hunter, who necked professionally through "Battle Cry," were a two. Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas ditto—natch! Arlene wore a cream-colored satin gown, topped by a long, luscious lavender satin coat. June Allyson, on Dick Powell's arm, was in a tight-fitting, elbow-length turtle-necked jacket of black jersey, over a very full ballet-length skirt of white organdy. Ann Blyth, with Jim McNulty, wore a gown of pale blue satin. Jimmy Stewart was busy chatting with Generals Mark Clark, James Mooney and other biggies. Newlyweds Marilyn Erskine and Charles Curland; the Charlton Hestons; Marlon Brando; Donna Reed and Tony Owen; Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Mala Powers; Lori Nelson; the Rory Calhouns; Farley Granger; Gene Nelson; the Bob Cummingses; Suzan Ball and Dick Long were others glimpsed. Also June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

The gals who comprise Share (which benefits Exceptional Children) turned Ciro's into an early Western saloon for their annual charity party. Even had

a big covered wagon in front of the place where tickets were taken up. Among others who put on a great show were Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis—to say nothing of the all-male chorus that included John Ireland, Peter Lawford, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, John Agar, Herman Hover, Marshall Thompson, Forrest Tucker and Spike Jones! They were a riot! Dean Martin was all smiles when wife, Jeanne, with Miriam Nelson, Barbara Britton and Marjorie Chandler put on a song and dance act. Tony Curtis's all-black cowboy outfit was an eyeful. Dewey Martin was with Jean McCallen, Bob Stack with purty Rosemarie Bowe.

Lori Nelson, in a blue Chinese evening gown, was with Bob Francis at the Ice Capades opening. And Marla English, in a sophisticated sequin gown was with Larry Pennell, but they phffft next day! Also munching popcorn in their best duds were the Andy Devines, Hugh O'Brien with Jayne Mansfield (where was Carol Ohmart?), Walter Pidgeon, the Tom Harmons, Mona Freeman with Bob Wagner, the Gene Autrys, Vera Ralston and Herb Yates, Sharon Lee, in a white and gold dress with cape to match, with David Street.

There's more doings than we have room for—and a coupla must wait.



Ava Astaire with her "Daddy Long Legs," dad Fred



Liz Taylor: Her chignon admired—but ermine-lined stole, stole the show!



These hands went through a revealing experiment. They were both soaked in detergents but only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the difference! *This is an unretouched photograph.*

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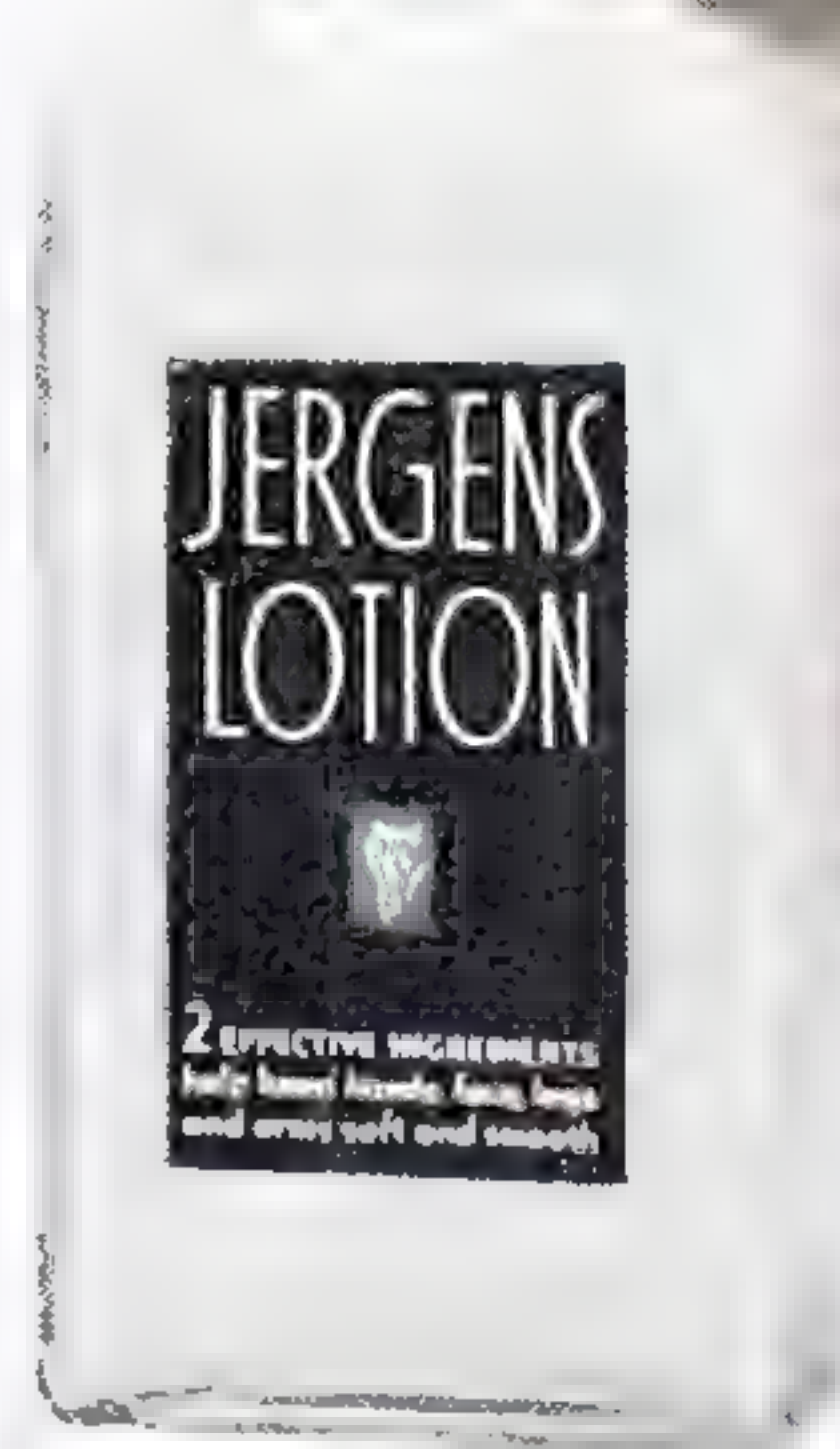
In 3 or 4 days the difference was unmistakable. Untreated hands were roughened and reddened; in extreme cases, even

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THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Photoplay Applauds

LADY AND THE TRAMP

● Anybody around here who doesn't like dogs? Walt Disney's new cartoon feature is designed for everybody except such rare, hard-hearted characters. For you and you and you—the millions of human beings of every age who have known the affection of a cuddlesome puppy—"Lady and the Tramp" is a very special movie. Each member of its canine cast is a unique personality, yet each one has the typical mannerisms of a real dog—with a delightful addition. You often say your pet does everything but talk. Disney's dogs *can* talk (if only to each other). *Lady*, a gentle cocker spaniel, speaks with the voice of radio star Barbara Luddy. tv's Larry Roberts does the talking for the jaunty *Tramp*, independent-minded stray of assorted ancestry. And Peggy Lee, who co-authored the movie's charming songs, both talks and sings for *Peg*, tousle-headed Peke who used to be in show business. There are a few people in the story: the young couple that *Lady* lives with; the baby-sitting, cat-fancying aunt, who makes *Lady* a runaway; a restaurant-owner who treats *Lady* and her beau to a dinner by candlelight. But the stars are all four-footed. With them you'll find it can be a pleasure to lead a dog's life.



Jane is in "Robin Hood" • Julie in "The Private War of Major Benson"

CAL YORK'S INSIDE STUFF



Rita is in "Seven Cities of Gold"
Rita Moreno's co-star is still burning after the Mexican dinner! Above, Rita's off-again, on-again beach ensemble

No lonesome blues for Jane Powell—where she goes, her family goes too! On sun days, Jane wears triple-color terry topper

Julie Adams' triangle beach cape is as unusual as the bridal shower the Jeff Chandlers gave her after the wedding





Anne Francis gets back in the swim with something sassy in swim sets

Joan Collins has a sense of humor and the figure for striped pants!

Virginia Leith gets into print with something svelte in swimsuits



Joan is in "Raleigh and the Virgin Queen" and "Land of the Pharaohs" • Anne is in "The Scarlet Coat" • Virginia is in "Violent Saturday"

DOLL DAYS

● Because she refuses to be separated from her family during her four-week engagement in Las Vegas, Jane Powell's taking the children along and Pat Nerney will fly there for weekends. Only fly in the glamorous ointment—favorite designer Helen Rose was too swamped with picture production to execute Missy Powell's costumes . . . Now that Anne Francis is a not-so-gay divorcee, she's lining up a rugged routine including tennis, swimming and horseback lessons, which she never had time to take before. Lovely Anne really tried to soft-pedal her divorce from

Bam Price. So she was quite taken aback when he unexpectedly appeared at the trial and sat sullenly in the back of the courtroom.

On the happier side, Julie Adams married Ray Danton in such haste, there was no time for the usual bridal showers. So now the Jeff Chandlers just gave them a barbecue shower and George Nader sent a year's supply of hot dogs! As a side line Rory Calhoun is in the rug business. So he and Lita carpeted the bride and groom's new modern apartment from wall to (Continued on page 86)

Jane Powell's topper, straw hat from I. Magnin's, Beverly Hills • Rita Moreno's shirt and pants from Glad Rags, Ocean House • Julie Adams' triangle patch shirt, stole and hat by Rose Marie Reid • Joan Collins' shirt by Damon, pants by Loomtogs • Anne Francis' matching hat, two-piece swimsuit and shoes by Rose Marie Reid

COOPER'S

Ben is also in "The Eternal Sea"



Ben got big chance as Sailor Jack in "Rose Tattoo." A girl who saw his screen test for role with Marisa Pavan said, "It gave me goose pimples—he's for real!"

BY RUTH CRAIG

● "I can't date a girl younger than I," groans handsome Ben Cooper. "We have nothing in common. I date older girls. I hear the old 'mother-complex bit.' What do I do? I've already got a wonderful mother. I don't want another. I just want a girl I can be mentally, emotionally and physically attuned to. So I look like a kid and older girls feel awkward going out with me. Let me put it this way. I am available; I'm wide open to love and romance. I'm one hundred and fifty pounds of willingness."

Ben's problem of looking younger than he is, yet having the maturity of a guy much older, is a problem this talented, rising young actor has been fighting since he was eight. He's always looked young, acted older!

First of all, at twenty-one, Ben's already a veteran of thirteen years in professional acting. "Since I was eight," he explains, "I've had to give the same quality of work—and receive the same pay base—as men two or three times my age. Because I had to mature faster, I was treated as an equal in the theatre; at home Mother and Dad treated me the same way. If I planned a weekend and a show came up, they left the decision up to me. I had to use (Continued on page 77)



Ben's cooking, guitar playing, folk songs keep pals knocking on his door



Sister Bunny gets kick out of masked friend. She and Ben share apartment



In college at sixteen. "The other guys looked at me as if I were in diapers!"

Talk to him blindfolded and you'd swear he was twice his age. Ben's not only talented — he's a brain!

21 AND TERRIFIC





PARENTHOOD HAS CHANGED BOTH MIKE AND LIZ. ONE WOULD HARDLY RECOGNIZE SOPHISTICATED MIKE WHEN HE'S WITH HIS

THE SONS IN HER HEAVEN

BY MAXINE BLOCK

● "Everything is easier the second time around," confided beautiful Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor Wilding. "It's natural, since one learns the hard way—by experience. Everything about a first pregnancy is new, a little strange and to some—though luckily it wasn't to me—a little frightening. When a second baby comes along a mother takes things in stride. She doesn't make the mistakes she made the first time."

To give you one for instance: When Dr. Aaberg first told Elizabeth she could expect a baby, she flew home to tell Mike and together they rushed forth to Magnin's exclusive Beverly Hills emporium and bought two huge and very expensive Teddy bears—just what a newborn baby needs! The second time around, the Wildings



TWO KIDS, MICHAEL, JR. AND BABY CHRISTOPHER EDWARD

were far more practical. At an ordinary department store, they rushed to buy dozens of diapers.

Elizabeth's newest son, Christopher Edward, is a mere six weeks old. And already Elizabeth is more beautiful, if possible, than ever. She leaned against the pillows of the couch in her living room and talked with a serene maturity of motherhood—a subject close to her heart. Her weight is back to a normal 115 pounds. A shimmering pink Italian silk tailored blouse nicely accentuated her lovely figure; her tiny waist was belted in snug and small; slim black toreador pants outlined her legs. Except for lipstick, Liz wore no make-up, and no jewelry but her plain gold wedding band.

"I'm not, by nature, one (Continued on page 99)

*Counting her blessings, Liz adds up
to three—newcomer Chris, big brother
Jughead, and that mad man Mike
who opened the door to paradise*

Liz, in one of formal maternity ensembles designed by Helen Rose—basic black skirt with variety of toppers. She'd made mistake of buying too many complete outfits the first time. Liz stars next in M-G-M's "Mary Anne" and Warners' "Giant"



HOW TO
BE GOOD AND

**Kim
Novak**



POPULAR

● "It wasn't until I was in the eighth grade," Kim Novak said, "that a boy—any boy, mind you—spoke to me."

"Up until then I had been in absolute despair. I was at that age when boys began to be important. My name was Marilyn Novak and I had added Ann as a middle name. I didn't dare explain why, but I knew the dark romantic reason."

"That was so that I could write those three letters down on my school papers. M. A. N. If anybody asked why, I could just innocently say that I was merely writing my initials."

"But that wasn't the truth. Those letters were a kind of prayer—M. A. N.—meaning, 'Please let me be popular.' Which, as every young girl knows, means 'Please let me be popular with boys.'"

"I wasn't; I wasn't popular with girls, either. Some girls manage that when boys don't notice them, but it wasn't true with me. The other girls in my school class snubbed me. They whispered among themselves when I came into the room and giggled."

"I just about died every time this happened, and I blamed it on my mother. Now I know I was dead wrong. My parents had been born in this country, just as I was, but Mother still carried over a lot of old-fashioned European notions about how a nice girl was brought up."

"One was that a nice girl, just in her teens, didn't wear make-up, too casual clothes or a trick hair-do. At thirteen I was too tall for my age and very skinny in a group of girls who were all very developed. What's more, my grandmother made my clothes. They were beautiful clothes, I now realize, but at thirteen I was only conscious that they weren't 'store bought' like the other girls' and 'store bought' was what I wanted—and the flashier the better."

"Today I'd be the last to deny the appeal of the right hair-do, the right make-up or the right dress for eye appeal. They are great. They are your card of introduction to the world, in a way, yet they aren't what make you popular."

"That's what I found out, that miraculous day, when a high-school boy (Continued on page 84)



With steady beau, Mac Krim. "Thinking of nice things to say to your date makes you forget your shyness, your self-consciousness"

With Jack Lemmon, on "Phffft" set. As a teenager, she felt her braids, homemade clothes were reason other girls snubbed her



Kim Novak is in "5 Against the House"

It is hard to imagine that Kim Novak was ever troubled by that terror of the teens, unpopularity. Yet she was. Until she learned

how easy it is to be the girl who's nice to know ● BY RUTH WATERBURY



Role in "The Ten Commandments" presented a new challenge to John

You need

*There's always been something
to bring out the best
in John. As a boy,
it was sports. As a man,
his family.*

*Now a new love
is challenging Dare Derek*

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● "Whatever I do, I like to be best," states John Derek calmly. That statement is the driving force behind the handsome face that caused more fan furor when he *didn't* work than most stars receive after a series of hit pictures. Since childhood the challenge of being best has kept John outpacing, outpunching and outrunning the shadow of defeat. Oddly, though, for this outspoken star, he has never said he would be the best actor. Only in physical prowess and material possessions has he had the happy faculty of choosing what he would be best in.

Eleven years ago he became an actor—"because it paid two hundred bucks a week. Every weekend I'd light out with my gang for Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear. I'd blow all my dough and have to ask

Selznick's for an advance by Tuesday. I was seventeen and I knew I couldn't act my way out of a paper bag. I had contempt for actors—but not for the money."

Eleven years later John sat across a desk from Cecil B. DeMille. Mr. DeMille was holding up a kind and professional mirror for John's reflection. For the first time, he saw the great possibility of Derek, the actor,—the best. "He was disappointed in my stature," John remembered. "He wanted me for the part of Joshua, the stonecutter, in "The Ten Commandments." He had studied me for months and knew more about me than I knew about myself. I was so used to being rushed through interviews that I stumbled over my words for the first fifteen minutes to get out everything I wanted to say. An hour and a half later I was still in

Continued

love in your life

Today, John Derek is completely enjoying his family—wife Pati, son Russ and daughter Sean. He still wants the best, but the old driving need to prove himself has gone





As son of divorced parents, John's making sure Russ and Sean have security he missed

there with him. A burning desire to play Joshua and a new enthusiasm for acting actually filled me. Finally, I told him that by the time he was ready to shoot, I would build up my body by scaling it down from one hundred eighty-five pounds to the proportions he wanted by weight lifting and I would be the best Joshua he could find."

Three months after his conversation a young man of 167 pounds strode into the Paramount commissary in tennis shoes, riding pants and a blue T-shirt. This was the new John Derek. The T-shirt did not hide the powerful muscles of his arms, chest and back. His dark green eyes glowed in his deeply tanned face; he was the picture of John Derek, happy. He had a goal for his driving force to be best and he was succeeding. He had been working out at a gym, was building another at home and was weight lifting, riding and exercising daily. At one time he lost seven pounds in three days. To guard against collapse, he took many pills each day (vitamin, mineral, and what have you), drank milk constantly and lunched on a combination of whipped eggs, milk,

Developing the body as well as the mind is important to John, who built gym in home

You need love in your life

continued



When he married Pati, John called her Babe, "because Baby sounded so mushy!"



He got name "Dare" as boy because he'd try anything. No one risked "Handsome" tag!



Learning to share himself was hard for John—he'd lived within himself so long

orange juice and honey. "I just found out," he announced happily, "that Joshua goes hand over hand up a thirty foot rope—no feet, just hands. That's rough. Then he comes down the same way. That's going to put callouses on my hands."

Nothing could have been a happier conclusion than that physical prowess should enter into John's new enthusiasm and dedication to his career, for physical challenges have always been of utmost importance to him.

"I respect the man; I respect what he is. I don't respect men that aren't physical. I don't care how mental they are. If you can develop a mind, you can develop a body. They're both equally important. A great mind with no physical power is dissipating half the stuff that's given you." John sat quietly, perhaps seeing the pattern that his deep devotion to the physical had formed in his life.

When John makes a statement he means it and often proves it. When the Army beckoned him away from his cush two hundred bucks a week at Selznick's, he champed at the bit as a line soldier. (Continued on page 94)

Chip off the old block is Sean, who feels perfectly safe on hand of her muscular dad!



"TO CATCH A THIEF"



Grace Kelly and Cary Grant share a strange love in this new romantic thriller. She is a rich American; he, an ex-thief

The gleam of diamonds over her gold lamé gown caught his eye at a costume ball. Now he pursues her as he eludes the law



For his easy-to-look-at co-stars, director Alfred Hitchcock chose appropriate backgrounds such as this lovely seascape. He had guided each of these players in two earlier successes

Already friends with their director, Grace and Cary struck up a personal friendship on the Riviera location. Cary and wife Betsy later invited Grace to go on a vacation with them

Hollywood on the Riviera

● Nice work, movie-making—especially when free travel goes with the job. So Grace Kelly and Cary Grant agree, after their location trip to that millionaires' playground, the Riviera. Here's where the tense action of Paramount's "To Catch a Thief" takes place. Long-distance locationing was nothing new for Grace, who'd journeyed to Africa to make "Mogambo," to South America for "Green Fire." But safari life couldn't match the luxury of the Carlton Hotel at Cannes.

Director Alfred Hitchcock, maestro of suspense, found plenty of beautiful scenes near Cannes—the blue Mediterranean, curving shore lines, magnificent villas. Playing a holidaying heiress, Grace wore a series of elegant or casual clothes designed by Edith Head, who costumed her so exquisitely in Hitchcock's "Rear Window."

But there was one catch. The troupe was supposed to spend just five weeks on the Riviera, and Hitch finished the scenes exactly on schedule. There's such a thing as being *too* efficient!

Informality was the keynote. Once known for an impeccable style of dress, Miss Kelly lounged with shirttail out. Nobody ever minded a long between-takes wait in the south-of-France sunlight



The legend of the cool Miss Kelly has been crumbling slowly ever since her tears at the Oscar ceremonies. At Cannes, she was the portrait of an eager tourist and happy actress



Cheesecake for Kelly? Unimaginable! But Riviera magic (or maybe Hitchcock's persuasion) had its way. Here's Grace set to sun-tan in view of the cameras (and several million fans)

Be a DOLL For a GUY

I've got a secret for you. It doesn't take much to get a guy if you know what digs him the most. And I don't mind telling you how to do it!

BY TONY CURTIS

Tony is in "The Purple Mask," "The Rawhide Years"



Janet Leigh, in "Pete Kelly's Blues," "My Sister Eileen"

● Ask any guy. He may not regard himself as the flipping end in such fields as electronics, architecture, or the carburetion system of the Eldorado Cadillac, but he can tell you a little about women.

Like me. Except that I have an advantage. I'm lucky enough to get a lot of mail from moviegoing girls. After I've spent a few hours reading the letters, I have a fair idea of what gives with the lipstick sex, what sends them, what produces pain and what they dig the most. I'm told that my overall conclusion, reached after reading, is not new. People have been arriving at it for several years: Girls are interested in boys; boys are interested in girls, and love is sweeping the country.

Everybody is looking for Shangri-La, but the trouble is how do you find Shangri-La (better known as Love-Happiness)?

Here are my ideas: First thing for a girl to take into consideration is the fact that a woman's needs and interests are more uniform than those of men. That fact toughens life a little, but it also presents a challenge to women. A man may be a mechanic or a doctor, an actor or an architect, and his whole life will need to be geared for success in his chosen field. The abilities, the character and personality traits that insure success for a mechanic might ruin the professional chances of a doctor, so variety

Continued



Be a DOLL for a GUY

Continued



Like a kid I know named Janet Leigh, it's that scrubbed clean look, attitude of comradeship and compatibleness that make girls attractive to men

must be the keynote of masculinity.

Nearly all women, though, are fundamentally alike in life drive. They want to marry, to run a home and to have children. For this reason, it is much simpler for a girl to find a satisfactory mate than it is for a man.

Here's another item: A man is, and has to be, competitive. He always has a flock of things he wants to accomplish: He wants to travel, to investigate the world, to adventure, to make a success in his calling. This is borne out by the traditional family story of the son who goes off to make his fortune while his sister stays at home, looks after the parents, marries and has her own family.

Naturally, since a man is thrown on his own resources, his reaction must impel him to dominate a situation. Sometimes it turns out to be impossible for him to control all aspects of his life.

Some jobs don't permit a guy to make his own decisions, so it is doubly important for him to have some authority in his home. This need causes a man to dislike a woman who is aggressive—or even seems to be. Who wants to come home from a fast round at the office or the plant and have to start striving to establish superiority all over again? A man's nature forces him to seek a situation where his word means something.

This will explain customary male objection to highly intellectual girls. It's fine for a girl to be intelligent if this quality is modified by dependency. A girl should be ready to defer to a man in an easy, casual sort of way, because frequently he has had much more experience and really knows what he is talking about. There are few things as discouraging to a fellow as the thought that every time he opens his mouth he

is going to be cracked by a free-swinging brain.

To get down to cases, why don't we talk about the beginning of a romance and the responsibilities of each party?

A man has to feel that he motivates everything. By his nature he isn't comfortable unless he is convinced that he has the right and the ability to pick and choose for himself. A lot of girls make a fatal mistake in the beginning of what might be a real romance by suddenly usurping the man's role. We'll say that a girl is aware—she always is—that a boy is paying her some attention, so she decides to let nature and the telephone company triumph. She calls the boy before he has called her.

Fade-out.

A smart girl lets the boy cue her. If he doesn't call, she doesn't pursue. She doesn't put herself in the awkward position of giving the guy the idea that



Some jobs don't permit a guy to make his own decisions. So it's doubly important for him to have some authority in his home

You can believe it that men object to unsubtle women, and the least subtle move in romance is when a girl takes the initiative

If you're interested in a guy's career, fine! But don't push him too hard—he'll move faster without a spear in his back!



she considers his attention more important than her own dignity; she doesn't mislead him about what he can expect from a friendship with her.

Boy-chasing is bad enough for a girl, but it is also bad for the fellow being chased. It gives him a false idea of the girl's entire approach to dating. And, more important, it takes away the zest a boy feels in being the hunter. It's a little like working in a soda fountain; a smart proprietor tells the new counterwoman that he can eat all the ice cream and drink all the malts he wants. Chances are that after a few days he won't touch it. Too easy.

You can believe it that men object to unsubtle women, and about the least subtle move ever made in romance is that of the girl taking the initiative.

I'm going to get, right now, to the subtle moves a girl can make: Numbers one to ten: She can be attractive. Naturally every girl isn't going to appeal to every guy, but the most popular girls I have known, those who appealed to the greatest number of men, were attractive, rather than downright beautiful.

Attraction is (Continued on page 92)





● "I only saw her once," Tab Hunter was saying. "It was four years ago, and I came to the rink early in the morning and sat down to lace on my skates. When I looked up, she was on the ice. Flashing. That's the only word for it. I don't think she was very pretty, but she had more sex appeal than any woman I'd ever seen before. It was the way she cut the ice. It was the strength of her body as she skated, the classical grace of her legs as she whirled. It was a feeling of happiness she almost radiated. It was as though she felt there was nothing finer than skating at seven o'clock in the morning on a cold day."

Tab stopped for a moment. "Maybe I'm not expressing it very well, but what I mean is that the dictionary's right."

A few minutes earlier, *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, which is a handy, if ponderous, conversational starter, had provided the start to the conversation. On page nine hundred and twelve, in the left-hand column, can be found:

"sex appeal. Quality, esp. personal charm, which serves to draw together individuals of opposite sexes."

"What I mean," Tab said again, "is that sex appeal isn't necessarily something exaggerated. It is necessarily a sly word. The dictionary doesn't say anything about heavy closed eyes or wet lips or overly tight low-cut dresses. Those are artificial things. Like grease paint, they're things that you put on. You can't put 'personal charm' on with a paint- (Continued on page 9)

BY JAMES EARL LINT

Eve had it. Maybe you've got it.

Tab Hunter defines it as X appeal—

that certain something for the boys

THAT'S SEX! GIRLS



Pat Crowley isn't beautiful, but she sparkles from the moment you meet her—and that's sex, girls, for any guy!



Looking crisp, cool and neat, even on a hot summer's day, makes Gloria Gordon appealing. "Cool, real cool," says Tab



It's Dorothy Malone's expressive eyes that intrigue Tab. "They can be smoldering, teasing, change in an instant!"



Arlene Dahl is a beauty with brains—she's brainy enough to be a business gal, still be charming and feminine!



Lori Nelson is lovely. But it's her quiet charm and nice sense of humor that keeps Tab Hunter calling for dates



Marilyn Erskine has the personality that attracts men. She gives a guy confidence, takes the time to understand him

"Summertime"



An American secretary visiting Venice, Katharine Hepburn hopes wistfully to find adventure. Isa Miranda advises her to give her dreams some help



Out sight-seeing, Katie spots an antique shop. She wants to take a picture of it, but backs up too far

A Lesson in Love

● And a provocative lesson it is, as taught in U.A.'s new film "Summertime." The student is Katharine Hepburn, whose unique personality and sparkling talent make her one of movies' all-time greats. Her teacher is Rossano Brazzi, the handsome Italian star who was Jean Peters' lover in "Three Coins in the Fountain" and Ava Gardner's husband in "The Barefoot Contessa." The classroom is the ancient, beautiful city of Venice, as seen through the dazzled eyes of tourist Hepburn. What is it that Katie learns? Well, many moviegoers may not agree with Professor Rossano's lessons on romance, but he puts them across in a most charming way. Here's a picture that people will talk about—and enjoy.



Next day, she tells little Gaitano Audiero that she has made a date with the shop's owner (Rossano Brazzi)



The date begins with a quarrel, for Katie has discovered that Rossano is married. But he talks her out of her angry mood, persuades her to have dinner with him. As she inspects a toy-vendor's wares, she's ready to accept some measure of happiness



Katie and Rossano spend a few enchanted days on a picturesque nearby island. But the time comes when they must face reality





Want to look like a million dollars, baby? Then let the experts of Hollywood show you how

YOUR FACE SAVERS

BY GLADYS HALL

● I bet, thinking back, you couldn't even count the number of times you've heard someone say, "Her face is her fortune, and she takes good care of it." Well, this doesn't necessarily have to apply only to hopeful young starlets and famous movie queens. It can also apply to you! After all, you've got a job to succeed at, a man to please—or catch—and an ego that strives to be recognized. What girl hasn't? And what girl wouldn't like to be told how to make the best of what she's got. A quick vote would show—everyone of us would. Yet, how many young girls with young faces forget that faces, too, grow older. "The time to cultivate a beauty routine is now, before those tiny lines and unnecessary wrinkles appear," warn Hollywood's maestros of make-up—M-G-M's Bill Tuttle, 20th's Ben Nye and the Westmore brothers, Perc, Wally and Bud—who tell you how.

First step in your regular beauty routine, (Continued on page 80)

Mitzi Gaynor is in "Anything Goes" • Kim Novak, in "5 Against the House" • Janet Leigh, in "Pete Kelly's Blues" • Piper Laurie in "Ain't Misbehavin'"



Your mouth is your most mobile feature, so use lipstick with the eye of an artist like Janet Leigh



Kim Novak follows a star rule—thoroughly cleanse skin before applying new make-up. There's a trick to use of eyebrow pencil, mascara, as Mitzi Gaynor learned as a movie star



Piper Laurie includes hands in her beauty care—makes sure her nail polish is in good condition



When Alan and Sue were reunited, there were no big scenes. But inside her new gold bracelet is a message of love that tells Sue all she wants to know



The Ladds'
frank story
about
the Gossip



Alan Ladd is in "The McConnell Story" and "Cockleshell Heroes"

Rediscovered Love

As told to Ruth Waterbury

● January 29, 1955 was the first time in their thirteen-year-old marriage that Alan and Sue Ladd had ever been apart. The reason for their separation then is now completely known. It can be told in a few words: Gossip—never truly confirmed—about June Allyson.

But the reason for their reconciliation isn't so well understood and you can say it in one word: Love. Just love, that's all. Old-fashioned, isn't it? But also true and wonderful. And, of course, behind it, there is a story—a very poignant story.

With Alan and Sue, when they rediscovered their love, there were no big scenes, no headlines, no recriminations. On Sue's wrist, there is now a new gold bracelet which inside has such a sentimental message she refuses to let anyone see it. In the garage there is a handsome new car, a gift from Alan. She had new diamond earrings, too. And every hour, almost on the hour, every day, she gets flowers from him. He calls her constantly from the set at Warners. He says, "I didn't want anything. I just wanted to

hear your voice, to know you're all right."

Over the weekend now, with Carol Lee married and in her own home, with Laddie at school, with Alana and David in care of the help, most of whom the Ladds have had during their entire marriage, Alan and Sue are down in their new Palm Springs home. "Doing the things we used to do, just the two of us, as we did when we first met," Alan says.

So to understand how this all came about, you have to know what happened those days of (Continued on page 82)



Star

Dramatic moments in the lives of the stars. They're good, even when they're not acting for the screen!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Van Johnson didn't win an Oscar but he gave most moving show of his life at Nominations



Hospital visitors came away cheered—they never guessed the story behind Jerry's illness!

Hollywood thought she was too quiet and conservative for role she played in "Interrupted Melody," right, with Glenn Ford. But after that "scene" in his office, director Jack Cummings is promoting Eleanor Parker for an "Oscar"!



Performances You'll Never See



In "A Star Is Born," with James Mason, above, Judy Garland won an Oscar—and nomination for Academy Award. But she gave her greatest performance when Grace Kelly took the prize

● Some of the best acting in Hollywood isn't done for the benefit of the camera. In fact, many of the most electrifying performances witnessed have occurred when there wasn't a photographer in sight.

Take the night Van Johnson sat in Romanoff's, along with other Hollywoodites, and awaited the announcement of the Academy Award nominations. Van, who was up for his fine performance in "The Caine Mutiny," along with Humphrey Bogart, came alone without Evie. And before the TV presentation began,

he and Bogey, who mc-ed part of the nominations, held fast repartee about: "Oh, I don't really care, old man. It doesn't make much difference." But after the program started and the time drew nearer and nearer for the final top male nomination, Van showed signs of worry, was literally chewing his fingernails when the monitor started reading off the names in alphabetical order: "Humphrey Bogart—Marlon Brando—Bing Crosby—Dan O'Herlihy." Then realizing that one name had been skipped, the monitor paused. Van sat rigid, waiting for the

missing name—which alphabetically could be his. Then, as the monitor read off: "James Mason," Van slumped into his chair and put his head on the table. For those around him, it was a moving experience. For there are times when a star's acting talent fails him and he breaks down and lets his true feelings come through—those times when his heart tells him what he really wants.

In reverse, take a situation which involved Lucille Ball. Lucille's a comedienne by nature. But she was more like *Hamlet* when she called me that terrible

Continued

Star Performances

You'll Never See *Continued*

time from New York. One of her closest associates had revealed to me a piece of information which I had used in my column. When Lucille saw it, she insisted it was not true. She hollered long and loudly for twenty minutes without repeating herself once. The storm was spent as fast as it started. And Lucille and I are good friends. But I still haven't exposed the erroneous news-giver, which, come to think of it, ought to give me a medal. Because, boy, oh boy, I've been tempted.

Debbie Reynolds was a doll in "Susan Slept Here." She was great in "Singing in the Rain." But her performance was at the big, glittering engagement party Eddie Cantor threw for her and Eddie Fisher at the elegant Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel last fall.

Of course that affair has been reported on before this from stem to stern, all except one incident that occurred when nobody was looking. Nobody except yours truly. Naturally Eddie was feeling very good for he'd just become engaged to

one of the sweetest girls in the world. He began to express his happiness in the best way he knew how; he started singing. And he sang from the top of his lungs. Debbie was embarrassed. The flush on her cheeks didn't come just from the excitement of the occasion. I was very interested to see how Debbie would handle the situation.

I needn't have worried a bit. As they walked hand in hand across the hall, Eddie's voice raised lustily in song, Debbie stopped, smiled up at him, gently put her finger to his lips and then kissed him full on the mouth. She achieved her purpose without saying a word. Eddie forgot to continue singing. In fact, all he wanted to do was to continue kissing. I didn't blame him.

Bette Davis did her best acting in New York and I don't mean in her stage flopperoo. At this time she was at Warners, the undisputed queen of the studio, and she was in the Big City for a personal appearance with one of her pictures. Be-

fore her arrival there, she sent a list of very explicit instructions as to how the suite at the St. Regis Hotel should be arranged, which room she wanted for herself and for her then-husband, William Grant Sherry, and for her children and their nurse, for her maid, etc., ad infinitum. Long distance from Hollywood, she cancelled appointments, rescheduled interviews—in short, acted like a real prima donna.

Finally Bette arrived with twenty suitcases and an entourage worthy of a real queen. It didn't take her long to find out that the suite didn't have connecting doors between her room and the children's room (this was in wartime when there was a tremendous shortage of hotel rooms). It was then that Bette put on the best act of her career. She positively roasted the spinning Warner press agent. At the end of the histrionics, Bette imperiously demanded that the publicity head come to the hotel. She then went through her act again, not missing a



"Silly," said Betty Hutton, about rumors she was parting from then husband Charlie O'Curran. And fooled even Sheilah with her act!

Jennifer Jones rated an Oscar for acting in "Song of Bernadette." But she'll never equal the show she put on—over the telephone!





Lucille Ball, above with Desi Arnaz, is a comedienne—but after that twenty-minute oration, Sheilah's convinced she could play Hamlet!

beat, and ended with: "Why did you ever put us in *this* hotel?" The press agent courageously pointed out to her that she had insisted on this particular hotel. Bette was taken back for only a moment, then recovered quickly and said: "Do you have to do *everything* I say?"

I miss Bette in Hollywood and wish she were back with us permanently instead of just once every year or so. We can use the kind of excitement she always provides.

One of the most heartwarming performances I've ever been witness to was by my boy, Jerry Lewis, when he was seriously ill last year—although I didn't know he was putting on a show at the time. He was under the weather and I called on him at his home to cheer him up. I stayed an hour and never laughed so much in my life. I'm his best audience, he told me, and I am. All he has to do is say "Hello, Sheilah," and I break up. Lying in his bed, Jerry regaled me with story after story and even went through one of (Continued on page 98)



Husband Dick Powell was her only audience the night that June Allyson played the most difficult role of her life—in a hospital room

Unlike some people who collect "memorables," Doris hangs on only to objects connected with happy events in her life



Fortunately for Doris, she can still have dishes she fondly remembers when she was a child. Her mother is nearby!



With Marty and son Terry. When the latter sees that familiar look, he says, "Okay, Mom—what's it remind you of!"





Doris' absent-mindedness doesn't bother Marty. By now, he knows he's married to Hollywood's most sentimental girl!

Holiday at Cannes. As a girl she'd save all year for hour-long boat trip, dream of having money to do it all day!



Doris is in "Love Me or Leave Me" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much"

HAVING A MEMORABLE TIME

*It doesn't take much to send her
traveling down Memory Lane. And when
Doris gets that look in her eyes
it means this Day's gone again!*

● According to the calendar it was still winter, but spring was already in the air the afternoon Marty Melcher and his Mrs., professionally known as Doris Day, were heading back from M-G-M across Cahuenga Pass, to their San Fernando Valley home.

It had been Doris' last day at the Culver City studio, where she had just finished "Love Me or Leave Me." There was much she had to tell Marty. With the last minute rush of dubbing, publicity and catch-up shots, for the past few days she'd had to leave her house earlier than usual, get back later than customary, was too exhausted for much conversation while home.

Suddenly, seemingly without cause, Doris stopped talking. A far-away look crept into her eyes as her mind wandered to distant places, carried along a path of strings and saxophones, to the melody of "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair."

"What were you saying about that last scene?" Marty inquired.

There was no reply.

"Doris . . ."

"Hmmm . . ."

"You were telling me about that last scene today. . . ."

"I was? Oh, I'm sorry, Marty," she burst out. "I was listening to that song. (Continued on page 90)

BY PEER OPPENHEIMER

JAMES CAGNEY SAYS: IF YOU

Jimmy Cagney is also in "Love Me or Leave Me" • "The Seven Little Foys"



Jimmy, in "Mr. Roberts." for an ex-gangster hero, an honorary college degree



"You may have to work for nothing at first, but at least it's a start." Jim got his, wrapping packages in a store. Above, on ranch. He also owns a dairy farm

● There was a time, not too far back, when opportunity was believed to knock on every door, success depended upon whether you were there to answer it back. If you wanted to be a movie star, just sit long enough in a Hollywood drugstore, sipping a soda. A talent scout would ultimately come by, discover you and change your name from Jean Turner to Lana. You'd be famous in a matter of weeks.

Then times changed. Don't go to Hollywood, everyone warned. Wait until Hollywood comes to you. And while you're waiting, better learn how to act. Breaking into pictures these days takes more than looks, more than personality. So, all over the country, young hopefuls enrolled in schools and colleges. After all, Marlon Brando, James Dean and Eva Marie Saint had studied at the Actors Studio in New York. Charlton Heston had gone to Northwestern. So had Ralph Meeker, Jean Hagen and Patricia Neal.

But now, suddenly, times had changed again. When the big studios reduced the number of actors on their contract lists, they stopped scouring the campuses for new faces. Nowadays, you could act your heart out in college plays, but no talent scout would catch your performance. Hollywood was no longer coming to *you*—not unless you had a name.

Last spring, however, Hollywood *did* come to one campus—in the person (Continued on page 88)

*The public enemy of the Thirties,
the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the Forties,
he's the guy who, in the Fifties,
knows what it takes to reach the top!*

BY ED MEYERSON

WANT TO BE SOMEBODY—

LIVE

AND LEARN



COTTONS MOVE INTO



PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Rhonda Fleming stars in separates—new well-mannered versions of the long-favored sweater and skirt. Wide-swung cummerbund skirt is Milliken's striped blend in muted tweedy colors on gray. Under \$10. It's co-starred with a fabric-trimmed sweater top in black Mazet Orlon, a new kitten-soft yarn. About \$8. Both, sizes 8-18. By Jonbarry

Sleek, figure-paring sheath takes on airs with white lace and velvet ribbon-etched scoop neck and cuffs. It's fashioned from a gray and black diamond-patterned cotton by Crestwood, wrinkle-free and styled to resemble a silk-like smooth textured worsted. 7-15. Junior Accent. About \$35. You guessed the star. It's dancer Marge Champion

A typographer's dream, this eye-catching cotton broadcloth print has stylized taupe letters on black. A Maxwell fabric, it's worked smartly in a bouffant silhouette, the full skirt Pello lined for shape insurance. Linen collar is trimmed with black silk organza. 5-15. By Betty Carol Mam'selle. \$35. Pretty star model: Shirley Jones

FALL

• Fast becoming a fabric first for fall, cotton takes its well-earned place as a formal, well-bred fabric, spanning all the seasons in new weights, weaves and blends inspired by the finest wools and worsteds. With its new styling and textures (see backgrounds below), most often treated for crease- and spot-resistance, it still retains the airy comfort and washability of the time-honored casual summer dress. The best cotton pickin' time's now for wear clear on to winter



sh and fancy for fall, the pastel stick-pin
nt on black cotton by Ameritex almost takes
e of itself—smooth, washable, wrinkle-proof.
onda Fleming's separates star a velvet-collared
ked-front blouse, teamed with free-swinging
t, fully lined for standout appeal. Sizes
18. By McArthur, Ltd. Under \$18. complete

Marge Champion of Broadway's "3 for Tonight"
strikes a pose, gay as her little girl separates. Breezy
lightweight cotton alpaca by Herbert Meyer has
hyphenated stripes of beige and cocoa on black.
Linen collar accents the French-cuffed shirt, about
\$9. It's cinched to the pleated skirt with wide
patent belt. About \$6. 7-15. By Modern Juniors

Pretty Shirley Jones in the season's popular middy
suit, here done to a turn in beloved Black Watch
plaid no-crease cotton, woven by M. & W. Thomas
in a year-round weight and with the look and feel
of fine worsted. The suit is all ease, with low-
slung buckled hip band on the slim jacket, an
arrow skirt. Sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort. About \$35

COTTONS MOVE INTO FALL

continued

Fashion photographs by Bert and Stan Rockfield



A

A

B

C

D



See Rhonda Fleming in RKO's "Tennessee Partner" and "News Is Made at Night," U-A

Marge Champion, last seen with husband Gower in Columbia's "Three for the Show"

Shirley Jones stars in new movie "Oklahoma" produced in Todd A-O

Marge Champion, beautiful distaff side of the famous dancing Champions, in a figure-molding dress that's all fashion news. The long torso bodice pares your waist to a minimum, then rounded hip flanges release a flourish of pleats in a skirt born to twirl. Shiny brass buttons gleam against a miracle cotton of multi-color tweedy dots on a gold ground. It's three-dimensional Linoweave by Everfast. The dress, in sizes 5-15. By Betty Carol for Mam'selle. Under \$30

Make it slim and plaid for fall. Rhonda Fleming wears a transition-plus dress of M. & W. Thomas breezeweave cotton plaid in green and yellow toned with gray, and looking for all the world like wool. It's smartly integrated into a beautifully slendered sheath with tabbed and buttoned bodice, a belted hip pocket that curves to the back. Star this as a dress that travels with aplomb through four seasons of the year. Sizes 5-15. By Arkay Jr. Frocks. Under \$30

Darling Marge Champion wears Thomas' gray on black diplomat-striped cotton tweed with a silky-hand plus durability and completely crease- and spot-resistant. The stripes are worked this way and that to do the very most for your figure. Slim tab detail streaks vertically down front, the bodice sparkled with white linen at collar and cuffs. One of the smartest lines of the season, sleek and trim down to the pleated flounce bottom. Sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort. Under \$30

The flattering Empire silhouette, interpreted here in muted tone-on-tone stripes of brown and black in a lightweight menswear type of woven cotton tweed by M. & W. Thomas. The V-neckline, underscored with slim calf belt, highlights a figure-shaping bodice that falls with easy princess lines into a gently flaring skirt. Sizes 5-15. By Jerry Greenwald. About \$29.95. It's a fashion hit with new film sensation, Shirley Jones, star of the long-awaited "Oklahoma!"

New cottons

know no season,

now move smoothly

out of summer

in striking star

designs like these

Buy these fashions at stores listed on page 82

FAIR AND COOLER

BY HARRIET SEGMAN



Joan's next picture is "The Virgin Queen"

Recent English import, Joan Collins, is considered one of Hollywood's fastest-rising young stars. Since the hot weather set in, she's also getting a name for herself as the girl with the private, built-in air-conditioning system. With her shining hair, clear, glowing skin and crisp, fresh grooming, she manages, always, to look as fresh and tempting as a lemon ice.

While disclaiming any special "equipment," Joan does admit that she's worked out a system for looking and feeling cool when the thermometer is blowing its top.

"Eating correctly helps a lot," she says. "I pass up rich, starchy foods in favor of fresh fruits, vegetables, lean meats, eggs and dairy products. It's good for the figure and complexion, too."

A regular soap and water fiend, Joan says, "I find a warm tub bath much more refreshing than a cool one. Warm water, you know, makes blood vessels dilate, so that internal heat can leave your body. A warm bath helps keep me comfortable for five or six hours."

After a twenty-minute soak, Joan wraps herself in the

biggest, thirstiest towel she can find and leisurely blots herself dry. "Rubbing heats you up all over again," she explains. To absorb all traces of moisture, so clothes needn't be tugged over a damp skin, she pats on a lavish dusting of bath powder.

For a complexion that glows, but doesn't "shine," Joan cleanses her face thoroughly three times a day. Because her face reddens from the heat, she freshens up between times with a cotton ball wrung out in cold water and moistened with skin lotion.

To keep her hair always soft, shining and wonderfully manageable, despite heat and humidity, she washes her hair every other day, follows her shampoo with a cream rinse and uses a hair spray to keep wispy ends in place.

A slave, she admits it, to the lure of fragrance, Joan wears perfume 'round the clock. She strokes it on her temples, neck, wrists, the bend of her elbows and behind her knees—wherever the pulse is close to the surface. "That way," she says, "the heat of your body makes the fragrance 'rise' so it seems to be a natural part of you."

Cooper's 21 and Terrific

(Continued from page 40)

my own judgment. Of course," Ben grinned, "I usually chose to do the show."

Child stars grow up in one of two ways. Either they gather their little false world around them and refuse to grow out of it when they reach the teens or they have the basic stability and intelligence to grow faster, learn much and mature beyond their age.

When, at eight, Ben gained the part of Harlan, the youngest *Day* boy, in New York's "Life with Father," the pattern of his life was necessarily changed. But with the supervision of his practical and loving parents, he was taught to make his own decisions as soon as possible, to look upon acting in the right light and to take his normal place with the fellows he played with. As a result, Ben never once went through the harrowing experience of being ragged about his acting by his schoolmates. His allowance of fifty cents was the same as theirs, he played the same kind of ball; enjoyed all their normal pleasures and indignations and shared his horse, Gypsy, with them.

Even at eight he showed the outgoing interest and deep perception that was to become so much a part of his personality. On his fifth night in the Broadway production, the prop man forgot to leave the catechisms on-stage. In an ad lib, Howard Lindsay as *Father Day*, asked Whitney to bring them. Then he turned to Ben playing Harlan and started to ad lib through the wait. "What," he asked, "would you like me to read you?" He could have cut out his tongue the minute he said it. What indeed does an eight-year-old boy want to read? Comics, of course. Young Harlan looked at his stage father and ad-libbed, "Gulliver's Travels, I think." On that night, Howard and Dorothy Stickney Lindsay proclaimed Ben a 'pro.'

Later in the run, another actor took Lindsay's place as *Father Day* for the summer. In the third act, while the family was seated around the breakfast table, the actor suddenly went blank. Ben was the first to see it. In a low tone, with his head down in his cereal, he cued the actor. The man picked up the line and remained blank. For the duration of the third act, young Harlan was unusually close to *Father Day*. He was giving the actor his part—line at a time. When the curtain rang down, the actor publicly, in front of the rest of the cast, thanked Ben. Age—smage—an actor had come to the rescue of another actor. Ben was indeed a pro.

At home, too, he was exhibiting the same instinctive good judgment and understanding. One night when Ben and his mother were having their usual after-theatre snack, she sent him up to bed while she cleaned up the kitchen. As Ben started up the stairs, he saw a huge shadow on the stair well. Looking up he saw his older sister, Bunny, leaning dangerously far over the top banister on the second floor. In an unearthly voice, she said, "Don't be afraid, Benny, it's only me." Ben realized she was walking in her sleep and ready to topple over the rail. Slowly and quietly he started walking up the stairs talking softly. He reached her, pulled her back to safety and led her back to bed. The next morning she didn't remember it at all. But his ability to master any situation without childish fear was proven.

It was the same when he and Danny, his best friend, went paddling out in the Long Island Sound in a kayak. As they lived two houses away from the Sound, Ben was on friendly terms with the ways of water. But both boys missed seeing a large ship coming until too late. The heavy waves from the ship's backwash turned

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the kayak over. Danny came up choking and sputtering. Ben swam to him and became wound up in a death grip. Slowly and easily he worked with Danny and finally, through his own lack of fear, eased the death grip. Then he pulled Danny and the kayak back to shore.

By this time he had grown, literally, into the role of *Whitney*, the second youngest son. During that period, he discovered the medium of radio. Or, rather, it discovered him. For inside a year, he was playing five running parts in daytime dramatic series and playing in top shows with top stars. He was working so much in radio that he finally made the decision to quit the cast of "Life with Father." By the time Hollywood beckoned, Ben had worked in thirty-three serials and thirty-two hundred radio shows.

At fourteen Ben had developed a social conscience that would put a lot of grown men to shame. At the height of his radio career, he was asked to go on tour with Bob Feller to combat juvenile delinquency. The Joe Lowe Corporation was a Popsicle company. They made their money from kids, but they wanted to do something for the kids in return. So they asked Ben to lose his own identity and become Popsicle Pete. Because Bob Feller was a sports hero and not inclined to speechmaking, Ben became his personal representative in the field. They gave monthly awards to kids who had done an outstanding service to the community. It could be saving a life or organizing a better Boys Town. Whatever the reason, the kid received a \$100 war bond and a gold medal. Ben and Bob went before club after club—Kiwanis, Rotary, all of them—to tell of what they were trying to do. In these meetings, Ben learned to speak easily for five or thirty minutes, according to the need. He learned to ad lib and, because he believed so completely in the project, there are thousands of men today who remember that earnest Popsicle Pete selling the good in kids.

It was inevitable that a day would come when Ben sat at the speakers' table of National Father's Day. Bob Feller had been proclaimed Sports Father of the Year. After a brief thank you, Bob turned the talking over to his side-kick and personal representative, young Ben. Bernard Baruch, Dwight Eisenhower, Drew Pearson and Jo Stafford shared the speechmaking with a fourteen-year-old Popsicle Pete that day.

In 1947 television reared its infant commercial head and Ben got in focus. He was as successful in tv as he continued to be in radio. During his teens he managed to do between two hundred and two hundred fifty shows, mostly leading parts, starring in some. His talent put him in shows like "Suspense," "Kraft Television Theatre," "Armstrong Circle Theatre" and "Fireside Theatre." The top-caliber shows were using only top-caliber actors; they could depend on Ben.

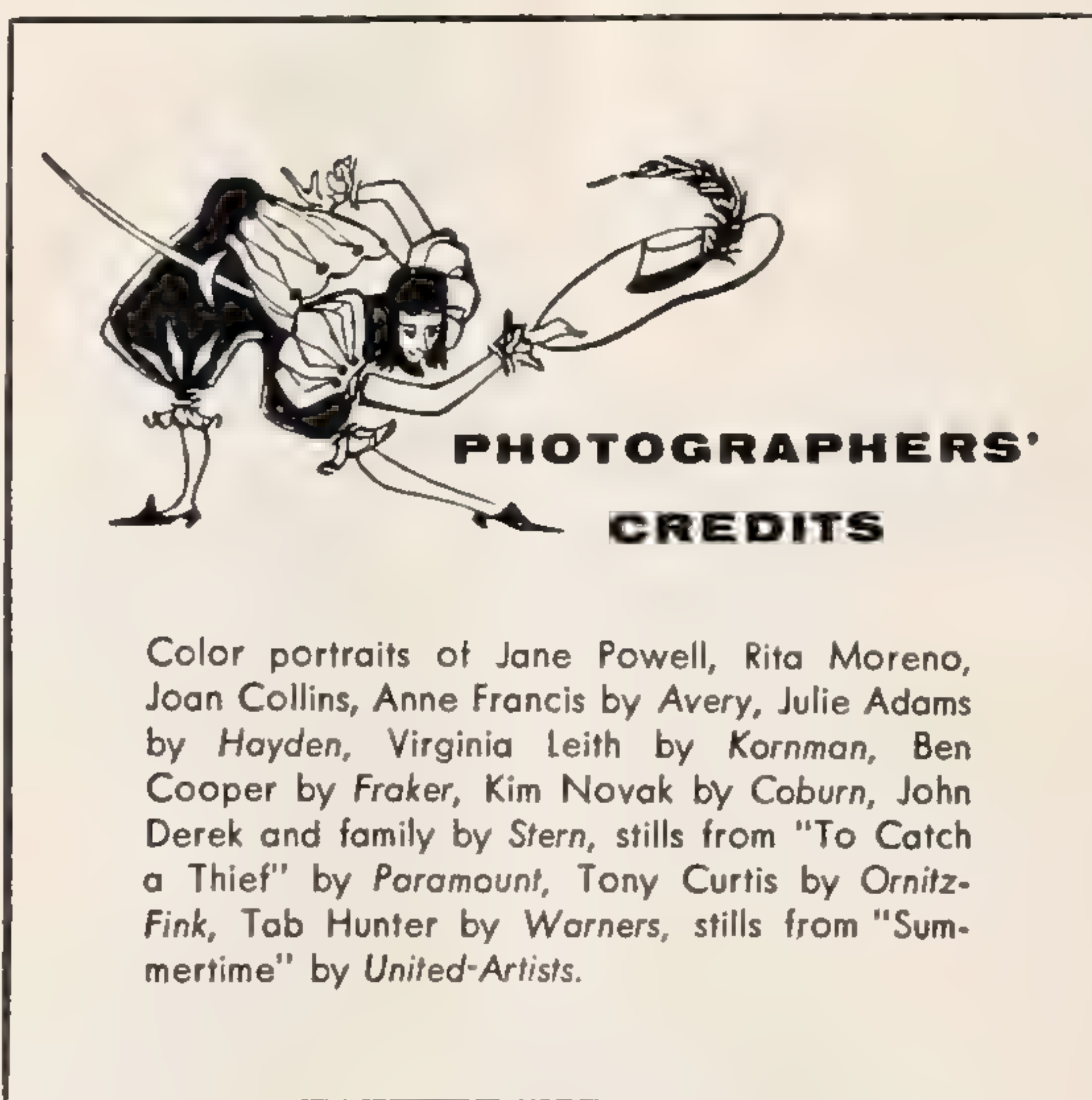
During this period he completed his studies at St. Luke's School and Lodge High School in New York and entered Columbia University at sixteen. "It was rough at first," Ben remembered. "I was with veterans and older students. They looked at me as if I were in diapers. It usually took about two sessions in a good class before they could accept me as one of them." Majoring in dramatic art during his two years at Columbia, Ben studied directing as well as acting. One of his instructors was Gertrude Lawrence.

His home life, too, was rich and rewarding. The Cooper home was always open to friends and more than half of the parties and dinners were at Ben's home. "Ever since I was young, younger, that is," Ben corrected hurriedly, "a wonderful home open to friends has been part of my life. I could always call and ask to bring two more home for dinner and always get a

happy okay." Between Ben's high school gang and college friends and his acting friends, the Cooper abode was happily and noisily occupied at all times—except Monday nights.

Monday nights Ben was with the troupe that went to a veterans' hospital. His social conscience and desire to reach out to others led him to entertain in that hospital and learn very much, very young. There he saw strong men weak and weak men become strong. He experienced in every way indirectly the aftermath of war. The mental wards were the most heartbreaking. The men there took care of each other. "One fellow couldn't remember to put his cigarette out. If he weren't watched, he would let it burn right through his fingers. These fellows wouldn't even interrupt a conversation to take his cigarette away. They just reached over at the right time and snuffed it." Ben sat with his memories for a minute, "Some of those Monday nights, I'd be so tired I'd hate to make the effort. But the minute I was inside that hospital I knew it was worth it. We'd all go out refreshed.

"Have you ever seen a bunch of actors not be able to say a word? It happened one night. One fellow in the mental ward hadn't spoken a word since he'd been there. We made a habit of conducting a talent show of the fellows on a tape recorder and



Color portraits of Jane Powell, Rita Moreno, Joan Collins, Anne Francis by Avery, Julie Adams by Hayden, Virginia Leith by Kornman, Ben Cooper by Fraker, Kim Novak by Coburn, John Derek and family by Stern, stills from "To Catch a Thief" by Paramount, Tony Curtis by Ornit-Fink, Tab Hunter by Warners, stills from "Summertime" by United-Artists.

playing it back later for them. Week after week the fellows sang, danced, read scripts and announced—all but one man who sat quietly alone. Then one night he suddenly jumped up, grabbed the mike and started singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street." He put his whole body and soul into singing that song. He was good, too. When he finished the ward broke into wild applause. They knew how much more than singing had been done. When we played it back, we were running out of time, so the fellows suggested we speed it up so we could hear him sing again. At the end of his recorded song, the gang joined in their own applause again, and the fellow sat there with tears streaming down his face. He wasn't alone. When we packed up and started down in the elevator together, no one said a word. How do you talk around a giant-sized lump in your throat?"

In 1952, the year Ben became nineteen, he was asked to serve as a delegate to the AFRA (American Federation of Radio Artists) convention. He accepted the nomination. He decided to join the anti-Communist campaign group. He took his stand with, "If a burglar breaks into your home, are you for burglar alarms and a well-manned police force? Naturally. But at that moment you must also be against the burglar. I am against Communism." Ben was elected and served on the committee that handled contracts with the studios. AFRA had served him well and fairly over

the years of his acting and he, in turn, felt the responsibility of serving AFRA. That he served well was proved the next year when, on a visit to New York from Hollywood, he was reelected and worked with the newly merged television and radio union, AFTRA.

"For years I prayed for a chance to act in pictures. I wanted to come to Hollywood in the worst way and," grinned Ben, "that's the way I would have come—the worst way. When I did get the bid, I was ready. With even my years of professional experience, my first try failed. I came out to test for Warners' 'Retreat, Hell!' When Russ Tamblyn got the part, I went right back to New York and television."

But Herbert Yates, Republic's president, saw the test of the New York cowboy galloping across the screen and decided to put him in his own stable. Fortunately, Ben's love of his pony, Gypsy, and his constant riding as a boy made him a "cowboy."

It was as *Turkey*, the youngster who was lynched in "Johnny Guitar," that the public discovered Ben. PHOTOPLAY and the studios were flooded with questions about him. A studio can only hope they have a star on their hands. The public makes the final decision. On Ben Cooper there was no hesitation, they decided. Ben's gamble in abandoning a successful career in New York for a chance in movies paid off.

So Ben settled down to living in and loving Hollywood. With his instinctive ability to make friends, he soon had a comfortable and congenial group using his apartment across the street from Republic with the Open Door Policy. Ben's an excellent cook. Be it two or ten for dinner, he can whip up a barbecued chicken with a special candy-coating sauce, chocolate cake and a chocolate sponge pie ("no ready-mix," he says proudly). After his guests are lulled into lethargy from very full stomachs, Ben will pull out his guitar and sing folk songs.

One night at Sterling Hayden's they were celebrating the finish of their picture, "The Last Command." Suddenly Sterling asked Ben to go home and get his guitar. After Ben left, Sterling said, "I've heard a lot of guys sing folk songs, but Ben's terrific. He should do his own show on television and make a mint." Ben returned with the guitar and proved Sterling right.

During the filming of "Johnny Guitar," Ben won an ardent fan and fast friend Joan Crawford thinks the sun rises and sets in Ben Cooper. "He's the dearest, kindest, most understanding man in boy's clothing I've ever met. My son, Chris, actually follows him around like a puppy in pure hero worship. Ben has spent many Sunday going to visit Chris at school with me. One Sunday he asked if he might give Chris a cowboy shirt he had loved as a boy. It was a beautiful shirt. When he gave it to Chris, Chris was so thrilled, he almost cried.

"I'll never forget his kindness on the 'Johnny Guitar' location," Joan said warmly. "I had Chris with me for a week. I happened to be the time of his birthday so I had a cake flown up for a party. It was big enough for a hundred. I knew Ben had planned to go to another party that night so when Chris stubbornly refused to cut the cake until Ben came, I was frantic. Then the door opened and there stood Ben, slicked up and ready. 'See,' said Chris, and promptly cut a piece of cake big enough for ten people and handed it with adoring eyes to Ben. Ben graciously gorged himself.

"After Chris went back to school Ben found out he wasn't writing me. So he wrote him a beautiful letter saying that when he was a little boy he hadn't written his mother as much as he should, but he knew Chris was better than he about things like that. It worked, too. Chris started writing.

"Along with being a wonderful huma

being," Joan said firmly, "Ben is the finest actor for his age of anyone I've ever met. His talent and sensitivity can't be held down. I think his home life with his terrific Mother and Dad and his divinely mad sister, Bunny, has created one of the finest representatives Hollywood is going to have in a long time to come."

Bunny, Ben's beautiful sister, has the same zest for living and lively sense of humor that Ben is endowed with. Both claim they get it from their parents. On her first trip out to visit Ben, Bunny (a New York model) decided to diet while here. "Of course, Ben met me at the airport with a report of the chocolate sponge pie (Mother's recipe) waiting for me at his place. He spoiled me horribly and I didn't lose an ounce." Since that first visit, Bunny has been spotted by the talent scouts and is waiting to hear about a contract at a major studio.

When Bunny decided to share Ben's apartment, the Cooper sense of humor created havoc with Ben's date life. Bunny would answer the phone sweetly and coyly. When it was a girl on the other end of the line, silence and confusion reigned. "Ben isn't here," his loving sister would say, "may I take a message?" After getting all the reaction she could from the uncomfortable girl, she would then explain that she was Ben's sister.

When Ben plays, he plays hard; and when he works, he works hard. When he won the coveted role of *Sailor Jack* in Paramount's "Rose Tattoo" over two hundred other actors, he settled into the job of earning his co-star billing with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster and Marisa Pavan. His impassioned scenes with Marisa will plant him firmly in the eyes of the public as a star. Thirteen years of experience went into his portrayal. One girl, lucky enough to see his screen test for the role, said, "It gave me goose pimples. He's for real."

Together with his youthful exuberance and vitality, Ben has the joy of living of the very young, and yet, can be father-confessor, brother, arbitrator at the drop of your mood. His maturity and wisdom have abruptly stopped many from starting to pat the head of the happy youngster he looks. He stands firm for the things he believes in and has strong moral integrity. Richard Carlson is already trying to get him on the board of the Screen Actors Guild. He knows that a youthful outlook in a mature mind, plus a deep sense of responsibility, will be an asset to SAG. And if Ben does join the board, he will give his whole heart to it as he does everything.

The boy who started life in Hartford, Connecticut, and spent his childhood on the Long Island Sound and the stages and studios of New York is fully aware of the contradictory parts of his nature.

"I have three questions always uppermost: Where are you going? Where do you want to go? How are you going to get there? I try to keep the answers to those questions straight and unconfused at all times. I realize that I am in the process of my basic attack of moulding my life. I'm forming patterns I want to retain. I want to live up to everything that's in me for myself and my family."

There's no doubt, at twenty-one, Ben Cooper talks and thinks like a man of thirty-five. There's also no doubt by those who know him, at thirty-five, he will not only be one of our finest actors, he will be a man the industry will be proud of.

THE END

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TUSSY *cream deodorant*

Your Face Savers

(Continued from page 61)

say the above experts, is to make it a rule to cleanse your face thoroughly—the Hollywood way. This is how: First, remove all traces of old make-up with cleansing cream. Apply a liberal amount to your face and neck in gentle, upward, circular motion. Then remove the cream with tissues and wash your face with warm water (never hot) and a mild soap. Use a face cloth that is rough enough to cleanse and stimulate your skin but not too harsh so as to irritate.

If your skin is dry, suggests Ben Nye, "Play down the soap and water routine, which tends to be drying, and do your cleansing with cream only. You might also wear a good night cream to bed and apply a little to your neck and elbows. However, if your skin is oily," Ben advises, "soap and water and plenty of it." The important point is to cleanse your face thoroughly before going to sleep at night and before every single new application of make-up. "A clean skin looks fresh and is easier to make up," says Ben from long experience. "The cosmetic blends evenly and gives a smooth, natural look."

"After cleansing, you're ready to apply your make-up," says U.I.'s Bud Westmore. "Begin, naturally, with a make-up base. And, for best results, apply the liquid or cream base with the tip of your finger in small dots, then blend evenly, using a circular motion, all over your entire face and neck."

When choosing a make-up base, select a shade that is a little darker than your natural skin tone. By using a base that is too light, the experts say, you can add ten years to your age since it shows up every flaw. A safe and simple way to choose the proper color, incidentally, is to apply a little on the top part of your hand. The proper tone should be a little darker than your skin.

After your foundation cream, Perc suggests the following order for applying other cosmetics: rouge, eyeshadow, then a light dusting of powder, eyebrow pencil, mascara and finally lipstick.

"For obvious reasons," says Perc, "rouge should follow the foundation cream, with which it must be blended; eyeshadow should be put on before you powder, lipstick after you've powdered and so on. It is most important to apply your make-

up in the proper order to eliminate the danger of blotchy make-up and a heavy made-up look."

Of course, the amount of make-up you use and the color depends upon your age and your coloring and face type.

According to Bill Tuttle, teenagers should use make-up sparingly. "Exactly at what age a teenager begins to use make-up varies with her maturity and what the other girls are doing. But usually at thirteen, or even twelve, most of today's junior misses want to wear lipstick. For them, I advise a very pale shade, preferably a coral shade, which looks more natural. A little cheek rouge can be used but it must be blended in very carefully, using a tissue to apply it in order to avoid a straight-line painted look. Lipstick and rouge should always be in the same color range. A pink lipstick demands a pink-tinted rouge, for instance. Later on, teenage towheads and redheads can use a little eyebrow pencil. But brunettes with dark brown lashes and eyebrows don't need any further eye accent. Teenagers can also use mascara—ever so lightly for evening occasions—but it must be applied only to the upper lash, never to the lower. And they should always use a brown pencil and mascara for the most natural results. A teenager should never, no matter what her coloring, use eyeshadow. It's a giveaway that this is a youngster who's trying to look grown-up.

"For teenagers who are going through a physical change and suffer skin problems, such as pimples or acne, a foundation cream is not recommended. While a base may not hurt, it definitely does not help the problem complexion," explained Bill Tuttle.

If you have any minor beauty faults, make-up can be helpful. Arlene Dahl makes a beauty spot of her mole. Anne Francis goes one step further and pencils hers, lest it be overlooked.

Wally Westmore says he doesn't know why girls want to hide their freckles. "They're cute," he insists. "But if you're freckle-conscious, stay out of the sun to begin with. Then, if you have them, go around with a nice, fresh scrubbed look and show them off."

"On some people," says Bill Tuttle, "freckles are very becoming." (Look at Kate Hepburn, Joan Crawford or Myrna

Loy. Their allure is legendary.) "But for girls who have complexes about freckles—and most of them do—a little light foundation is helpful. It will help subdue them. But don't ever try to cover them completely," he warns, "or your face will lose its individuality and look more like a mask."

For the girl who suffers over excess hair on her face, there are a number of good depilatories and waxes available which can be used safely and, in many ways, successfully. But these are temporary solutions. However, if you do use one, take special caution to read the label carefully to see if it can be used on your face. "The surest method of removing superfluous hair," advises Wally Westmore, "is by electrolysis. While it takes a little while to complete, the removal is permanent if done by an authorized and experienced person."

If acne's the problem, the encouraging thought is that this is temporary. Don't use creams on your face or cream base make-up. Wash your face frequently with soap and warm water. And use a little face powder if you like. The most important step for you, however, is to consult a good dermatologist.

"The most important complexion aid though is proper diet. Many sweets and rich foods are partly responsible for a lot of skin problems. So many of our young stars have gone through this period—Liz Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell. One soda fountain binge and their faces would break out," says Bill Tuttle.

"The lack of proper sleep can also affect a skin badly," Bill continued. "We find that when a star is working very hard with lots of overtime, her skin becomes very difficult to make up. It seems to repel cosmetics."

"Proper cleansing and lubrication, proper diet and plenty of sleep are necessary if you want your face to have a fresh and flowery look—the natural look that is today's new look!"

Older girls, too, should strive for a natural beauty look. Use all make-up, say the experts, but apply it cleverly. Blonds, above all, should make certain their make-up achieves a soft natural effect.

Blonds should apply rouge sparingly and make certain their costume harmonizes with the cosmetic coloring. Match the lipstick to the costume is what they do in the movies. An orange dress demands an orange lipstick.

Paramount's Wally Westmore says, "The reason blonds have to be so careful with their make-up is that they can look hard by using make-up which contrasts too much with their light hair and skin. They can best overcome an unnatural look by using a pastel base and never using black mascara or eyebrow pencil. Brown mascara is preferred—a brown with an amber, not a red, cast. If you're a blond, always consider the degree of contrast between your hair, eyes and skin and play it down. The lighter your complexion, the paler your lip and cheek rouge should be. If your hair and skin are very light, a light touch of eyebrow pencil and mascara is really quite sufficient. The worst mistake you can make is to wear too-dark, and too much mascara and eye pencil. Just look at Grace Kelly, she wears her make-up so discreetly that in all appearances, she looks like a natural beauty."

"Blonds like Marilyn Monroe, redheads like Arlene Dahl," says Ben Nye, "should use lip and cheek rouge in a red that leans toward orange. Otherwise, their skin looks sallow. If your skin tends to be sallow, choose a powder base with a pink



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nt and a lipstick and cheek rouge in a warmer pink."

"Some of our stars like to have highlights on the cheekbones and the tip of the chin, which gives a glossy look. In that case, powder can be used sparingly. When using powder, girls should never rub it on their faces, pat it, is the proper way. Powder, too, should never be much lighter than your base.

As for choosing eyeshadow, Perc Westmore suggests, "Brown eyeshadow for hazel, brown and black eyes. Blue-gray for blue, green and gray eyes. For most eyes brown mascara is the most attractive. "Never," say the Westmores, "use bizarre colors like purple, green, silver or gold. Keep to the natural colors and never apply eyeshadow with the same density over the entire lid. Start the first application at the lash line and blend it up and over the fullness of the eyelid delicately. Never use eyeshadow under the eye for it gives a theatrical effect. And if your eyes are small or deep set, use a minimum of eyeshadow or none at all in the hollow of the eye next to the nose. Remember, the function of eyeshadow is to define the eye and add contrast to the whiteness of the eyes."

"A full brow, such as Susan Cabot's, Julie Adams', is a beauty asset," says Bud Westmore. "If your brows are heavy and bushy, you must shape them. But never pluck from the top of the brow, always pluck from underneath, gently arching the brow and cleaning up widely separated hairs. Do not pluck any hairs between your brows or otherwise you will look as though you're frowning. Don't pluck too much either—your brows are passe."

Your eyes are shaped, clean and neat. Now apply your eyebrow pencil. In using the pencil, look straight into the mirror and make sure," warns Bill Tuttle, "that

the line of the brow is exactly parallel to the line of the eyelid. Start penciling right over the inside corner of the eye, beginning with very light strokes and deepening the stroke as you reach the center, which should be the darkest part. Then shade off again to the end of the brow. Lift the ends a little so they don't slant down and give you a tired look. The proper way to use a pencil is to make short, light hair strokes, not one continuous hard line which gives a harsh, drawn effect.

The recommended way to apply mascara, which is the next step in making up your face, is to gently pull out the eyelid to the side and upward. At the same time, begin applying the mascara freely to the entire top lashes. This will prevent the lid from fluttering. It is much better to use a minimum of mascara lightly, feathering the lashes a little at a time and building it up gradually. Have a clean extra brush handy. If the mascara clots, you can brush it out and separate the hairs. If your eyelashes are straight, curling improves them and makes them appear longer. It also makes the eyes appear larger. Janet Leigh always curls her lashes, which are long but straight. The trick of curling lashes is not to squeeze the curler too tightly too long, or the lashes will go upward but in a very unnatural way. Simply squeeze firmly for a few seconds before applying your mascara—that's all the time that is needed.

Your eyes are completely made up. Now to your lips: "Before applying lipstick make certain your lips are dry. Moist lips cause lipstick to roll and look caked. Lipstick should first be applied to the upper lip; then gently and firmly close your mouth, rolling the upper lip over the lower lip to give a proportionate outline on the bottom lip. Remove excess lipstick by pressing the lips with a cleansing tissue.

"And if you're trying to make your lips fuller," added Wally Westmore, "never carry the rouge too far over the normal lip line. I would say, not over one-eighth of an inch. A lipstick brush is excellent for applying lipstick, so if you can possibly get yourself one and learn to use it, you'll find the results worth the practice in the beginning."

As for lipstick colors, blonds should remember, if their skin and hair is light, the lipstick contrast should not be great. Stick to light shades.

And if you're a brunette? Well, take your beauty tip from dark Jean Peters, who off-screen, uses a lipstick in a true shade of red for daytime appearances, a bright, pinkish lipstick for evening, which looks simply stunning with a black costume.

"Many brunettes," says Ben Nye, "have an idea they should use dark lipstick." This is a mistake because it gives a sullen, heavy look. Mitzi Gaynor's one gal who knows how to wear make-up. Notice how natural and alive she always looks; Mitzi's learned a lot about applying cosmetics. Now that you've properly applied your make-up, take a look in your mirror. Notice the difference? You should be a 1955 natural beauty like Liz Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Janie Powell and Piper Laurie—all of whom have been praised as "natural looking beauties." Off-screen, they look as though they're hardly wearing any make-up. You know their secret. They accent their lips with natural-looking contours in complimentary shades and rely on a light dusting of powder or foundation to give that fresh bloom. But, after all, when you think about it, it's just plain smart sense to use make-up discreetly, isn't it? Why broadcast your secrets. Macy's never tells Gimbel's.

THE END

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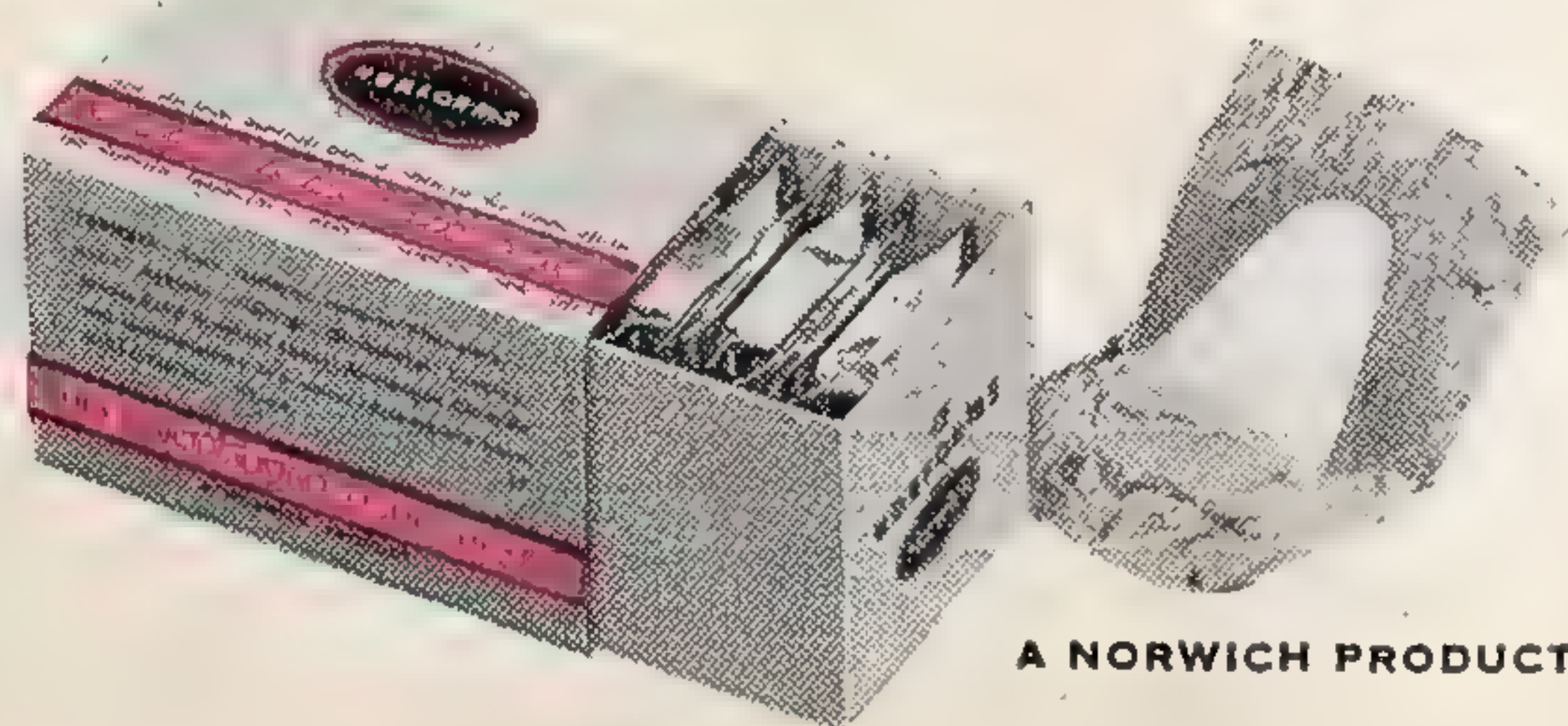
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(Continued from page 63)

January 29 and 30 and 31, and for a week or so before that, and a week or so after.

In a way it's crazy, because it shows how two people who had virtually everything in the world can get all mixed up.

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol fell in love at first sight, literally, and for thirteen magical years after their marriage they shared every waking moment, every sleeping night. They shared dreams. They shared plans. They shared fun. They had children. They had adventure.

Alan, who had been poor and unknown became rich and famous. As a kid, he practically never had a home, so he and Susie built a virtual palace in Hollywood, bought a fabulous ranch in the Valley. Alan loved horses, so Sue loved horses. Alan loved camping, so Sue loved camping. Like a lot of other rich people, they bought oil wells, but unlike a lot of other rich people, theirs came in. They traveled. Their kids were all handsome, healthy and intelligent. The whole family made numerous friends.

Perfect, that's what it was, the life of Alan and Sue Ladd. Absolutely perfect, until June Allyson and Alan began making "The McConnell Story" at Warners last winter.

When Hollywood first began hearing the whispers coming off that set they just didn't believe them. It was a good marriage between June and Dick Powell, everybody said. However the marriage between Alan and Sue had been so absolute in its fidelity and devotion, no one thought there could be "another woman." But the whispers persisted, grew louder, finally became common talk.

To complicate matters even more, radiant, young Carol Lee Ladd, who had been born Carol Lee Stuart, was about to be married to handsome Richard Anderson. Sue Ladd wanted her daughter's wedding to be perfect. She knew how the girl adored Alan. Thus, no matter what shadows were gathered around her personal life, Sue was determined that none of them should darken Carol Lee's most romantic ones.

As you undoubtedly remember, it was the wedding of the Hollywood winter season. The lavish Ladd garden and pool were transformed into a wedding chapel. Alan, incredibly handsome in white tie and tails, gave Carol Lee away. Small David Ladd was the sturdy little ring bearer. Alana Ladd was maid of honor. And there were ushers like Cary Grant and Laddie, Alan's handsome older son. There were pretty bridesmaids by the score and it was all vivid and exciting.

Because of the whispers, all eyes after the ceremony were upon June Allyson and Dick Powell, among the hundreds of elegant guests.

June and Dick danced together, congratulated Carol Lee, and still the gossip was not stilled.

There was, of course, a receiving line after the ceremony. Very erect and much slimmer than she has been for years, Sue Ladd stood next to her daughter, receiving congratulations and good wishes. Hours later, Sue saw the last guest to the door. She saw her daughter off on her honeymoon. A couple of days later, Alan gave out the statement that, yes, there was trouble between them. Which was why, by that following weekend, he and Susie were apart for the first time in more than thirteen years.

That weekend each of them behaved in quite characteristic ways, though they weren't aware of it at the time. Before parting they had not "agreed to disagree."

They had not decided to get a divorce.

They had reached only one decision. They would have a "trial separation." What they meant by that, neither knew. But in their most romantic hopes and fondest memories of the love they had shared, they little dreamed the separation would be only a matter of two days.

Sue went to Las Vegas. She was accompanied by her aunt and Alana. It was like Sue that she went to Las Vegas because she had always promised her aunt this trip and had not, until then, had the opportunity to get around to it. For herself, she would just as soon have been at the bottom of a well. She only knew she had to get out of her own house. Where out, she hadn't thought about. She had been avoiding thinking. But her instinctive practicality, combined with her equally instinctive thinking of other people's pleasure, made her take her relatives with her.

Alan went down to Rancho Sante Fe, to the home of two of his and Sue's closest friends, the Chester Roots. He didn't stop to think, either, that Rancho Sante Fe was where he and Sue had spent their honeymoon thirteen years before. He didn't stop to remember that he had never seen Lois and Chet except when he was in Sue's company.

Thus, while the Roots tried to be polite and not probing about the reason for this solo visit, Sue's name kept popping into the conversation. Just as at Las Vegas, Sue, running into the Bill Bendixes, the Dean Martins and virtually everybody she knew in show business, kept hearing Alan's name.

They had separated on Saturday. That dragged by. Sunday dragged by. Monday morning, Sue's room phone rang. The moment she heard Alan's voice, she asked,

"What's the matter with you? You sound sick."

"I feel like hell," Alan said. He waited. Then he asked, "Would you come down here, Susie?"

Alan has always done everything on impulse. Their new house in Palm Springs he bought, for instance, one recent morning while he was sitting in a drugstore finishing breakfast, while Sue was across the store buying magazines. He just got the notion to own a Palm Springs house after one week of living in that resort. It just happened to be sitting next to a realtor. And that was that, even though it cost involve many thousands of dollars.

So now he wanted Susie beside him on impulse. And Sue rushed down to Rancho Sante Fe, not on impulse, but with love just as she has always rushed with love to do anything he wanted to do.

Always. Let me digress one moment to smash a couple of statements too often said about Sue, which have never been true. She does not rule Alan or rule her life. But he does rule hers—and always has. What he wants to do, they do. When he wants to go, they go, sometimes in the middle of the night on a moment's notice. He doesn't like parties, for example, they stay home. He does like guests, they have them in scads. He hates telephone phoning, so Sue does all the phoning for him. He loathes detail, of any sort, so Sue has taken that over always.

And another thing: Sue was Alan's first agent before they married and it was his belief in him that got him his first big chance at Paramount. But the very day they married, she gave away the contract she had with him. Literally and deliberately gave it away to a much bigger agent. The reason for that was, first, because she believed Alan needed a much more important agent than she could ever be. The reason she made the contract gift is because she did not want to be in the position of earning money from her husband.

What further happened was that the second agent still insisted upon giving Sue a major piece of cash for this gift. Sue banked it and kept it, until several years later when she and Alan were building their Holmby Hills house.

Like most home builders they spent too much. They would have had to borrow at very stiff rates if Sue hadn't then come with this chunk of dough. She did though, most happily, tossing it into their home instead.

Thus, rushing to Rancho Sante Fe (where so long ago she and Alan had stayed on their honeymoon, with Bing and Dixie Crosby), Sue took one look at her husband and said, "We must call a doctor." She had little more than gotten the words out, when long distance called her a call following her down from Las Vegas which had originally been put in in Los Angeles. It was the news that David had come down with chicken pox—which, of course, was exactly what Alan had.

But, if you have ever been truly in love you know this was actually a happy emergency. For would anyone but a devoted wife love a man—and love him with extreme tenderness—when he was running a fever breaking out in blotches and unable to shave for a week?

They couldn't stay with the Roots, of course, with Alan not terribly ill but completely miserable. They snatched at the only house that was available and moved into it within the hour.

And there they talked while Alan's fever waxed and waned. They talked for the first time in years, with no children

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en, no servants, no producers, no phones, neighbors, no friends to interrupt them. d they discovered how wonderful it s to be alone, together once more, eat- the simplest food, having only a bed d a couple of chairs to dust, doing noth- really except falling in love again. As soon as Alan felt up to driving, they aded to Palm Springs for their second neymoon. Since it was the height of the son at that fashionable resort and since n still wanted to be alone with Susie, y had to take what they could get by y of housing, and what they could rent s the living end in nothing. Except that y were alone.

he house wasn't on a fashionable street the swank district. It had no furniture ept a stove and an icebox, and the first ht all they could rent was a couple of ling beds and some linen. They didn't es so much as a chair, and the only wers in the place were in the kitchen, that's where they put their extra hes.

ut that thing called love made it look utiful to them, regardless. Shall we go out to dinner?" Susie ed, the first night. Do we have to?" asked Alan. You relax. I'll go marketing."

he came back, with grocery bags up to chin. She thought she had everything n could possibly want—so he asked her creamed chipped beef. And she knew well enough to have bought chipped t, but along with the cream and the k and the butter and the eggs, she had otten flour.

Try the beef," said Alan, laughing. hich, of course, is what Sue did, and y ate it in bed, the simplest and most ortable meal they had had in ten rs, eating off paper plates with paper s.

here is nothing quite so beautiful and and timeless as a desert night. The tit of petunias and oleanders rises on air and it is all enchantment. ometime in the middle of the night, eral days later, Alan said, in that k-velvet voice of his, "I knew it wasn't good after one day away from you, Everywhere I looked, down there at ate Fe, I saw you. Everything I started o, made me think of you." "m glad."

he silence fell again, for a long time. n Alan spoke once more. "You know, ot you, Susie, that you are the only on who attracts me, that there will er be any one but you?"

he couldn't speak for a while. There ee too many tears choked back. Tears appiness, tears of recovery, tears of restored. Finally, she whispered, ere could never be anyone but you me, Alan. Never."

et's go home tomorrow," he said. ck home a new production was wait- for Alan at Warners. He went over to studio and discovered he had to fly to Francisco to okay a location. e has a weakness for Royal Copen- n china. On that fast trip he saw a le of Royal Copenhagen figurines in a window and went in to buy them. dealer refused to believe he was Alan ad and wouldn't cash his check. So Alan into a secret compartment of his wal- nd pulled out two \$100 bills.

hey've been his good luck tokens for s," Sue says. Her eyes alight with hap- ss, her figure slim as a teenager's. "He ys felt as long as he had those two nothing could ever harm him. But aday he spent them on a gift for me." u see it's all right with the Ladds n don't you? And isn't it crazy and derful that it is?

THE END



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(Continued from page 45)

stopped me in the hall, between classes, and spoke to me.

"A high school boy, mind you. Two years and two grades ahead of me, at the time of a girl's life when two years and two grades are so terribly, terribly important. There was a school picnic about to be held. I'd never before been asked to one. But this boy—a big man in his class in every way—said to me, 'You'd be fun to be with, Marilyn. So you be sure and come to the picnic. I'll save a place for you.'

"I was too overwhelmed to even speak. I just nodded agreement. He grinned at me, went on to his class. But as I stood there, practically overcome, a couple of girls who had always given me the iciest snubs, swarmed over to me. 'Oh, Marilyn,' they cooed, sweeter than a double chocolate éclair with syrup and whipped cream, 'Oh, Marilyn, you must come with our crowd to the picnic. We were just going to ask you to join us, when Bill did.'

"That was my first lesson in popularity, and I didn't like it, and I still don't. I didn't dare figure out why that boy had picked me out. I was afraid to think about it, for fear the miracle of it would vanish. But I saw through those girls as easily as looking through an open window. I was still Marilyn Novak, wearing my hair in tight French braids, wearing a high-necked, long-sleeved dress my grandmother had made, not owning a lipstick. But those girls now wanted me because a popular boy had put the seal of approval on me. Suddenly I was worth knowing, not because of anything I'd thought or said or done but entirely for an external reason."

Kim Novak, the girl who is generally conceded to be the fastest-rising young actress in Hollywood today, leaned back against the booth in the quiet restaurant. She's a real doll, this beauty, sensitive, intelligent, charming.

At this particular moment her extraordinary green eyes, under her fluff of white-gold hair, looked a little hurt in remembrance. She had the merest trace of lipstick on her mouth, no powder on her face and the dress she wore could not have been simpler—or more effective, as was proven by the number of gentlemen who kept finding excuses for going by our table and giving her long glances.

Kim took this attention demurely, her eyes downcast, but she looked up, smiling ruefully, when the men had passed. "See?" she said. "That's the same kind of

popularity, nine years later. Those men are not interested in me, as me. They are interested in the girl who now is called Kim Novak, and who has made a couple of movies which, fortunately, people liked.

"Don't misunderstand me. I like being recognized, and it's a big thrill, being a celebrity, even junior grade, the way I am. But I think the very first thing a girl must learn, particularly while she is still in her teens, is what's the why of popularity and what's the why of unpopularity and see what she should do about either situation.

"For instance, a girl must decide just how far she can go in adapting herself to other people's rules without losing her own individuality. Learning to go with some of the rules is part of popularity certainly.

"Take me. I was one of those shy kids. When I was really little, pre-school age, that is, I was so afraid of everyone that I'd hide behind our living-room curtains or, if strangers came in too quickly to make that possible, I'd hide behind my mother's skirts.

"I had a grown-up male cousin who didn't mean to be cruel, I'm sure, but he actually was. He'd come to our house, hunt all over for me, move the couches and chairs, if need be, and finally drag me from my hiding place. He'd bring me forth before the company and say, 'Tell me. Is this a boy or a girl?'

"I wasn't even in my teens, the first time I fell in love. The boy never knew it, because I didn't dare speak to him, and he didn't know I even existed. But I found out where he lived, and I went over to that section of Chicago, and then I saw his name written on the sidewalk I felt it was a mystic sign to me. I'd picked some flowers on the way over, from a garden I'd passed. I went up to the door nearest the sidewalk where his name was written and I left the flowers, a pure act of devotion on my part. Of course, since it was just his first name that was written there, it may well have been six other boys of the same name. But I didn't think of that then.

"I did crazy things like that, and never talked about them because at that time I just couldn't put anything into words. I was too shy.

"My mother believed every child should have music lessons, so I had some, both piano and voice. My teacher liked me, but her mother thought I was just terrible. She'd sit in the room while I took my lessons and shake her head, saying, 'Tch, tch,' under her breath all the time in dis-

approval. A couple of months ago, when I was making 'Phffft,' I looked up and saw the cameraman watching me, shaking his head and saying, 'Tch, tch.' Suddenly without warning, I began to cry. I didn't want to. The cameraman asked me what was the matter, and I was almost too embarrassed to explain. When I did, I laughed, and said he hadn't been shaking his head at me, but over one of the lights and the way it was shadowing the scene incorrectly.

"When a girl is naturally shy, it takes her a long time to realize that other people are shy, too, and that not everybody wants to hurt you. But if to cover your shyness you go to the other extreme and act loud and show-offy just to hide that you will appear to be a phony. In fact you are a phony.

"This is what I mean by protecting your own individuality and yet adapting it to certain rules." Kim paused again.

"There must be so many young girls bewildered as I was," she went on, "I never actually wanted to do anything that was false and I think this kind of idealism is common to many teenagers. I loathe the polite lies that make you say something that is pretty when you don't think it's actually. But on the other hand, I certainly didn't know how to make a graceful compliment of any sort. That's why today, I try paying at least one compliment a day to someone—a definite task to myself—that is when I feel it is deserved.

"There's a very fine line, as every girl knows, between sincerity and insincerity. But I think we also have to realize that some of our so-called sincerity is sometimes selfishness or even an unrecognized jealousy. Maybe you don't think another girl's dress is becoming to her just because you are jealous that she has a new one while you are wearing your last year's. Or maybe when your date comes calling for you he is wearing a sports shirt, let's say, that to your taste is perfectly terrible. But are you sure, when you tell him how awful that you aren't, maybe, just 'trying to take him down'? Or, in other words, 'trying to put yourself up'?

"I've found out a most wonderful thing about paying compliments," Kim said. "I'll confess that originally I began it to make boys like me better. I never quite lie and I still don't and, of course now I don't limit the compliments to boys exclusively. But, in my early teens, if my date was wearing something outlandish or took me somewhere outlandish, I wouldn't say it was just too, too adorable because that was a lie.

"Lots of people think that when you lie it shows in your face, and often it does. But I think one thing is always positive when you lie, it sounds in your voice. Haven't you often had somebody tell you something and you didn't know why, you knew it wasn't true? That's the something that comes in your voice, when you know what you are saying is false.

"But there is always something about everybody on which you can compliment him. Maybe the only very nice thing you can say about your date, for instance, is that he has big, strong hands. So, that. Or maybe he is more considerate than anybody else you know, or more punctual, or more something. One of the great, great things about people is that every single human being has his or her own distinction. Search out that distinction in your friends and compliment them on it. You're not being insincere when you do that. In fact you are being thoughtful and what really seems tremendous, to me, at least, is that with compliments, as with everything else

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turns out to be more blessed to give than to receive."

Kim shook her pretty young head thoughtfully. "As a fairly normal girl growing up," she said, "I just never could quite accept that statement even though it was from the Bible. I'd go to church and hear it and I knew I was the one at fault for not accepting it, but I'd sit there thinking, it is so much more wonderful to get presents."

"Yet, oddly and wonderfully, it was through learning to pay compliments that I discovered that it was more blessed to give, more blessed to you, I mean. Because when you do search out the nice thing about a boy or a girl or a relative or whomever and do compliment him on it, you feel the most terrific glow. He is made happy—but you are made happier and, in some way I can't quite understand, he becomes nicer to you, in your own mind."

"And, of course, you are much more popular with them from that point on. So that is one way that anybody can be good, kind and truthful and yet become very, very popular."

"And another thing is that while you are spending time thinking about how to say an accurate, original and nice thing about somebody else, you are forgetting yourself, your shyness and your self-consciousness. So you conquer that without knowing it."

"I remember," Kim said, "that one of the first boys I ever dated told me he had noticed me because I had such good posture. Now, my posture was due to my mother always making me and my sister sit up straight and 'walk tall.' I had done that simply because I had to, but that boy made me so happy telling me that my posture gave me distinctiveness that I promptly fell in love with him."

"I was always falling in love, anyhow. Before I was nineteen and had been discovered, I had fallen in love seventeen times, and fallen out seventeen times also."

"Which brings us around to the problems of dating," Kim gave a long serious look. (You can't be with this girl five minutes before you realize it wasn't merely her face and her figure, that got her "discovered." Nor was it merely good looks that made her score so definitely in "Pushover" and "Phffft." In one she played a cheap girl and the other a very dumb one and did them both superbly. Kim is that rare blend, a beautiful and sexy girl who has brains and sensitivity, too.)

"A fellow re-dates a girl because she's fun to be with," Kim went on to explain. "And a girl should remember this. Popularity doesn't depend upon sitting in a parked car."

"Which is why you live in Hollywood at the Studio Club for girls only?" I said.

"Partly," said Kim. "Partly I live at the Club because I'm still scared of the dark and I'd be afraid to be alone at night in my own apartment if I had one. And partly I like living in a Club where things are easily taken care of, since I'm so busy, not alone with my work, but with acting classes four nights a week, diction classes two nights a week, singing lessons every day, dancing lessons every other day."

"Right now, for a year or so at least, I'll be too busy to fall truly in love. I do want to, though, to marry and have children."

"Now, any man who dates me from the Studio Club knows I'll meet him at the door, and say good night to him there—and that's that. But from my angle, I know he knows that, too, so I know he's not a wolf—but a very nice human being. See?"

Kim stood up, and every eye in the restaurant focused on her, her sensitive, flowerlike face, her lovely figure. What I saw was that she is very, very good and very, very popular.

THE END

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(Continued from page 39)

wall! . . . It's quite a triumphant return for Yvonne DeCarlo who started out as a stock girl at Paramount and never got out of the cheesecake department. Her dream during those days was to wear clothes designed by the talented Edith Head. Now it's happening for Yvonne who plays Sephora, wife of Moses in C. B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments."

Ray Milland tested twenty girls before he chose Mary Murphy to play the lead in "The Gunman," his first directorial effort. Mary had to bleach her hair for the role, which she didn't mind a bit. But boy friend Dale Robertson made her promise to *dye* for him the second the picture was finished! . . . And when they tested Joan Collins for "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," the studio was afraid she wouldn't sound like an American. "Fiddlesticks," snapped the beautiful Britisher, "just get a load of this." And then she humorously cracked: "Twenty-three skiddo and, Oh, you, kid!" . . . Someone asked beautiful and talented Virginia Leith how she felt about being surrounded by so many handsome he-men in "Violent Saturday." Quipped the gal who's really going places: "Decisions—decisions—decisions!" . . . Rita Moreno certainly made it plenty "hot" for Oreste Kirkop who screen debuts in "The Vagabond King." The famous Maltese singer had never tasted Mexican food. So his sultry co-star tossed him a tortilla and tamale jamboree at her favorite Casa Escobar!

At the Moment: Marilyn Monroe is still number one at 20th in the fan-mail department. Her fans remain fanatically loyal . . . Piper Laurie fled to New York to escape reporters. (ESCAPE!!) Since Private David Schine filed an unsigned marriage license at Anchorage, Alaska, no-marriage-minded Piper hasn't had a moment's peace . . . Take it from Cal: Lori Nelson won't announce her engagement to Tab Hunter—not ever!

Down Romance Lane: According to an inside source, Grace Kelly's now convinced Clark Gable is Kay Spreckels' permanent property. So Gracie girl is turning her eyes in another direction—and Marlon Brando is right in the line of vision! . . . But the sweetie who's sending all the local lads is blossoming Marisa Pavan. Richard Egan, Robert Francis and Russ Tamblyn have her private phone number. James Dean is smitten, too, but in his case maybe she just reminds him of the gal who got away—Marisa's twin sister, Pier Angeli!

Family Style: For her role of a social jazz baby in "Pete Kelly's Blues," Janet Leigh wears a 1927 bugle-bead gown that weighs 40 lbs. Every time she takes a step she drops a bead. So Tony Curtis refers to his wife as—Gypsy Rose Leigh! . . . And guess who's telling Guy Madison the facts

of life—the facts of life as a father that is! None other than Andy Devine, his tv buddy-buddy in "Wild Bill Hickok." Shy Guy wants to be the best father in the world. So each night he writes down questions to ask Andy (his sons are 13 and 18!) the following morning on the set.

Sleeping Beauty: Elizabeth Taylor's first day out since her baby was born, she went to Warners where George Stevens (he'll direct her in "Giant") gave a luncheon for her. Red roses marked her place, plus an alarm clock from Michael Wilding who knows how much his beautiful wife hates to get up in the morning. "You haven't met your co-star yet," said Stevens, calling over James Dean. "Wanna buy a motorcycle?" was the way inimitable Dean acknowledged the introduction. "No thanks," laughed Liz, "I have a Cadillac." Deadpanned Jimmy: "How many rooms?" And then he walked away.

Peroxide Parade: Doris Day's first trip to England is undoing all the damage done previously by some of our snottier stars. Wanna know what impressed the reserved Britishers most about Do-Do? Those blond streaks in her hair, her freckles and her colorless nail polish! . . . And wisecracking Sheree North on the "How to be Very, Very Popular" set, took one look at Noel Toy, the Chinese beauty with the hip-length hair. "Watch it, honey," cracked the bombastic blond, "or they'll bleach it before you get out the gate!"

According to Cupid: Jane Wyman in a burst of confidence, admitted Gregory Peck and Rock Hudson were the most desirable dates in Hollywood. Well, Janie and Greg did get together at a couple of parties in Palm Springs, but after Veronique Passani arrived in town she exercised her priority claim on Peck. However, there are no romantic strings attached to the Rock. He loved making movies with Janie and of late he's taken to dropping by her Bel Air home at odd hours. Serious? Perhaps. Congenial? And how!

What Price Glory: Arriving home late, William Holden dashed upstairs to say good night to his sons. For years they've had a picture of their famous father hanging on the wall. But now in its place staring back at Bill was—George Gobel! When the Holden family appeared on Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" show, young Scott and West impersonated the famous tv comedian. He happened to be watching, so he sent a thank-you letter and a picture on which was written: "You can't hardly get your kind of fans no more!" It was signed—Lonesome George!

Visiting Fireman: Robert Wagner's daily appearances at M-G-M started rumors flying from every direction. One columnist reported he was being borrowed for a

super-colossal epic. Another said he was visiting Elaine Stewart. And a third joker had an "inside tip" that M-G-M was buying his contract from 20th. Now *why* didn't someone check with the ol' boy? Cal did and Bob replied: "I'm taking dramatic lessons from Gertrude Fogler. She's a great coach and I want to keep learning more about my job."

Births, Marriages, Divorces: Guy Madison raced the stork back from location and was right there in the father's waiting room when daughter Bridget weighed in at 4 lbs, 2 ozs. . . . Terry Moore was in Paris making a movie, Johnnie Ray was opening at the London Palladium. Mix well together, add one press agent and let it come to a slow boil. "I'm crazy about the guy," says Terry. "Could be marriage," says Johnnie. "Ho-hum," says Cal. . . . Tongues wagged all over again when Lana Turner showed at the sneak preview of "The Sea Chase" with a "stranger." Just to enlighten the rumor rousers, the "stranger" was Del Armstrong, who is Lana's studio friend and make-up man. Lex had flown East to see his ailing father.

Doggy Tale: Between takes on "The Bar Sinister" set, they were discussing Wildfire, the new canine star of the show. "Whatever happened to Lassie in pictures?" inquired Jarma Lewis. "She began to get circles under her eyes," deadpanned Jeff Richards, "so they had to replace her!"

Did You Know: That Alan Ladd inadvertently is responsible for Jack Webb's fabulous career? He had an excellent role in "Appointment for Danger," but Alan was the star, so the producer left Jack's footage on the cutting room floor. And that's how the now-famous "Dragnet" was born. . . . And back in 1951, when Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis made a picture called "Sailor Beware," a shy, curly-haired actor of no particular distinction, played two scenes with the comedians. The studio used one, but cut it to the bone. Four years later this same actor made a much better impression. You saw him in "East of Eden." His name? James Dean!

Production Blues: So Audie Murphy gave in and son Terry Michael played his youngest brother in "To Hell and Back." Then mother nature got so noisy on the farm where they worked, the three-year-old actor had to return to U-I and loop his lines. That's repeating 'em on a separate sound track! . . . Now hear this! When Liberace did a make-up test for "Sincerely Yours," they discovered his pearly white teeth flashed back and now they have to under-light 'em . . . Dick Powell directing June Allyson in the remake of "It Happened One Night," made a pre-production agreement. All studio business will be conducted at the studio. At home it has to be strictly Mr. and Mrs. stuff! . . . The honeymoon may be over, but Jimmy Stewart refused to go to Africa for Alfred Hitchcock's "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (with Doris Day) unless his wife Gloria accompanied him. Hollywood could use more husbands like James!

This-a and That-a: Tip to natural red-heads: Piper Laurie's personal physician advises no more than five minutes daily to acquire that summer tan. . . . Adoring fans (who Bob Francis would like to strangle!) wrote "I love you" in black crayon all over his white Cadillac! . . . Handsome, virile Barry Coe is the new hope at 20th—and remember Cal warned

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you! . . . Barbara Rush is the life of the party doing her impersonation of Rock Hudson. . . . Out of thirteen pictures, Jack Palance was forced to die ten times! . . . When the Humphrey Bogarts were married ten years, Bogie gave "Baby" a tin can—with a gold clip in it! She gave him a new tin-is racquet. Ouch!

Eyefuls: Jeff Hunter playing the Indian in "White Feather" had to wear contact lenses and they all but killed him. Now the poor guy has to wear 'em again in "Seven Cities of Gold." . . . But inimitable director William Wellman decided to be novel and have a blue-eyed Chinese girl play opposite John Wayne in "Blood Alley," so Anita Ekberg, the statuesque Swede, didn't have to wear contact lenses after all! . . . And while we're making with the eyes, Burt Lancaster designed himself special driving glasses with pig-skin covered frames. His optometrist was so taken with the original idea, he's stocking up a supply for future customers!

Joiner-Uppers: Rock Hudson has another new fan club. There are only four members, but what enthusiastic ones! The rave wave started when the tall man was guest star on "I Love Lucy." And Lucy, Desi, Vivian Vance and Bill Brawley love Rock, who hung around all day to watch them work. He appeared on the show to plug his new U-I picture. But Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were so grateful for Rock's cooperation, they presented him with a new color tv set!

For Men Only: Tony Curtis is the first Hollywood actor to order those new pencil-slim, leg-fitting slacks with sixteen inch cuffs. But Howard Keel says, "Who wants to look like a weenie in tights!" . . . And Rory Calhoun ordered black linen slacks from Rick Byron's in Beverly Hills. Instead of the usual zipper, they lace on corset style in contrasting white. . . . Marlon Brando on the "Guys and Dolls" set, admired those wedgewood cuff links that Frank Sinatra wears in several shades. Frankie boy went right to the phone, ordered a pair for Marlon and picked 'em up coming to work next day!

Laugh Lines: It's Montgomery Clift's description of a femme fatale he met recently: "She's the kind of girl you'd take to meet your mother—providing your father wasn't home!"

Bachelor Headaches: Though Tab Hunter's getting a big boot out of furnishing his first apartment, he only owns a bed, stove and refrigerator. That's all his budget allows! . . . George Nader's having his house wired for sound (music!) while he's away on the "Away All Boats" location. And he had to hire a maid to drop by each day to feed his cat that just had kittens! . . . When he was dropped by U-I for refusing a small role, it looked like the Race was over for Gentry. Now skies are blue again, because M-G-M is talking term deal.

Homing Pigeons: Audrey Hepburn, in a letter to the Bill Holdens, confessed she's lonely for Hollywood. This little Audrey never thought would happen to her! . . . And Eva Marie Saint is anxious to spend the summer and make a movie here. But she wouldn't head West without the new baby and her tv director husband who works in the East. Wonder if we'll be seeing little Eva? . . . We know we won't be seeing Ava Gardner for many a month, because she's rented a house in Spain. Whatever she's searching for, here's hopping Miss Wanderlust finds it!

THE END

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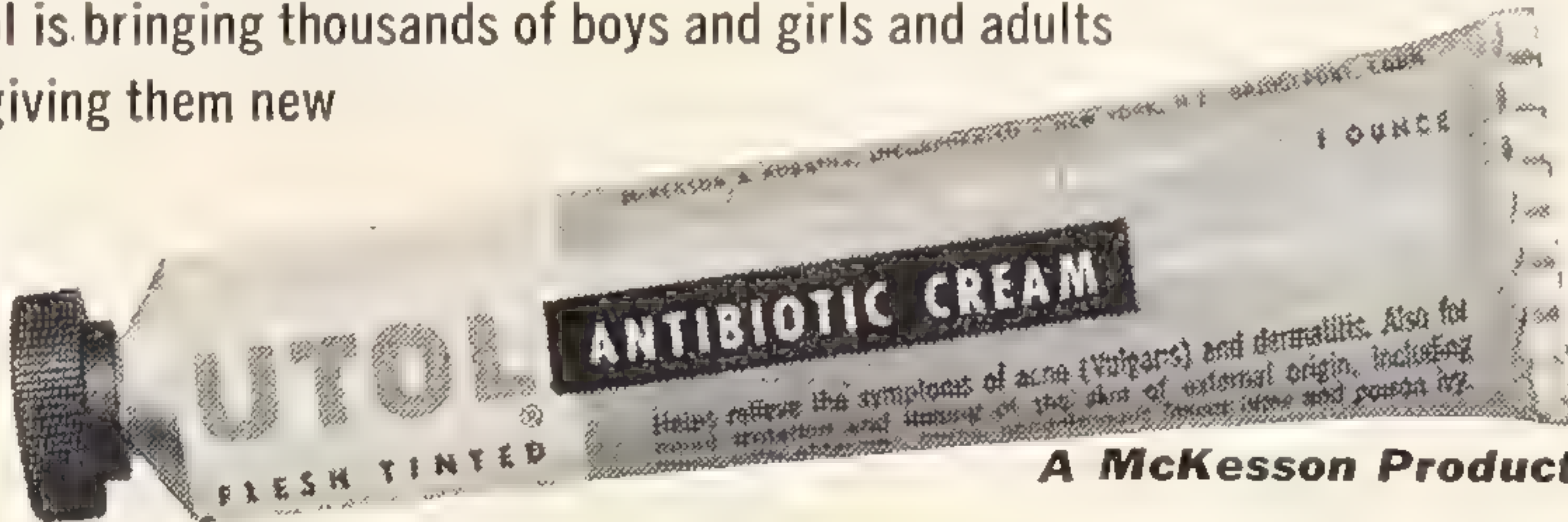
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Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued from page 70)

of James Cagney, who was invited to Rollins to receive an honorary degree. The College was making him a Doctor of Humanities—Jimmy Cagney, who had once pushed a grapefruit into his leading lady's face! But the Public Enemy of the Thirties had grown into the *Yankee Doodle Dandy* of the Forties, and now, in the Fifties, was hailed as one of Hollywood's greats.

To fifty-some students in the Drama Department, it was the chance of a lifetime. If anyone could give them the real low-down on Hollywood, it was Jimmy. He had been there in the old days, and he was still there—still a star. What's more, he was also a producer and a former president of the Screen Actors Guild. But best of all, he had promised he'd sit down with them and try to answer all questions. How he had broken into pictures and how could *they* do it today? What were their *own* chances of ever becoming stars?

He was celebrating his twenty-fifth year in motion pictures and the completion of his fiftieth film, but the man who arrived on the campus at Winter Park, Florida, was still young. His hair was still red. His step was springy enough to make professors vow they'd start exercising in the college gym—first thing tomorrow. And you had to search his face for a line or wrinkle under that mass of freckles.

Jimmy had been in pictures before the fifty young "dramats" were even born. All of them, however, had seen his Academy Award-winning performance as George M. Cohan, the famous song-and-dance man, in "*Yankee Doodle Dandy*." In fact, that was the first thing they asked about. They wanted to know how Jimmy had approached the character, since Cohan was as "loaded with mannerisms" as Cagney himself in the early days.

Jimmy grinned, amazed at how alert and serious-minded these students were. Mostly twenty-two, they had been ten or twelve when "*Yankee Doodle Dandy*" was first released in 1942. Yet, even then, they had been studying motion pictures as an art form as well as an entertainment medium.

"It wouldn't have been Cohan," he replied, "not without the mannerisms. So whenever I was playing him on-stage, doing one of his song-and-dance numbers, I flew all over the place. But off-stage, in the scenes depicting his private life, I played him straight. I didn't want the impersonation to get in the way of the performance. You see, first of all, Cohan was a human being—then a performer."

In his own life, too, Jimmy has insisted upon being a human being first—then a performer. All the glamour that attaches to him as a Hollywood star is by virtue of his acting on-screen, not off. In private life, he is strictly a family man. He and Billie (Frances Willard Vernon) have one of the town's most successful marriages, simply by making their life together a "fifty-fifty proposition." They met when both were in the chorus of the Broadway musical, "*Pitter Patter*." Married on September 28, 1922, they have been working together ever since, first in vaudeville, then operating a dancing school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and now as farmers. They not only live on a ranch in California's San Fernando Valley, where they raise trotting horses, but commute to a two-hundred acre dairy farm at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

The Cagneys have never been part of Hollywood's night life. A columnist recently asked Jimmy where he had been keeping himself since he hadn't seen him in ages. "I like it at home," he replied. And *home*, to the Cagneys, means James,

Jr., aged sixteen, and daughter "Casey," aged fifteen. It means quiet evenings with good books, good music and good friends. It also means time for Jimmy's special interests. He draws a bit. "But then, who doesn't?" he asks. He dances daily, not only as a physical conditioner "to take off lard and improve the wind," but "to get up new routines—you can never tell when you'll need them." In addition, he experiments with barnless farming ("When you don't have to build a barn, you save money,") crossbreeding cattle and is something of an authority on soil conservation.

The world itself has always been more exciting to Jimmy than Hollywood, and how he lives, more important than how he makes his living. But the one affects the other. The kind of actor you are, the quality that determines whether audiences like you or not, depends not so much on mannerisms or tricks of techniques but on what kind of human being you are. And that's why, when the students wanted to know the first step in becoming an actor, Jimmy made a gesture that included the entire campus and said: "Get this early stuff behind you as quickly as possible." College is only a preparation. The important thing is life itself.

If the students seemed surprised, it was because they had heard Jimmy's speech when he received his honorary degree. Speaking on conservation and what it means to the South, he not only traced this history of conservation from the end of the Civil War but knew what conservationists are doing today and what still remains to be done. Surely someone who had made a scholarly speech like that wasn't going to underestimate education!

Jimmy smiled. A fond smile, for he was thinking of Mama and how proud she would be if she could have seen him made a Doctor of Humanities. She had insisted that all her children have fine educations. As a matter of fact, Jimmy was only eleven when she made him go with her to a lecture at the East Side Settlement House in New York. The subject of the lecture didn't matter; it was learning. But the speaker happened to talk about conservation, which explains Jimmy's lifelong interest in it. Hearing the lecturer describe how the Dust Bowl was covering up orchards, young Jimmy resolved that one day he'd go to agriculture school.

But he was only to complete one semester of college. He had been attending Columbia University, working at night to pay his way, when his father died, leaving his mother with four sons and a baby girl. As the second oldest child, Jimmy felt it was up to him to help support the family. He quit college, but like any actor who hopes to grow in stature, he has continued his education all his life. And he has learned from personal experience as well as from books.

No, Jimmy was not one to underestimate the value of an education. But for an actor, time is of the essence, and the sooner these students got started, the better. College is a fine background for any career, but acting is something that can't just be studied. It takes practice and experience.

"Go out where it's being done," Jimmy advised, "and go and do it."

And he didn't mean Hollywood either. He recalled the time that he and Billie, in their vaudeville days, were stranded out there. Jimmy tried every studio—the same studios that now compete for his services. But then, they weren't interested.

The same is true now. You don't get started in a movie career by knocking on casting-office doors. Hollywood must come to you—and it still does—but not till you're

ready. And when is that? When you've learned how to package your talent so attractively that someone wants to buy it. Like any kind of merchandising, it takes more than the quality of a product to sell it. It takes displaying that product to the best advantage. And this is something you can only learn from experience, by testing your talent in front of all kinds of audiences.

Clark Gable had the same experience as Jimmy in Hollywood. When he was working as an extra at \$7.50 a day, no one "discovered" him on the set. No producer recognized that here was movie material. It wasn't until he worked his way up from stock to the Broadway stage that Hollywood found him playing *Killer Mears* in "*The Last Mile*." And even today, the Marlon Brandos are recruited from the stage. The Charlton Hestons and James Deans are discovered, not in college plays, but on television.

The problem, of course, is getting started. But it can happen right in your own home town. If you sing, dance or do an act, you can try your local radio and television stations. You might have to work for nothing, at first, but at least it's a start. And then there are the big amateur television shows on national networks that recruit talent from all over the country. If your town has a little theatre group, that's as good a place to start as any. It doesn't have to be the theatre or television, however. Esther Williams was a swimmer. Doris Day sang in a dance band. The important thing is getting out where your talent can be seen, then working your way up—improving your talent—so that more and more people *want* to see it.

To do this, you will have to make your own breaks and your contacts. In show business, contacts are a must. But they don't have to be big shots. They can be other people, like yourself, also interested in acting. Jimmy, for example, got his first big break—a part in a Broadway play—because Victor Kiliam, an actor friend, arranged an interview with the producers.

Yes, but how did he get started in the first place?

Jimmy smiled. "I got my start wrapping packages in Wanamaker's department store," he replied.

This time, the contact was a friendly salesman who had connections in vaudeville. Through him, Jimmy got a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job as a female impersonator—the act used six boys as chorus girls. Jimmy had never taken a dancing lesson in his life, but he picked up the steps quickly. He has been picking them up ever since.

"I'm a hooper," he claims. "I've always been a hooper."

It was his acting, however, that first brought him to Hollywood's attention. In 1930, Jimmy and a young girl named Joan Blondell appeared in a play called "*Penny Arcade*." It turned out to be a hit, and Al Jolson bought the screen rights. When he sold them to Warners, Jimmy and Joan went along with the package, repeating their roles in the film version, re-titled "*Sinner's Holiday*." After a long and successful career at Warners, Jimmy eventually rebelled at playing nothing but hoodlums. "I'm sick of carrying a gun and beating up women," he declared, and formed his own producing company with his brother, William. Together, they made such pictures as "*A Lion Is in the Streets*," and "*Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*."

So, when Hollywood insists that times have changed, Jimmy—as a producer—is quick to agree. Times are tougher than ever, what with rising costs and competition from television. But for actors,

things couldn't be better. There are now more community and summer theatres than there were when Jimmy started out, and many of them now operate on a professional basis. And television has helped immeasurably, using a constantly increasing number of actors. It is not only a training ground, but provides a perfect showcase for Hollywood. There is not a motion-picture producer or director on the West Coast or the East who doesn't watch television regularly for new talent. As for the Broadway stage—that spawning ground for so many picture stars—even that is a much more comfortable place to be now that television is giving so many of its actors a steady livelihood.

There is still, however, no easy road to stardom. "It's a rough business," Jimmy insists, "because it depends too much on circumstances—circumstances outside your control." It means working your head off so you're ready for a lucky break—if it comes. And, sometimes—going hungry.

"But don't write any of those letters home. You know the kind—Dear Ma and Pa, Please send . . ."

The fifty students smiled back at Jimmy. Yes, they knew the kind.

"It doesn't work," Jimmy said, "getting help from home. You do better on an empty stomach."

He wasn't advocating going hungry for art's sake, but rather for life's. An empty belly will make you take any kind of job—so you can eat. But learning how to do that job is what builds up your confidence as a person and marks the beginning of your *real* education as an actor; that's how you learn about life, people, yourself.

When Jimmy was starting out, "There was no such thing as being choosy—and it was nothing to work twenty-six hours straight." As a boy, coming from a working family, he worked nights after school and during summer vacations, "And every penny of it went into keeping a family of five kids in hand-me-down clothing and not-very-fancy groceries." Even after he had broken into show business, during lay-offs, Jimmy took any job he could get. "It didn't matter what kind—anything to eat and to learn how to do it." As a result, in addition to being a dancer, actor and professional farmer, Jimmy has also, at one time or another, been a copy boy, a racker in a pool room, a bellboy in the Friars Club, a Stock Exchange runner in Wall Street, a book handler in the public library, a switchboard operator and a waiter in a tearoom.

"When I was ham-and-egging around New York," he recalled, "I'd try anything. I remember they needed someone for a vaudeville sketch and could pay sixty dollars a week. 'You can't take it,' my friends told me. 'What do you know about vaudeville?' 'Nothing,' Jimmy admitted, 'but on the other hand, how do I know I can't do it?' That's the principle I've been working under ever since."

So he told the fifty young hopefuls at Rollins College, if you really want to be actors, "Go out where it's being done—and go and do it." And if you're determined to be a star in motion pictures, never give up—never say die. Even age has nothing to do with it. You can be an unemployed actor, not make a picture in two years, and then suddenly . . .

Jimmy winked. In the past twelve months, he had completed four big pictures for three different studios—starring roles as varied as the tyrannical captain in "Mister Roberts," the western sheriff in "Run for Cover," George M. Cohan in Bob Hope's "The Seven Little Foys" and Marty, The Gimp, in Doris Day's "Love Me or Leave Me"—the story of Ruth Etting. At fifty-one, Jimmy Cagney is the hottest bet in Hollywood today.

THE END

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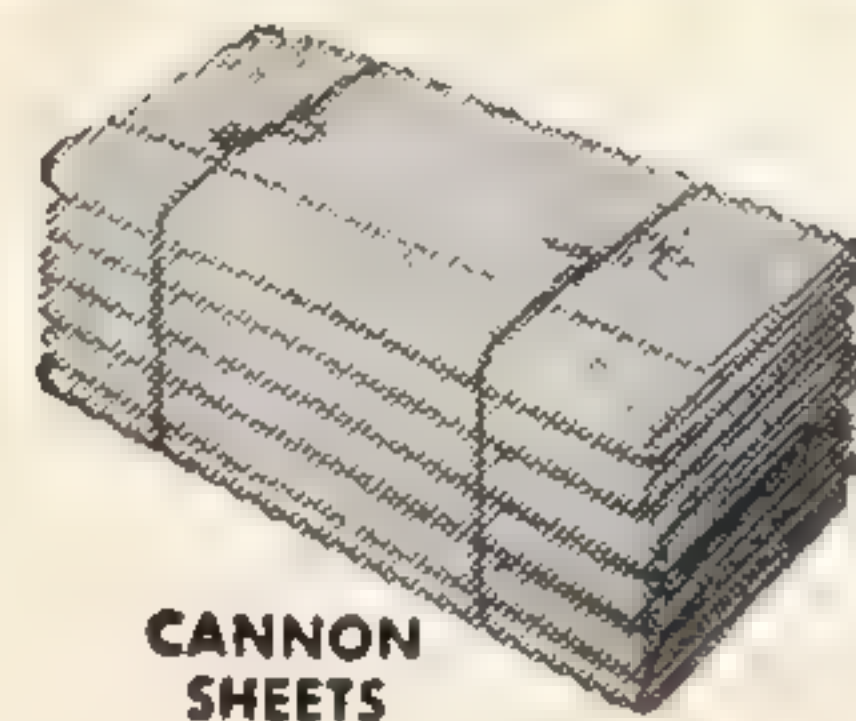
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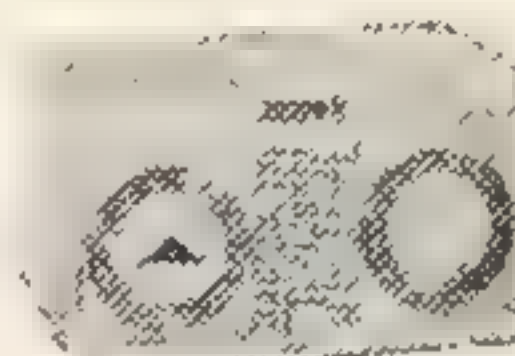
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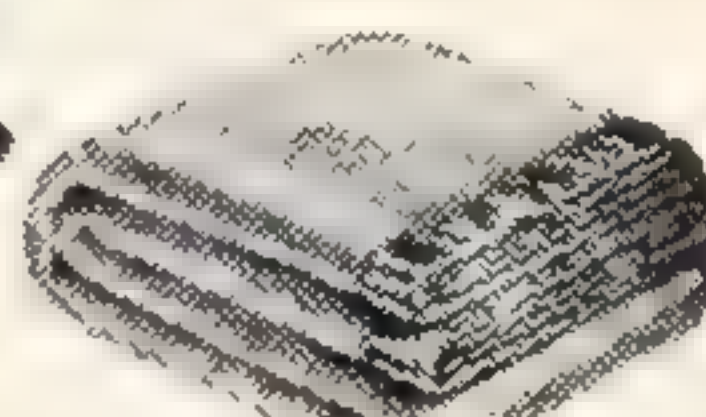
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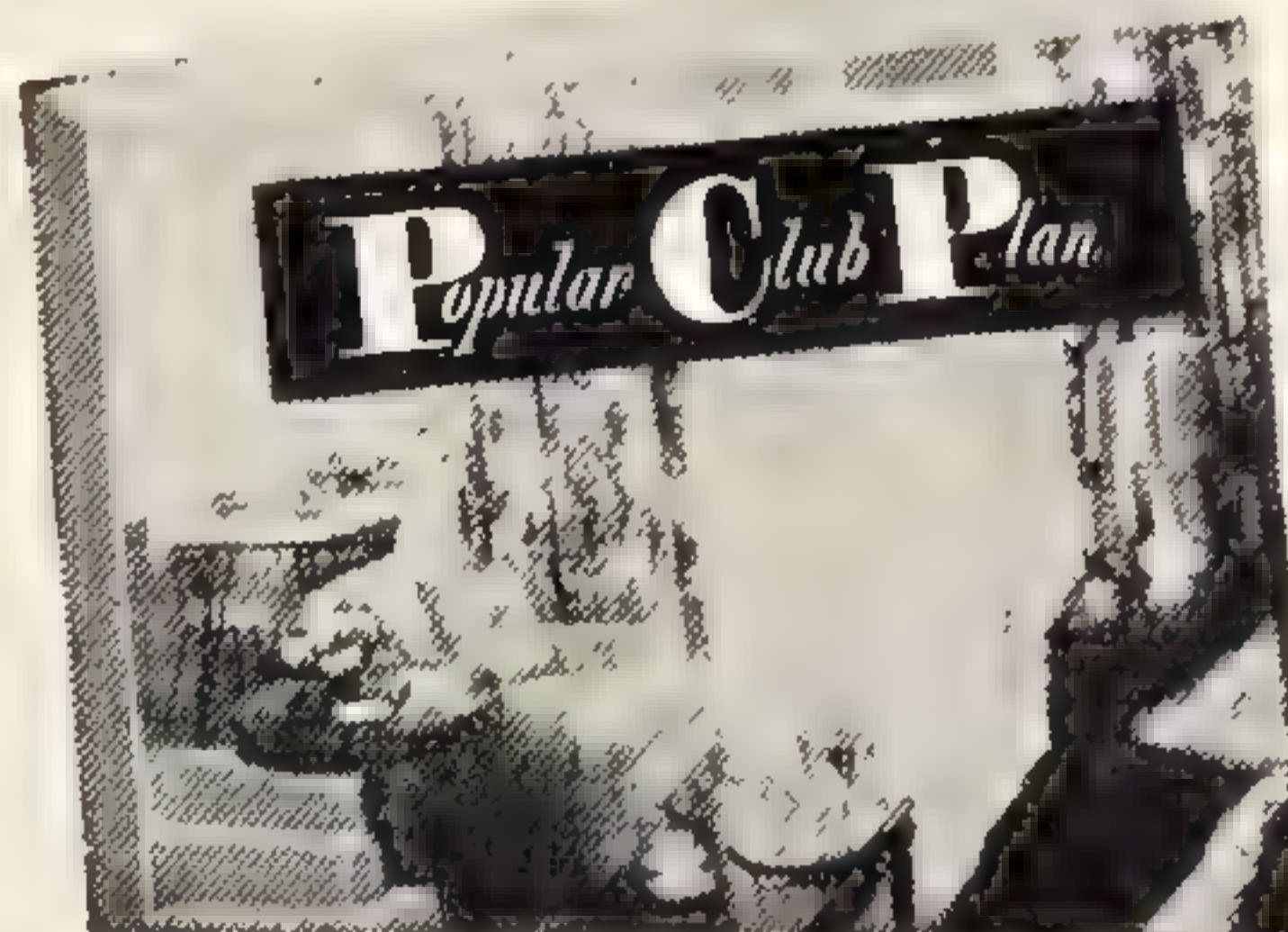
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Having a Memorable Time

(Continued from page 69)

It suddenly reminded me of Cincinnati."

Just why it did, Marty didn't find out. Already Doris' thoughts had skipped back to the time she was trying to get a job with Bob Crosby and his band. To avoid the long and expensive trip to Chicago for try-outs, she had followed her voice teacher's advice and recorded "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair," which she sent to Mr. Crosby, who promptly hired her.

A smile formed on Marty's face as he drove on. He didn't mind her absent-mindedness. By now he knew he'd married Hollywood's most sentimental girl.

From baby pictures to frayed pillow cases, Doris attaches a special meaning to almost everything. As a teen-ager, she kept her first corsage in the refrigerator not just until it wilted but till the boy who gave it to her was going to military school—two years later! Even then she threw it away only on her mother's urgings, and with tears rolling down her cheeks.

As she grew up, her collection of memorables grew to the point where, when traveling with Les Brown and his band, she carried with her as many knickknacks as clothes. She held on to her continually growing collection till the lack of available housing and her inability to pay the prevailing rents when she first settled in California forced her into a trailer. As she could save but a few prized pieces from her vast accumulation, whenever something happens to these left-overs, Doris is brokenhearted—as a few weeks ago when she accidentally broke a tulip vase handed down from her grandmother.

Understandably, most of her memories are connected with her childhood. Rarely an opportunity slips when Doris can't tie in a present activity with one of bygone days. Like the first time this year she and Terry were taking a dip in the pool. "Gee, mom, isn't this fun?" her young son exclaimed as he splashed around in the water.

"Sure is," Doris came back, and then the familiar look came into her eyes again.

"OK, Mom," said Terry, by now quite initiated. "What does it remind you of."

"Middletown."

"Middletown? Where's that?"

"Middletown, Ohio. That's where I used to go swimming when I was your age. It was wonderful."

She told him how five or six times a year, her mother used to squeeze her and half a dozen of her school chums into the family sedan and head for the little Ohio town, forty-odd miles away. It was the closest place with an out-door pool and enough ground surrounding it to have fun on a picnic. "You mean you went swimming only five times a year?" Terry gasped. "Gee, that's nothing."

"I bet I did as much swimming on each trip as you do in a week."

She did, too. Doris never settled for a few quick dips. She dove into the pool as soon as she had changed into her bathing suit, emerged just long enough to stuff herself with some lunch and jumped back into the water till she was blue with cold and shivering. Those five or six hours as a mermaid had to sustain her a good month.

Another type of outing which she fondly remembers was the yearly excursion to the largest amusement park in Ohio. All year she used to save for the hour-long boat ride upstream. She still recalls the afternoon she came back, leaned on the railing, watching the paddle wheels scoop up the water. She was dreaming how much fun it would be to have enough

money someday to spend all her time at place like this.

Today she could afford a park of her own. But it couldn't compare with the old Ohio amusement park.

For Doris, thinking, or even talking about the past, isn't half the fun of reliving some of the events. Marty found that out when he had to take the brunt of it the last time they visited Cincinnati.

Much to his surprise, a couple of hours after they arrived Doris maneuvered him to a dilapidated-looking clothing factory. "What on earth for?" he wanted to know.

"This used to be a dance hall," Doris explained with an intonation which implied it was second in importance only to the capitol building in Washington, D. C.

"So?"

"So, this is where Barney Rapp gave me my first singing job."

And for additional sentimental value this was also where Doris changed her name from Kappelhoff to Day.

It is understandable that someone as sentimental as Doris would always have a close attachment to her dogs. Of the dozen she owned at one time or other, none was closer to her heart than Tiny, a brown and white Manchester terrier.

She particularly recalls the day—one of the few she'd like to forget but can't—when she went for her first walk after having been indoors for fourteen months following her accident. She was still on crutches when she left the house that fateful morning. Tiny was with her, running back and forth, circling her and jumping up and down full of exuberance. His loyalty to his mistress was distracted only when he spotted a fellow canine across the street. Without hesitation, he suddenly shot across—but didn't quite make it. Doris let out a terrified scream as the car hit Tiny. He was killed instantly.

She thinks of him everytime she sees a terrier that looks like Tiny. As far as she's concerned, practically all do.

A few days after she finished "Love Me or Leave Me," she went for a walk along the quiet, tree-lined streets of her neighborhood. About four or five blocks away she saw another Tiny in someone's yard. She promptly called him closer to the fence, and when his owner stepped out of the house, Doris and she discussed their dogs like mothers compare notes about their babies.

For that matter, Doris always talks about her two poodles, Smudge and Beany, like they were people. She acquired Smudge several years ago when she went to the Landsdowne Studio in Hollywood to have pictures taken. She almost fell over him when he wouldn't budge.

"He's always lying in the way," the photographer apologized. "Frankly, I don't know what to do with him. My landlady won't let me take him home and this is no place for a dog. I may have to give him to the pound."

"To the pound?" Doris cried out. "You can't do that."

"I have no choice."

"Oh, yes, you have. You can let me have him!"

Before she could change her mind, he agreed, "It's a deal."

Doris is so concerned about Smudge and Beany, acquired a little later, that she even fibs about their ages because she doesn't want them to grow old. When asked, she usually replies, "They're three and five." They've been three and five almost as long as Jack Benny has been thirty-nine.

As could be expected, Doris is sentimental about milestones in her career.

Many actresses have their scripts prettily bound and stashed away in their library. Doris goes one step further. Quite frequently, she thumbs through them, reliving the parts she has done, associating the stories with her co-workers.

To most people, family pictures have sentimental values. But we doubt if many go to Doris' extreme of cluttering up every inch of available space not only with pictures of themselves and their families, but even with snapshots of houses occupied by their relatives. One of Doris' most cherished possessions is the picture of the house in Germany once occupied by her mother's cousin. And the first time she returned to Cincinnati after having made a name for herself in Hollywood, she invited all her old school chums to her aunt's house—with a request to bring along their graduation pictures!

Naturally, Doris fondly remembers the dishes her mother made when she was a child. Like sauerkraut and spetzles and dozens of other German foods. Fortunately, her mother still lives close enough to regularly cook her daughter's favorite meals. It's a different story with the meal hours to which Doris has been accustomed.

Her father was a church organist, who supplemented his pay by giving music lessons in the afternoon. Because he could get home in-between times and because it was customary in the "old country" the Kappelhoffs' luncheon was the big meal of the day. As a result, Doris is one of the few Hollywood stars who can consume a truckdriver's meal every noon. Not just because she's hungry, but because it brings back memories of her girlhood.

Doris' recollections of the past cover a wide variety of subjects, interests and objects—including perfume. The salesgirl of a local department store found that out when she inquired why Doris usually ordered "Tweed."

"It reminds me of Toronto," was the strange reply.

The salesgirl looked at her disbelievingly. Perfumes are supposed to remind people of romance, of moonlit nights and soft music. But Toronto! Curiosity got the better of her. "Why?"

"Because that's where I sang with Barney Rapp and his band when we played for the Druggists' Convention. Everyone, including me, got a tiny souvenir bottle of "Tweed" that night. Ever since "Tweed" reminded me of Canada. I liked it up there."

It's quite amazing that a girl like Doris didn't hold on to what so many people cherish most—letters. They were always destroyed as soon as she finished reading them.

In another way, Doris differs from other sentimentalists, which may account for her usually well-balanced and happy disposition. Whereas some people will collect such paraphernalia as broken skis, plaster casts off broken legs and arms, steel helmets and captured rifles, Doris hangs on only to objects connected with happy events.

When, after she had recovered from her accident, someone suggested she keep her crutches, she ignored the advice and gave them to someone who needed them for other than decorative purposes. Likewise, her casts, liberally covered with signatures, initials and good wishes of friends and relatives, were thrown away as soon as they came off.

According to her philosophy, it's just as easy and a great deal more gratifying to think back on the happy, constructive events in one's life than to relive those memories which entailed only unhappiness and tragedy. No wonder she's so fond of her memories. **THE END**

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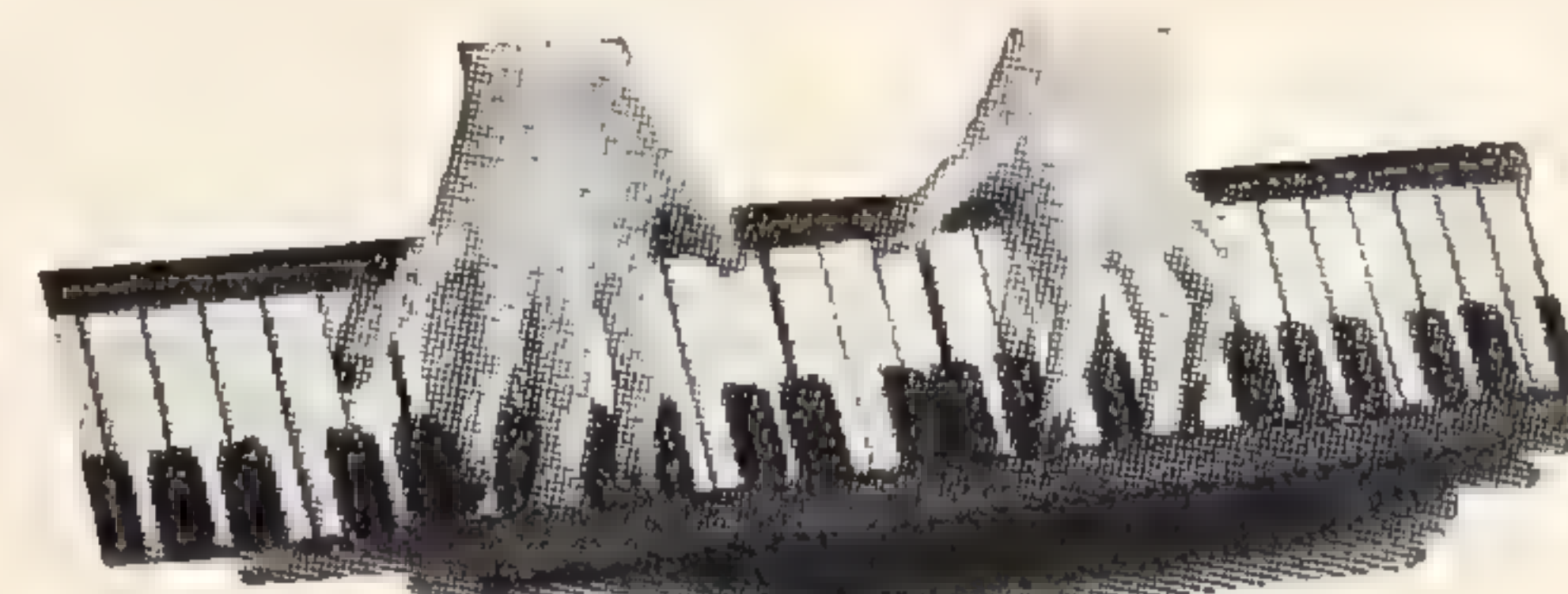
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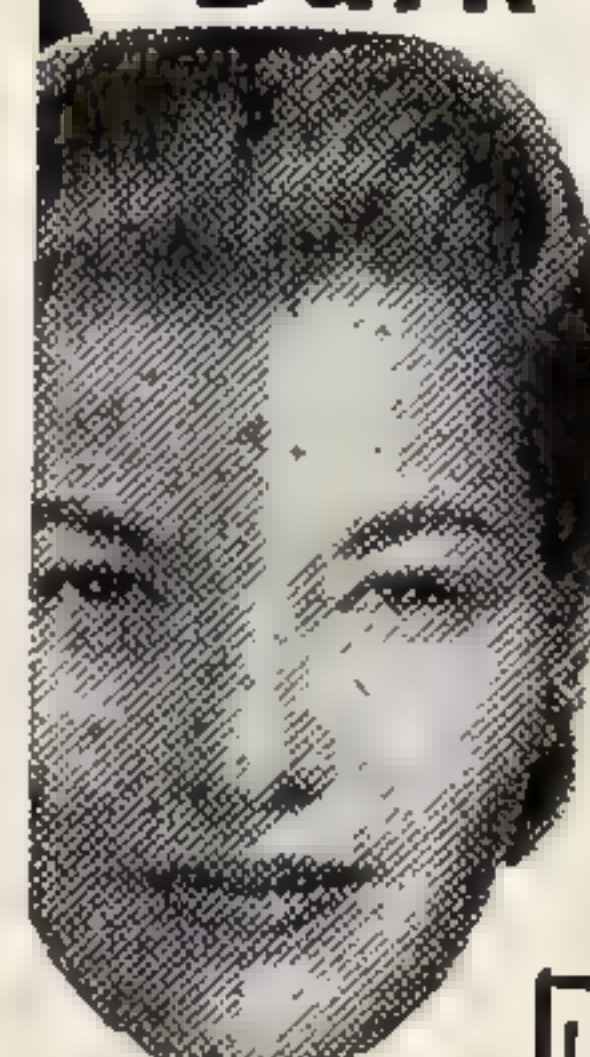
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Be a Doll for a Guy

(Continued from page 55)

made up of scrubbed cleanliness, a sort of unspoken but clearly self-respecting pride in being a girl, a genial personality and an attitude of comradeship and compatibility (like a kid I know named Janet Leigh).

Too many really beautiful girls use beauty as a weapon, and that's all wrong. When it is used flirtatiously, usually to hurt someone, the girl makes a mockery of a possession that was a happy accident of genes and chromosomes—and for which she can take absolutely no credit. If a girl realizes that her fancy packaging was strictly luck and works to make herself as attractive in the ways that an un-beautiful girl must develop, then you really have something. In romance, beauty that is used constructively is one of the big plus items and the right kind of beauty grows more beautiful all the time.

In the beginning relationship, a girl can be very unfair. There is a type of girl who encourages a man, any man, just because she likes to tour the town. She gives him the big eye, soft sigh routine and he builds up a Jack story out of all proportion to the real attitude of the girl. When a man is attracted, his interest is nourished by very small words and deeds. He is vulnerable; he is easily duped.

A girl should be frank. She shouldn't encourage a guy out of all relationship to the interest she really feels. Always a girl sets the tenor of the future possibility, so she has the obligation to be honest.

A good many girls, I'm led to believe from my spy reports, don't make proper use of ready-made romantic accessories. For instance, few of them seem to take advantage of the seasons. We'll say that it is a balmy spring night, air scented by early blooming flowers, moon shining, all that stuff; instead of going to the movies, a girl should suggest that she and the boy take a walk in the moonlight. Or if it's a miserable night, cold and raining or snowing—depending upon your geography—instead of going to the party as planned, a girl would do herself plenty of good by having a big fire in the fireplace and inviting the boy to spend the evening in warmth and comfort.

Too many girls are interested in places rather than in people. A fellow senses this, but he doesn't know what to do about it

because once he has instigated a romance, it is up to a girl to maintain it and give it meaning.

One last dating idea: After a girl and a boy have gone together for some time and the boy finds that things aren't really so right and decides that the romance should be ended, he shouldn't be made to feel indebted or guilty. If there is anything a man hates it is a martyred woman with her brave little smile and a shining tear in her eye.

Many girls get the idea that once they have gone steady with a boy, he's hers forever. (This notion has been fostered by novels which bring the old boy friend back on the scene after twenty years in Africa—still unmarried, still infatuated.) Of course, if the girl wants to make other arrangements, she expects the boy to be a good sport about it. Only if it is the boy who first loses interest is he labeled a 3-D square.

The other day I learned a new proverb. It's Viennese: "A bachelor lives like a god and dies like a dog; a married man lives like a dog but dies like a god."

Most American guys believe that a bachelor lives *and* dies like a dog, so they get married as soon as they can manage it financially. That brings up the fact that, in the early days of marriage, one thing needs to be established. In living arrangements, a man must set the pace because women are more adaptable than men and can accommodate themselves to a wider variety of living conditions. In case a man's job takes the couple out of the girl's familiar environment, out of her city, her state or even her country, she has to be ready to adjust to the new locale. Most girls do this very well, as the war days proved. Service wives by the million followed their men and set up a semblance of home in everything from resort motels to piano boxes.

However, pity the poor guy whose wife is forever harping about how nice she had it at home, or how much more interesting her old friends were, *et cetera*. Not only can this wear a man down emotionally, it can spoil his work and his chances for advancement.

For this reason it is up to the wife to get along with all the general surroundings of a home. If she has trouble with her neighbors, a husband is expected to back her

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up, an obligation that can be very uncomfortable. Many a man would like to borrow a lawn mower from the fellow next door if his wife hadn't caused so much ruckus the time their dog came into the back yard.

In another department, the management of a married couple's social life requires a wife to use her head. (I've had a lot of letters about this one.) Because men are so varied, a man should be allowed to determine the friends with whom the couple will spend free time. A group of girls seldom marry men who are compatible as a group, so that men's night at the girls' bridge club is likely to bring together a professional football player, a concert violinist, a butcher, a furniture dealer.

A wife can spend her afternoons with her girl friends; if she is wise she will reserve her evenings for her husband and his associates.

Here's another mild blast. Some men speak more frankly than others. Conversation in a submarine, for instance, is slightly different from that usually heard around a dinner table, but now and then a slip-up is possible. At such times, the wise girl refrains from making a phony show of outraged virtue or putting on a haughty hat.

In the family financial department, most guys feel that the husband should have the controlling vote. He is the guy who has to go out and pop for it, so it should be up to him to decide what can be bought, when and at what price. A lot of girls (who have never worked) aren't especially good at managing money, but it would be a fine idea if they would buy a book and learn.

The amount of the family budget, and its management, ought to be agreed upon by both partners, but the husband should be liberal enough so that his wife will have a little leeway. A woman certainly should be able to pick up a little something that she wants now and then, without having to report it and without feeling cramped and apologetic.

Also, here's another mild complaint I have picked up from male mail: A girl should be careful about pushing for better things. The average man has ambition enough of his own to move along as fast as his abilities and opportunities will allow without feeling a spear at his back.

Here is one last thing. Every once in a while some girl writes that her good old Joe doesn't seem to pay much attention to her anymore—after five or ten years of marriage.

I could be wrong, but it seems to me that when a man stops noticing his wife, there is likely to be a good cause. Probably he isn't indifferent to all women; more likely the girl hasn't bothered to keep him interested in her. And when I say "bothered," that's what I mean. It takes time, thought, tact and energy to operate a romantic marriage.

And, let's face it, it is a girl's job to give flavor to life. It's up to her to keep romance alive. Why shouldn't she, some evening, burn a little incense so that when her man comes home he sniffs, grins and says, "What is this? India or something?"

Why shouldn't she wear a party dress for dinner some Tuesday night, cook a good dinner of her husband's favorite dishes and burn candles at the table? The guy may crow about not having enough light to see what's he's eating, but inwardly he'll get a kick out of this switch in routine.

Distill it, as outlined herewith, and what do you get? No magic amulet. Just my personal notion that the most important secret for a girl to remember is that it doesn't really take much to make a man happy and to keep him that way. Just love, loyalty and a few laughs now and then.

THE END

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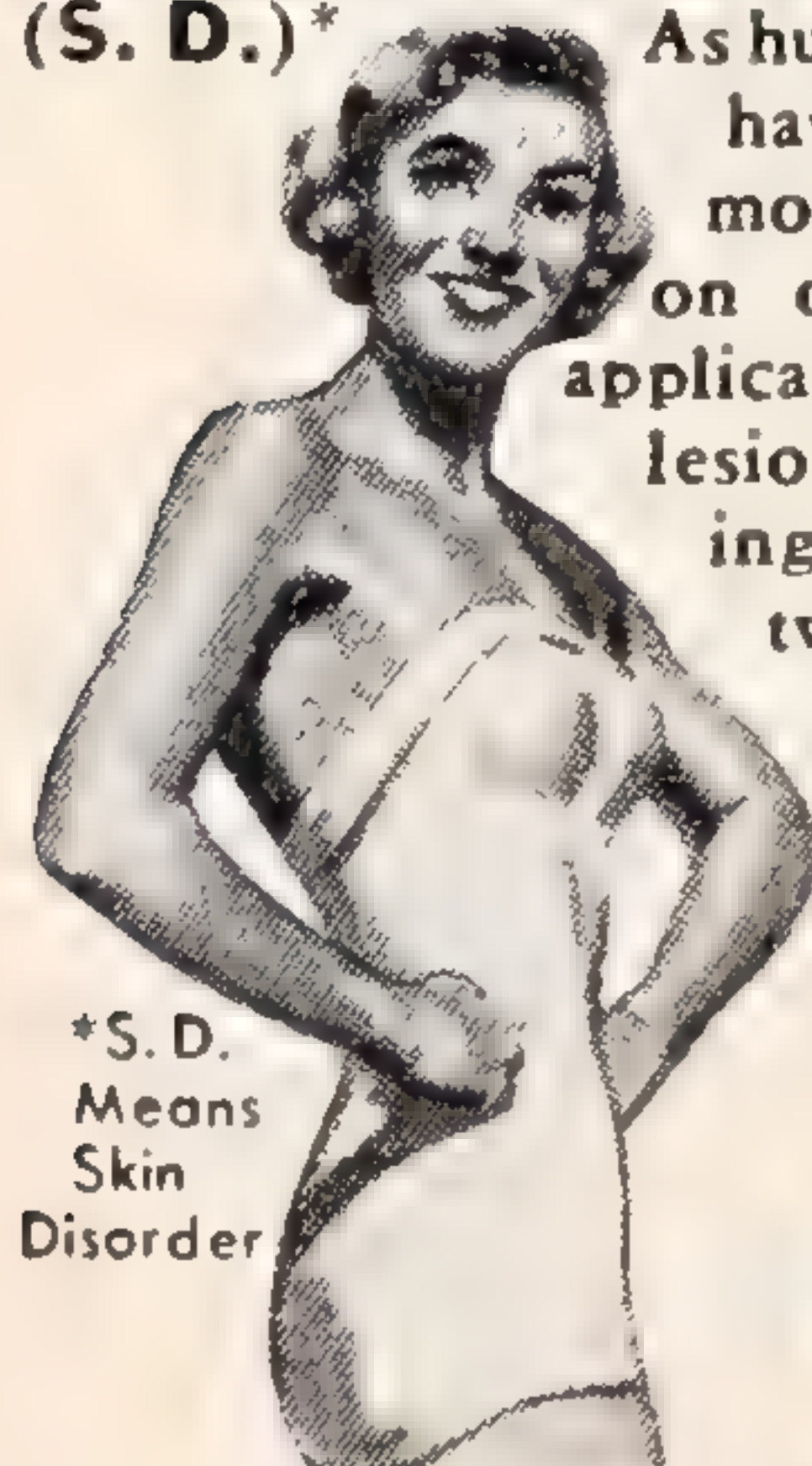
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(Continued from page 49)

Then he discovered the Paratroopers, rough, rugged and challenging. "Be a man among men was the lure for me. You've got to find out when you're young, 'Do I have the guts to do it?' You always like to test yourself and I thought I was pretty gutty. Paratroopers are the best."

John started testing himself very early in life. His security tottered when he was four. His parents, both beautiful and erratic people, divorced. After that he was shared; sometimes living in a mansion with his too-handsome father, sometimes in a beach cottage with his too-beautiful mother. In their diverse ways they were the epitome of the glamour of Hollywood in the Twenties and Thirties. At times John was exposed to the grandeur of gracious living in an atmosphere of shop talk from his producer-promoter-director father. A chauffeur-driven limousine would pick him up from private or military school and deposit him in the lap of luxury and loneliness. His father would go broke one day, be rich the next. John learned to admire the attitude of 'let tomorrow take care of tomorrow.' When he lived with his mother in her beach cottage, he was again indoctrinated with the theory that without money you should still live for today. Buy what you want today, tomorrow will take care of itself.

A handsome product of two handsome people fully endowed with strong personalities, Derec (then Derec Harris), as all children, was forced to begin the fight to establish his own ego, his own personality. As most of his time was spent in military or private schools and his name Derec automatically became the nickname Dare, he began to live up to it. "I dare you" became part and parcel of his claim to fame among his small gang wherever he might be. He was the first to try everything and he was always the best. Was it a struggle to become a person in spite of the two vibrant parents that constantly overshadowed him? Or was it an instinctive desire to take the stigma off his handsome face? At any rate, for a young boy, the nickname Dare was much easier to live with than a nickname of Handsome.

"I've lived so long within myself," he said apologetically years later, "that it's hard for me to express what I really feel." The man that saved him from becoming a complete introvert was Russ Harlan, an ace cameraman who lived across the street. He liked the young boy, Dare, and they both loved horses and hunting. It was with Russ that he found the companionship that gave him a deep love and respect for the physical. And Russ challenged him. Through that friendship, Dare acquired a permanent love for horses. It is the only hobby that has remained consistently with him. Even as a child his intense enthusiasms turned to disinterest as soon as he had mastered a new project.

As a youngster, he mastered the art of boxing. Therefore he enjoyed having a group of kids come down to his place and box. He was the best and he began constantly proving to himself that he was the best. He had his nose broken three times. It was never set, but it doesn't look as if it had ever been broken. Therefore he was juicy picking for some bully that took a gander at his straight nose and decided he had a pigeon for a brawl. He looks back with almost fiendish delight on the surprises he had in store for those jokers.

During junior high and high school (his first entry into public school), he learned that baseball, football and tennis were the most important things to others. So? Naturally, he hit a home run the best,

could pass a football the farthest and take the best in love sets on the courts. He had no problem in the dating department. He got the most sought after girls easily, took them on dates in his father's chauffeur-driven carriage and ignored his good looks (even if his dates didn't). For the guys liked him. He was accepted completely for his first-class ability to do anything physical and, at that age, prowess is all important.

Deeply sensitive and emotional, he had by now learned to hide any expression of his true feeling behind a wall of blunt speech and total lack of interest in others—unless they were interested in his interests. By the time he had proved himself in the Paratroopers and was sitting out a futile contract at 20th, he had established completely the driving force of physical first, material possessions today (even if the finance company takes it back tomorrow) and a rugged honesty in his speech and approach to life that made him stand out from the general run of people.

Pati Behrs was shocked at first by his bluntness. She was under contract at the same studio and deeply engrossed in her ballet when John decided that she was the best. It took a while before she began to understand the man under the outspokenness. She, too, was firm in her convictions and free to express her opinions, but "a girl can get away with it a little better than a man." She decided that John was the best and when his instant success in "Knock on any Door" caused the biggest mail pull since Valentino, they both felt his career was then solid enough for marriage.

Learning to share himself for the first time came as a jolt to John. He had lived within himself so long that it took constant understanding of his sudden temper tantrums, his need for aloneness, and his constant needs for physical diversions. For his hobbies continued. Now out of the high school age where being able to pick up the heaviest weight was the rule for admiration, he turned back to his beloved horses.

"My first horse cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I was proud of it. After Pati and I were married I wanted the best horse, so I got it. First I got an Arabian stud, Fakaar; then I got Tesque Boots, one of the best quarter horses in the country. I'll never be satisfied. The more money I make, the more good horse flesh I'll want."

He also managed to get a beautiful home with five acres overlooking the San Fernando Valley. They scraped up the down payment and John confidently planned on paying it off as his career zoomed. The old attitude of buy what you want put Pati and John way over their heads in debt. But they had the best view in the area.

When Russ, their first child, was born with a separation of the esophagus, John knew for the first time the helplessness of watching a loved one suffer without being able to do anything except hope. He, so proud of the physical, watched his son struggle feebly for life. John and Pati grew strong together in the next year and a half, while they watched Russ constantly for a sign of choking. When he did, they rushed him blue and gasping to the hospital. In between they experienced the feeling that every day might be the last day for their son. Through this outgoing interest, fear and love, John swept away some of his inability to express himself. When he married Pati, he called her Babe "because Baby sounded mushy." Now he calls Russ lover with no hesitation or embarrassment.

During this period John was loaded with debt, full of anxiety and working to

get out of his contract at the studio. He felt he wasn't doing his best as an actor. He was considered gloomy Gus by those who knew him well. It was typical that in the midst of impending financial ruin that Derek would dare to gamble on his future.

It was also typical that John would continue to take the challenge of becoming the best at what other men call hobbies. To John they are serious challenges to be conquered. He has managed, however, to be the best in the most offbeat and unusual of physical arts. They are temporary interests however. Once he has mastered them and mastered the master that taught him, he drops the project quickly. Among other proficiencies he has become expert with bull whips, in knife throwing, archery, judo, swimming, boxing, wrestling, shooting and, of course, riding.

One day a friend was discussing a planned tour with John for "Run for Cover," the offbeat Western that has John in the role of a warped boy who uses a club foot as an excuse for all his problems. The friend was in cowboy clothes. He had learned to draw his six guns fast. John put on his guns and his friend said, "Pull out your gun. Now I'll draw, cock and fire and best you." He did. So John practiced for three weeks. He perfected the draw to one-twenty-fifth of a second. He beat his friend and then beat the man who had taught his friend. "I think," he said with enthusiasm, "I'll use this on tour. I'll shoot a volley of bird shot into the wall and then hit the holes with a knife-throwing act."

"Run for Cover" brought back the combo of John and Nick Ray, director of "Knock on any Door." John doesn't have a deep respect for many people, but to him Nick is the best. So he worked his heart out to give Nick everything he wanted in the picture. "If Nick asked me to crawl across a room crying like a baby and then turn over and kick my heels, I'd do it. I trust him." This is John, the man who worries directors constantly with questions on why the character is doing what he's doing. This is, indeed, great respect.

He now has a half-finished project, bull-fighting. He met a young matador and became deeply involved in the art. He worked out with calves piddling around with the cape. He went to the bullfights with his friend and stood on the walkway watching and absorbing the technique of the matadors. He learned the passes, movements and the nearest possible way not to be gored. He has not had the time to go to work on the bulls, but he will. For this is a dangerous and exciting sport. "Once again, I want to know how much guts it takes to get there. Oh, I don't have to prove anything to myself anymore, but this thing scares me. It scares everybody else, too. I don't feel bad about admitting it, especially when the matadors admit."

With the knowledge that he doesn't have to prove his physical superiority, he can look with understanding at his five-year-old son, Russ. After the first rough years, Russ has turned into the kind of a boy that John can teach to ride and enjoy his father's pleasures. On Easter, he brought up the two horses for a ride with his son. Pati and nearing-two daughter, Sean, looked on with interest. John put Russ behind him on the saddle very reminiscent of the days when Russel Harlan hoisted little Dare up behind him for a ride. Tesque Boots, the pure bred quarter horse, was living up to her name. She shied at an imaginary leaf and Russ was tossed against his father's back. Russ looked at John, "Tesque Boots," he explained seriously, "doesn't feel very well today. I don't believe I'd better ride her."

John is completely enjoying his family. They and a very few friends are the

nucleus of his life. For the boy who was raised in the fullest atmosphere of Hollywood has made, perhaps, an obvious effort to strip all of living to bare essentials. He hates formality, pseudo-sophistication, big parties, night clubs and fancy food. And yet, with complete contradiction, he buys lavishly and with no regard for money. Caught in the middle with the big house, they managed to find a beautiful ranch-style home lower on the slopes of the valley with a modest acre and a third. It will be furnished with heavy ranch-style furniture and they hope for a comfortable, easy mode of living. "A place where you can flick ashes on the floor." John will make the decisions in the decorations. Over a period of time they have reconciled their different thinking. Pati now does the practical jobs and leaves the caprice and whimsy department to John. In his unpredictable way, John has decided to design and install the swimming pool first. He has elaborate scale drawings of a sixty-foot by twenty-five-foot pool. He has worked the shape and extras out himself. There will be a wading pool at one end and a waterfall at the other. The sloping ground from home to pool will be terraced to give a line of continuity. After he finishes the pool, he will start on the house. Their living may be simple, but it will be the most impressive simplicity on display in Hollywood. It will be the best. It is possible that after it reaches a peak of perfection, John will become bored and start looking for new landscapes to conquer. The restlessness in him has to be taken out on something physical. He has to be moving all the time—using his hands. He can't stand to sit still to read a book or watch too much television. It's too passive. He gets this potent, incessant energy by sleeping heavily ten hours a night. When he awakes, it takes fifteen or twenty minutes for him to become alert again.

His extremity in tastes is a constant contradiction. He wanted a bright red Cadillac convertible. Because he wanted it he feels he must have it. Yet he is quick to give a reason for it. "I've always wanted a car like that. If I waited, I would have driven it subconsciously for so long that it would have been an old story to me by the time I got it."

Cecil B. DeMille started the old familiar burning for conquest in John with his quiet belief that John could be a great Joshua. Paramount has treated him as if he were valuable and worthy of giving the best. With confidence in others for him, John is slowly emerging from the deep water of rebellion that has followed his career. "Mr. DeMille made me ashamed of doing some of the pictures I've done just to exist. He's made me want to give my best—really learn to express myself and work. Because I rushed through my first fifteen minutes with him, he suggested I work with a diction teacher. Of course, I do talk too fast, so it's good. Right now I'm trying to understand the words I'm saying in one of the speeches from 'Richard II'—pure Shakespeare. Two years ago I wouldn't have touched it. Now I want to learn and I will."

How long will it take Dare to knock over this new challenge? When, in his mind, will he be the best in his acting field? He will throw his background of vitality, enthusiasm and determination into this new goal. The competition here is not as isolated as those he has overcome in the past. With his provocative, unusual attitude toward life, it will be interesting to watch the nature of his progress. Will he find that after he masters his craft as the best, that he is bored and look for new fields to conquer? Or will acting—like Pati, his family and his horses—become another of the few permanent loves of his life?

THE END



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That's Sex! Girls

(Continued from page 56)

brush. It comes from within. And so does real sex appeal.

He sat silently for a few minutes, trying to group his words.

"There's Mary Lou Valpey," he said. "She was the first girl I ever really liked. I was in the seventh grade when she transferred to my school. She had scrawny red hair and braces on her teeth, was skinny as a rail and wore glasses. The first week in school, she was classified as a drip."

"The second week, the cafeteria was crowded, and I had to sit next to her at lunch one day. We started talking. And once Mary Lou started talking, you didn't seem to notice what she looked like. She seemed to understand the things you told her and to somehow consider them very important. Before the end of the week, I had taken her horseback riding and invited her to the movies."

"Of course," he grinned, "the Hollywood ending would be that I had to fight all the other boys in the class to take her to those movies. I didn't. Half the boys never looked beyond the braces. But I sure had to fight the other half. There is a Hollywood ending to the story though. In three months, the braces came off, the doctor found she didn't need glasses permanently and her figure suddenly filled out. By that time, I don't think that more than four or five boys in the class knew that she hadn't been beautiful all along."

Tab twisted a little in his chair, made himself more comfortable.

"Of course there are some men," he said, "who think sex appeal is wearing a dress two sizes too tight or having blond hair and blue eyes. And there are some men who don't think any girl is sexy unless every part of her is perfect." He grinned again. "I'd be crazy if I said I didn't like to look at a pretty face and a good figure. I do. But to me, at least, beauty from within is more important."

"Let me tell you about Lori Nelson," he said. "Lori is very beautiful. I had seen her at the studio, and I had admired her beauty. But I had never asked her for a date. She was so shy and quiet when I spoke to her that I was afraid we'd have nothing to talk about. I asked Pat Crowley for a date instead. Pat isn't beautiful, but from the moment you meet her, she sparkles like one of those wands they use on the fourth of July."

Then PHOTOPLAY asked Tab to take Lori to the "Choose Your Stars" party. And the trip to the party was just as miserably quiet as Tab had expected. Neither of them could think of anything to say.

"Nice night," Tab tried.

"It is," Lori said sweetly.

"Nice night to get an award," Tab tried again. "Congratulations, Lori."

"Same to you, Tab." (They had both won awards in the contest.)

After the party was over, Tab offered to take Lori to a night club. It was a gesture he couldn't afford, and Lori knew it.

She held up the awards. "I don't think we'd better pawn these so soon," she said, still shyly.

They ended up at a hamburger joint, and when her hamburger arrived, Lori looked at it curiously. "Tab," she said, "tell me why hamburgers always taste so much better in hamburger joints anyway." Tab couldn't answer, but they spent a good time debating it, and by the time they arrived at Lori's house, Tab had already asked for another date.

"By the end of the evening," Tab continued, "I discovered that Lori had a wonderful charm, a rare sense of humor.

It was Lori's sense of humor that made me ask her for another date. It was that sense of humor that constituted Lori's sex appeal for me—not her beauty.

"Sex appeal, like beauty, I think, is in the eye of the beholder. And like beauty it can be almost intangible. The skater I saw that morning at the rink. With her it was harmony and grace and the sheer joy of skating. With Alice Green, it was something even more intangible. You've never heard of Alice Green. She used to be a nurse with the Ice Capades. Then she moved to Frankfurt, Germany. She wears thick glasses and she isn't beautiful, but when I knew I was going to be in Frankfurt last year for ten minutes between planes, I wrote and asked her if she would come to the airport. She came."

"Hi, Tab," she said.

"And it was as though we had seen each other eighteen days before instead of eighteen months. Within five minutes we were laughing together, and there were no months between. And that's where the intangible comes in. When Alice laughs, her face lights up, and she is beautiful."

Tab thought for another moment. "A skater skating perfectly; a scrawny girl who knew how to talk and listen; a sense of humor and laughter. Four funny things to group together. And yet they were the things that attracted me. These are the things that symbolize sex appeal."

Tab moved again, as though to get comfortable on the hard chair would be impossible.

"One hot day at the beginning of the summer," he said, "the set was so hot that I thought the lights would melt away."

"Then the door opened, and Gloria Gordon walked in. It was as though the temperature had dropped twenty degrees. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder summer dress with a full skirt and carrying a parasol to match. She looked as though she and the dress had just stepped out of a shop window—an air-conditioned shop window—cool, neat. She's the only woman I know who possesses that particular sexy quality." He thought for a moment.

"Dorothy Malone has the sexiest eyes," he said. "They seem to show everything she's thinking. And they can change expression in a fraction of an instant. They can be smoldering, and then you'll look away. And when you look back, they'll be teasing you or laughing at you."

He stopped for breath, drank a little water and seemed disturbed. "You know it doesn't seem quite fair," he said. "The girls don't get a chance to talk about me. And I've got faults—plenty of them."

"Debbie Reynolds," he said, "is not a real beauty, not like Lori or Arlene Dahl." Tab rates Arlene for being both brainy and beautiful and feminine. "But as far as I'm concerned Debbie's got more sex appeal than half the glamorous women in Hollywood put together." He pointed to the dictionary. "Every word of this fits Debbie," he said. "Her personality—there's only one word for it. It shines. I've tried to analyze it." He grinned again.

"I'm afraid I haven't done a good job," he said. "But I think it's a devilish quality. As though there's still a little bit of the tomboy left in her—enough to keep her honest and sincere and unaffected. I don't think I'll ever forget the first time I met Debbie . . ."

Tab and his date were double-dating with one of Tab's best friends and Debbie. They were all dressed pretty casually—even though they were going to a premiere. And when they got to the theatre and saw the well-jeweled and well-minked ladies and the well-tuxedoed gentlemen,

they all felt a little strange. Debbie got out of the car first. Flinging her cloth coat over her shoulders, she turned to her date and said.

"Dahling, you should have told me it was a dress affair. My cat's got to die sometime."

After that remark, they filed proudly into the theatre between the ranks of tuxedos and fur coats.

"Debbie is never at a loss for words," Tab said. "No matter where she is or whom she is with, she's always right for the occasion. She makes the man she is with feel important, but she doesn't do it by pretending that everything he does is right. She'll argue with you if she thinks you're wrong. But beneath the wisecracks and the arguing is a wonderful warmth."

"I've gone over to Debbie's house feeling so blue that I'm hardly sure whether the sky has fallen on me or not. Debbie would take one look, and then somehow it would seem as though she was just waiting for me to tell her what the trouble was."

"Okay, Tab," she would say. "Let's have it." And there wouldn't be any wisecracks. It would be almost as though she was sharing my troubles, not just listening.

"She can share your happiness, too. When we went to the Cocoanut Grove for Jane Powell's opening, Debbie was so happy for Jane that she started crying."

"Don't look at me," she sobbed. "I'm a mess."

"But she wasn't a mess. Even when she was sitting there with tears running down her cheeks, applauding as though she wanted to bring the roof down by herself. Even then, she wasn't a mess."

"Debbie, you're wonderful," I said.

"That stopped the tears at least. She reached for my handkerchief. Thanks for the . . . the compliment. I guess I'd better dry off . . ." She touched her face . . . before I drown in it."

He stood up a minute and then sat down again and turned his thought in another direction. "Personality. That's more the key to sex appeal than most of the external features. And it's the key to Marilyn Erskine's appeal, just like it is to Debbie's. Marilyn's appeal is a mature understanding. She knows how to handle a man. She can tell you things—like how lousy you were in the last scene—and you don't get angry at her."

"I had only met Marilyn once when I learned that I was to co-star with her in a play. And the first time I walked onto the rehearsal stage I admit I was scared. I had never been on the stage, and it seemed to me that everyone else in the cast was seasoned by years of experience. They weren't, of course, but that was the way I felt. And the first day on-stage, I was blinded by the footlights. I stumbled through my part."

"Marilyn stayed on-stage after that first rehearsal. 'You know, Tab,' she said, 'you're going to be good in this play. You'll have to work at it, but you're going to be good.'"

"I did work. And so did Marilyn. If there was an afternoon rehearsal, we'd sometimes go over to her place, have coffee and a sandwich and work half the night. If there was a night rehearsal, we'd work most of the afternoon. We'd argue over the characters and the interpretations."

"That's the wrong emotion, Tab," she would say. "For this scene. That comes next. After he finds out."

"Marilyn gave me the confidence she had, the confidence that I needed. She did it by helping me, by leading me until I realized why I was doing something wrong and why something else I did was right."

"A man can't know everything," he said. "It seems to me that in every relationship there's a point where the girl has to take the lead in something, and the man has to follow. If a girl has enough maturity to lead in the right way—the way Marilyn taught me—no man can resent it."

"I was just thinking," he said "that a man can't see sex appeal in every girl he meets. If we did," he laughed, "the world might be in even more of a mess."

But Tab admitted that of all the different types of women in the world there are two that have always intrigued him at first sight. Since the days when he saw his first movies, he has been attracted by the mature woman who has been around and shows it just a little—like Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Sheridan. The second type is one that he has met more often in real life than in the movies—the very young girl who is just beginning to look at the world around her, who is still too young to be sure of herself, too in love with life to see any defects in it. In the second category he places Kitty Wellman, daughter of director William Wellman.

"Kitty has that wonderful shy quality that makes you want to protect her. It's not the shyness of an Ann Blyth or a Lori Nelson. It's something else—the shyness of a teenager who's not quite sure how she should act."

"I took Kitty to a dance at her high school once. 'Tab,' she said when I called for her, 'I know how boring this must be to you. After all, it's just a school dance.'"

"Yet, she let me know how really excited she was, how much she liked school dances." He thought for another minute. "So many of the girls I've liked have had this quality. It's a combination of enthusiasm and, well, I guess, of a first look at the world around them, almost of an innocence of the world."

He stopped. "I'm talking too much," he said, grinning again. "I always do. It's something I'll have to get over, I guess." He was silent again for a minute.

Then, "Of all the actresses I've seen on the screen, Lana Turner is the one who has always epitomized sex appeal for me. Finally, a few months ago, I got a chance to work with her in a movie, 'The Sea Chase.' And, of course," he said wryly, "the only thing I said to her in the entire picture was, 'Thanks, Miss Keller, for doing my laundry.' And even then I was so excited that I kept saying, 'Thanks, Miss Turner, for luing my daundry.'"

"And, yet, I discovered that in person her sex appeal is summed up for me the way it is summed up on the screen—in a voice that sounds like cold champagne. It's not an artificial way of speaking. It's a voice that seems to be talking to you alone, to no one else, a warm voice that seems to spring from deep inside."

"Inside," he said reflectively. "We always come back to that. The key word. Inside. So many things can be a part of sex appeal—the way a dancer moves, the way an ankle looks, a cool summer dress on a hot day, a smile at the corner of a mouth. And yet, after the first look, they all have to be backed up by something inside."

Tab looked at his watch and stood up abruptly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I've got a date. I promised to show someone my new car. Mar . . . she's never seen it."

He left. On top of the empty table in the empty room, as he left it, the dictionary put a final punctuation point to the conversation:

"Sex appeal. Quality, esp. personal charm, which serves to draw together individuals of opposite sexes."

THE END

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(Continued from page 67)

the routines he was planning for his next picture. I don't know if my visit did him any good, but it certainly cheered me up.

The next day I called Jerry's wife, Patti, to see how my boy was progressing. "Sheilah," she told me, "we're so relieved. We've just gotten the report from our doctor, and all the tests were negative. Jerry doesn't have cancer." All the time that Jerry had been joking and laughing with me the day before, the possibility that he had that dread disease was hanging over his head. But not I nor anyone else knew about it until it was all over.

Jennifer Jones won an Oscar for her first big screen performance in "Song of Bernadette," but her performance in that picture was nothing compared to one she gave for me not long ago. I had happened to mention in my newspaper column the well-known fact that Jennifer's husband, producer David O. Selznick, supervised her every move as far as her career was concerned, from deciding what pictures she would make with which directors and actors to what style of dresses she would wear.

The day the item appeared, I received a call from Jennifer in New York. The shy, reticent, almost recluse-like Miss Jones sounded like Kate in "The Taming of The Shrew" before she was tamed. The way her voice was pitched, Jenny could have just yelled at me from New York to Hollywood and I would have heard her. She didn't need the phone. The gist of her remarks was, "You're wrong, wrong, wrong. David absolutely does not supervise my career. I make all of my own decisions." I tried to get a word in edgewise but had no success. Finally, just like in a Jack Benny radio script, I shouted: "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" That silenced her. "Jennifer," I hollered, "I'm sorry, but let me just congratulate you on the finest performance of your career"—and I hung up.

Another scene that was beautifully played on the "Ameche" occurred with Betty Hutton in Washington. I was there attending the Annual Publishers' Convention and Betty was appearing with her variety review in the capital. At the time she was still married to dance director Charles O'Curran, but there were rumors of an impending split-up. I called Betty to check the rumors.

"Everything is wonderful between us," Betty cooed to me over the phone. "Sheilah, you know I wouldn't lie to you. Why Chuck is here beside me right now and we couldn't be happier. I don't know how those silly rumors got started, but there's not one bit of truth in them." What she didn't tell me was that O'Curran had already flown back to California and the marriage was ended.

When June Allyson was on my television show recently, the subject of off-screen performances came up while we were waiting for the signal to go on the air. I asked June if she'd ever given any worthy of note. She thought a moment, then said: "There was one, Sheilah. I don't know if it could be called my best, but it was certainly the most difficult performance I've ever given, although I didn't think of it as a performance when it was happening. It's over two years now, and it was when Richard was so ill. Remember?" I nodded my head.

"The doctors had told me that Richard was not expected to live," she continued. "At four o'clock this particularly bleak morning, the hospital called me and said they thought I should come over. He was very low. I was holding on to myself with a sort of steely determination, but to

this day, I don't remember how I got there.

"I do remember though, sitting at his bedside, holding his hand. I felt as though my heart would burst, but every time Richard opened his eyes I managed to smile at him and tell him everything would be all right. I wanted to run screaming from the room, begging somebody to do something for him, but I didn't. I made myself sit there and smile. Richard told me later how much those moments meant to him, I bottled up the tears in me and kept them bottled up until he came home. Then, when I knew he was going to get well, I let go. I must have cried buckets that day. I discovered then that you can do anything if you love someone enough."

Eleanor Parker's best off-screen performance may result in her winning an Academy Award for her on-screen performance as Marjorie Lawrence, the famous opera singer, in M-G-M's "Interrupted Melody". Here's the story behind the story.

Greer Garson was originally set for the role, but by the time the picture was ready to be made, Greer had ankled the Metro lot. Jack Cummings, who was to produce the film, was stuck for a leading lady, but he just couldn't see Eleanor in the part of a prima donna, because off-screen, Eleanor is quiet, conservative and a devoted wife and mother to her three youngsters. But Cummings didn't reckon with the determination of a woman who was after something she wanted—and Eleanor wanted to play Marje on the screen.

So, one sunny afternoon, Cummings was sitting behind his studio desk, slowly going over the list of possible candidates for the role, when his door burst open and in rushed a flamed-haired bunch of fury. He had to look twice before he even recognized Eleanor. She took the offensive and accused him of disliking her, said if she played the Lawrence role she would do thus and thus and then proceed to show him. She exploded into a dramatic fire-cracker that would have done justice to Bernhardt. Infuriated by Ellie's attack, Cummings replied that if she played the part she would do as he told her. Then he suddenly realized she had deliberately tricked him into seeing how temperamental she really could be when she set her mind to it. As you know, Eleanor got the part, and as I said earlier, her performance in it may win her an Oscar.

The greatest performance I ever saw Rosalind Russell give took place in a theatre—but not on the screen. It happened some years back when she attended the Academy Awards and everyone fully expected her to win an Oscar for her great performance in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Even Roz thought she was going to win. Finally the time came to announce the winning actress. Roz was half out of her seat before she realized the name that had been called wasn't hers. She'd been so sure—as had everyone—but Loretta Young was winning it for her performance in "The Farmer's Daughter." Roz's recovery was magnificent to behold. She sank back in her seat and, for the briefest moment, looked as though she might cry. Every eye in the theatre was on her. Then she smiled and began applauding heartily for Loretta, who is one of her dearest friends. I wanted to give Roz an Oscar for her performance that night.

More recently, Judy Garland matched Roz, and for the same reason, though she wasn't in the theatre but in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital where she'd given birth to a son the day before.

I received an account of Judy's reaction

from the director of my own television show, Dick McDonough, who'd been assigned by NBC to televise Judy from her hospital bed if she won.

"She was just wonderful about it," Dick told me. "That Oscar meant so much to her. It would have been the crowning achievement of one of the most spectacular show business comebacks in our history. I was watching her when the announcement came that Grace Kelly had won. A look of dismay, of disappointment crossed her face, her eyes clouded up, then she smiled at us and quipped 'You fellows certainly wasted your time and money to-night. I'm sorry, but I have my own Oscar now anyway.' Then she waved cheerily to us and said: 'I'm afraid I'm a little tired, so if you'll excuse me, I think I'll try to get some sleep.' That was all, but I felt as though I'd witnessed one of the truly great performances of my life."

Tony Curtis has been steadily improving as an actor, but I don't think he'll ever top the performance he gave one Saturday afternoon in Boston when he was there to make "Six Bridges to Cross." Tony wasn't working that day, so he kept a promise he'd made to visit a children's hospital. He was waiting in the entrance hall for the nurse who was going to accompany him

through the wards, when suddenly he was confronted by a youngster about thirteen years old. Two years before the boy had been burned from the waist up when caught in a fire, and the doctors in the hospital were completely rebuilding a new face for him. It wasn't a pretty sight.

"He stared me right in the eye when he introduced himself to see if I flinched when I looked at him," Tony said later. "If I had, I would have hurt him deeply, I know. My first instinct was to grimace, but I didn't. I don't know how I did it, but I smiled, kidded him about looking awfully healthy to be in a hospital, jokingly accused him of gold-bricking. He kidded back, and we became friends. He walked around with me through the wards. The nurse told me afterwards I'd done more for his morale than a dozen doctors could have done. When I left I felt so sorry for him I almost broke up. Thank God he never knew."

Oh, there have been other off-screen performances too that I could tell you about, performances by Robert Mitchum, Rita Moreno, Doris Day. Take it from me, more often than not, some of the best acting hasn't been caught by the camera—only by some person on the scene.

THE END

The Sons in Her Heaven

(Continued from page 43)

to have a real athletic pregnancy; I guess I'm more the sedentary type," Elizabeth declared. "I know some women are tense at that time, but I never have trouble relaxing; my favorite hobby is sleeping."

"Because I'm indolent by nature—really lazy, I guess—I usually had to take things easy," Liz continued, as relaxed as her white French poodle, Gigi, at her feet. "I've never been one for doing exercises, you know. And I didn't play tennis or golf. I've always done a lot of horseback riding, but in recent years I can't even seem to find time for that. When I was pregnant with Michael nearly three years ago, I just sat and sat. I did play croquet—in my fashion. Personally it's a game I can take or leave, but real croquet *aficionados* like our friend, director Jean Negulesco, or Darryl Zanuck play for blood. Michael and I played with Jean when my tummy was out to here and I couldn't see the ball. Jean would get so upset with my lackadaisical game that I thought occasionally he looked as though he wanted to hit me over the head with his mallet."

"Anyway, it was new and so wonderful to indulge myself. And having a husband who treated me like fragile glass made me less inclined to be up and doing."

Naturally the pounds raced her way like homing pigeons. And it appears that our Liz was a difficult girl to handle in those month—dietwise. Filled with a consuming sense of inner peace and fulfillment, she became more and more lethargic. And the calmer lovely Elizabeth became the more the pounds appeared.

It didn't worry her, though. She was certain that excess poundage would melt like snow in April after the birth of the baby. Nor, a few days before that event, did she worry when her doctor told her a breech birth threatened and she'd have to undergo a Caesarean section. "I picked one of my prettiest pre-pregnancy dresses to wear home from the hospital," Liz recalled. "As it happened I wore a robe home and I couldn't get into that dress until three months later! A Caesarean doesn't take very long and you are spared labor pains, but it is a major operation and recovery is slow. At least it was for me. I used it as

an excuse to keep from taking those dull post-pregnancy exercises which the doctor recommended. My added weight made me more lethargic than ever.

"What annoyed me most of all was that I had a whole closet full of clothes I couldn't get into. I put my foot down firmly over buying any new size fourteen dresses because I couldn't wear my normal size ten or twelve. And I kept right on wearing my maternity tops, slacks and skirts. I'd never expected *that* to happen."

A natural-born mother, Elizabeth was content to spend long, happy hours becoming acquainted with her baby, to swim languidly in the pool with her husband, to indulge in sessions of baby-care talk with her good friends Jane Powell and Barbara Thompson, wife of actor Marshall Thompson.

With so many pleasant diversions, Elizabeth didn't feel too unhappy when she missed out on a scheduled role in a film because she couldn't get her weight down fast enough. But when she was offered the role in "Elephant Walk," she accepted with alacrity and airily promised to lose fifteen pounds in three weeks. The days became a jumble of strenuous dieting, deep massage, enervating steam baths and pills.

"I wouldn't recommend such rigid dieting to anyone," Elizabeth sighed. "It was dreadfully difficult and right there and then I made up my mind I'd follow doctor's orders in my second pregnancy." From time to time during that period, the unhappy young beauty would glance at the amusing painting Jean Negulesco did of her when she was eight months pregnant. It portrayed her in black slacks, a full purple smock and a tousled head of hair, and was captioned by Jean "There's Never Too Much of Liz." "Oh, yes, there is," Liz would moan, studying her dinner of broiled lamb chop, stewed celery, tomato, skimmed milk and a half grapefruit.

"After that session, which weakened me and made me susceptible to every flu bug in my immediate neighborhood, I began to watch my weight carefully, never letting it rise more than three or four pounds before I'd begin taking steps. And when I became pregnant again, I followed my doctor's instructions. Dr. Aaberg said that



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not many women these days believe the old wives' fable of eating for two while awaiting a baby. An eating binge overloads the system just when it should be at peak efficiency. It plays havoc with the doctor's job of limiting weight gain from fifteen to twenty pounds, depending on what the scales show at the start of pregnancy. And he told me that many of the complications and most of the discomforts preceding a birth stem from overweight, which also interferes with delivery and prevents a fast recovery afterward."

It was easy for Elizabeth to keep her weight down during the second pregnancy because she found when she was eating properly she wasn't excessively hungry. She gained less than twelve pounds and had lost it all after the second Caesarean section. And while she was pregnant, she had made two trips to England and one flight to New York for the opening of "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

One thing which Elizabeth did not have to change during her second pregnancy was her mental state. For it was perfect both times. She was, by her own admission, divinely happy while anticipating; by the testimony of others, never more beautiful. "I simply cannot understand the attitude of some actresses who dread pregnancy because they will be what they call 'ugly,'" said Elizabeth, in a tone of wonder. "It's true you can't look like a Powers model; it's equally true that for some women there are those early days characterized by a bit of daily 'tossing' and later months of disquieting sensations around your middle. Discomforts are to be expected, but worth the rewards! The day you come home from the hospital with your new baby, for me, is reward beyond compare. I've read that in Victorian days ladies-in-waiting took their airings after dark so their bulging figures would not cause them, or the public, embarrassment. We've come a long way since those days and can easily continue to circulate in public up to the drive to the hospital."

To make circulating a pleasure, Elizabeth concentrated on pretty clothes. And she found that one mistake she made while awaiting Michael was to buy too many of them, especially matching suits and complete outfits. She found herself relying on a simple slim black skirt with a variety of toppers or on slim toreador pants or slacks topped with a version of the loose flowing Capri shirt. And she discovered a wonderful way to utilize pre-pregnancy back-zippered skirts. Naturally the zipper won't close so you merely thread ribbons (milkmaid fashion) to hold it together; or if

you're lazy, use large safety pins. The toppers come down well over the camouflage. But you can't do this with side-closing skirts because they grow out of balance.

Another rule she broke with her first pregnancy was rushing into her maternity clothes. Liz loved her new clothes so much that she began wearing them long before her Precious Secret was apparent; even Michael commented that she looked charming in the perky outfits. But in her second pregnancy, Elizabeth didn't wear them until the fifth month. And that was because she gained so little weight. She was also able to keep a secret of her date with the stork until that time. "The first time," she laughs, "I blurted it out as soon as I knew, because I just wasn't able to keep a secret. But this time with Chris I didn't say anything until my condition was self-evident and it was time to haul out the telltale costumes. I found it easy to keep secret. When Mike and I would go to a dinner party and I'd get that familiar sickish feeling, everybody would start raising eyebrows. Then I'd turn to him and say in a voice everybody could hear—'Oh, dear, Michael, you shouldn't have let me eat that shrimp at lunch; I just knew it wasn't quite fresh. You'll have to take me home.'"

At this time, Mrs. Wilding, one of the world's authentic beauties, was even more careful of her beauty routines and meticulous grooming. Three showers a day kept her feeling fresh, and frequent shampoos kept her lovely black curls in perfect condition. (In fact, friends complained that they never could get Liz on the phone at this time because she was constantly in the shower.)

Today there is a radiance about Elizabeth that is almost dazzling. Gone is the nervous, tense, ill young actress. Her appearance attests to the happiness given her by Big Mikie, Little Mike (two years and three months old and variously referred to as Mikie, Sport, Britches, Jughead) and the baby, Christopher (called "Criffy" by his brother). Young Chris is, according to his mother, a fine baby who sleeps and eats and seldom cries. A few weeks premature, he weighed five pounds, twelve ounces, but today he's a strapping nine pounds, and the exact image of Michael at the same age.

Before Chris' birth, the question of jealousy was carefully taken up. "Mike and I," says Liz, "thought all the child psychology books pretty dreary, but we did pay attention to the inevitable childish jealousy a youngster feels when a new baby enters the home. Months beforehand,

a big doll was placed in the bassinet near Michael's bed and he was briefed about the new baby. He played with the doll and it seemed perfectly natural when Chris came home to see the baby in place of the doll. Mikie loves the baby; begs to hold him and studies him with deep interest.

And fatherhood has wrought a change, too, in Michael, Sr.—an unbelievable change. Those who knew the handsome Englishman before his marriage to Liz, find it hard to reconcile the suave, sophisticated man he portrayed on the screen with the eager-beaver father he is today. When sturdy little Michael came into the living room he looked at the strangers as do all two-year-olds with a solemn searching stare—his huge blue eyes so like his mother's. Mike, Sr., hastened to explain, "He's always quiet when he first meets strangers. But give him a little while and he opens up. Right now he's either pulling out light plugs or dialing on the telephone. And surprisingly enough, sometimes he actually gets a number and carries on some sort of conversation. But we frown on these activities—also on the closet investigating routine and detective work on the contents of every bureau drawer."

Of the new baby, Mike says, "He's a very good little boy even if he wets his drawers constantly. As a matter of fact, before I became a man of experience, very tiny babies frightened me." But his expression as he smiles down at the chubby, pink, sleeping baby in his bassinet is "How I love this little boy!"

And of another object, but this time an inanimate one—their glass and stone fairy tale castle—Mike and Liz speak with deep affection. Set high in the hills but on acres of level ground, the house of field stone, off-white brick and weathered, driftwood-color oak is considered by experts to be one of the finest moderns, both in architecture and interior decoration, in a town dedicated to splendid contemporary houses. Floor to ceiling plate glass brings the pool and plantings almost into the living room on one side. On the other, there is a dazzling view of the city and ocean. The living room boasts of a whole tree in a massive modern floor planter; a wall of bark in which ferns, mosses and exotic foliage plants grow; a huge fireplace with no chimney—the smoke obligingly departs via pipes set in the walls. At night, dramatic lighting silhouettes the Hawaiian tree ferns, the exotic tropical blooms as well as the tranquil Chinese goddess holding court amid the greenery.

Elizabeth's flair for interior decoration is well known. With the help of a decorator, she has achieved an effect of great style and serenity by using off-whites, beiges, the gray of stone and weathered oak beams, the warm browns of wood bark. The only colors are the greens of the plantings, the cushion and an oil painting of Elizabeth. A 16th century Tang horse in soft tones of beige stone adds a rich note.

Already Elizabeth is lamenting the weeks on location for her new picture "Giant" with Rock Hudson, in Marfa, Texas, when she must leave her two little sons and her beautiful home behind. In a town where the ulcer is a badge of the frenzied pace, Elizabeth and Michael Wilding have found a quiet haven, high above the crowd, warmed by the sun which seeks out their hilltop first of all. Even the four dogs and four cats (part of Liz's perpetual menagerie) are as relaxed and uncomplicated by neuroses as their master and mistress.

"We talk," says Liz slowly and meditatively, "about going up to see San Francisco or out to the desert. But it always remains just a thought. We can't bear to tear ourselves away from home. So we just sit and let the world go by."

THE END

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